Britannia and eve

1/6

Christmas Number 1935

FOR SOFT WHITE HANDS

DUBARRY'S CRÈME SHALIMAR

> "Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar . . .
> Pale hands pink tipped, like lotus buds that float
> On those cool waters where we used to dwell."
>
> KASHMIRI SONG:
> INDIAN LOVE LYRICS

WHY HIDE YOUR HANDS?

Use Crème Shalimar and be proud of them! It keeps them in perfect condition. Crème Shalimar is for those who want hands of refinement, culture and charm. Well-kept hands always arrest attention; they excite admiration whether at work or play—knitting or needlework, pouring out the tea, playing Bridge, arranging flowers.

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ADDRESS..

BE I

FROM
CHEMISTS,
HAIRDRESSERS
AND STORES

CRÈME SHALIMAR
FOR SOFT WHITE HANDS
BUNCH OF VIOLETS
TUBES 6D. AND 1/3

DUBARRY 81, BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.3

party politics

invitation . . . .

what a thrill! the postman brought me such an exciting letter—a lovely invitation from betty. she's having a christmas party, and what's more, means to celebrate it in the traditional style with yule logs and everything. this being the first of the season, i must look out my evening dress and prepare for action. it sounds as if it's going to be a really good party,

consternation . . . .

a simply devastating shock . . . my favourite dress looks like death! i really *can't* afford to think of a new one just now, and that means that i can't go . . . and won't vera, my deadly rival, be beside herself with joy. *must* go into ways and means of getting something smart and new.

inspiration . . . .

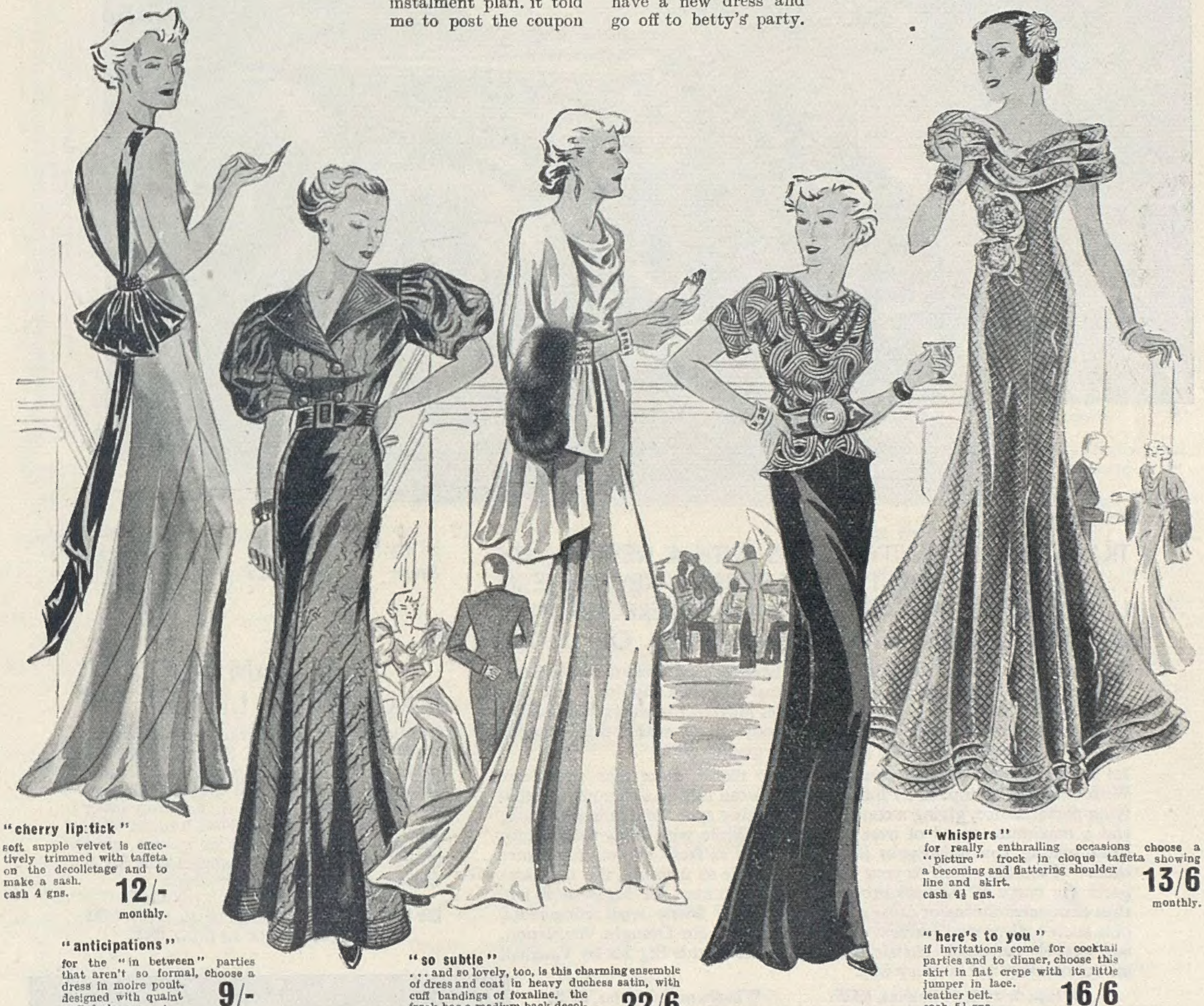
such a depressing business . . . a huge christmas present list before i can *start* thinking about myself. thought i'd seek inspiration in some of the fashion magazines . . . but oh! the prices. then, i read about corot's famous instalment plan. it told me to post the coupon below, which i did forthwith, and promptly received a thrilling catalogue and particulars of how i could make small monthly payments for the very necessary gown. well, it sounds easy enough, so i've made up my mind to have a new dress and go off to betty's party.

expectation . . .

the new dress fits like a glove, and everything is all set for the great occasion now. betty has added zest to the whole thing by telling me that she has some particular man that she wants me to meet, and the cat won't give me the slightest hint as to who in the wide world he is!

participation . . .

quite *the* most satisfactory party in ages. vera volunteered the statement that my frock was "quite nice" . . . and even wanted to know where i had got it. anyway, i've learnt now that good clothes are easily within my reach and i shan't get caught out again . . . corot's instalment plan will insure me against any "first party" risks in the future.



"cherry lipstick"
soft supple velvet is effectively trimmed with taffeta on the decolletage and to make a sash.
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"anticipations"
for the "in between" parties that aren't so formal, choose a dress in moire poult. designed with quaint puffed sleeves,
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for really enthralling occasions choose a "picture" frock in cloque taffeta showing a becoming and flattering shoulder line and skirt.
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"here's to you"
if invitations come for cocktail parties and to dinner, choose this skirt in flat crepe with its little jumper in lace. leather belt.
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take this opportunity of wishing their many customers and all who read this advertisement

the compliments of the season

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free please send corot fashion guide and full particulars of your instalment plan.

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address ....

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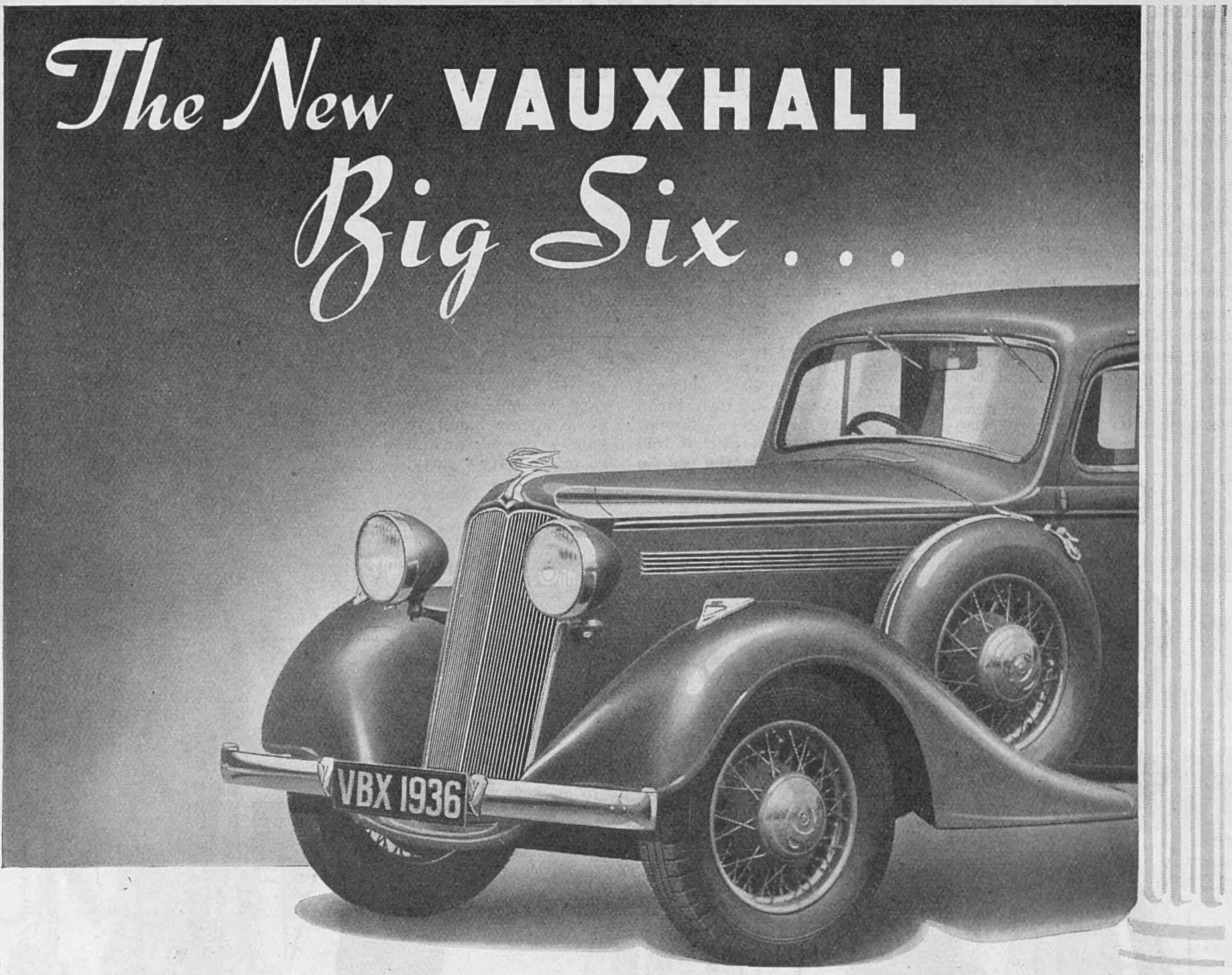

20 h.p. or 27 h.p. Five Seater Saloon **£325**

TRADITIONAL DIGNITY BLENDS WITH A NEW BEAUTY . . . BODY CONFORMITY SEATS STRIKE A NEW NOTE IN LUXURIOUS COMFORT . . . AND A FINE PERFORMANCE IS AMPLIFIED BY MANY REFINEMENTS OF DETAIL

IN this new Big Six, Vauxhall engineers have secured a happy combination of modern beauty allied with traditional Vauxhall dignity. The new radiator grille, the modern chromium bonnet louvres, the wings and radiator cellulosed to tone with the colour of the body . . . all enable this Vauxhall Big Six to predominate in any gathering of quality cars.

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Grosvenor 7 str. Limousine on 27 h.p. Regent Chassis, **£550.**

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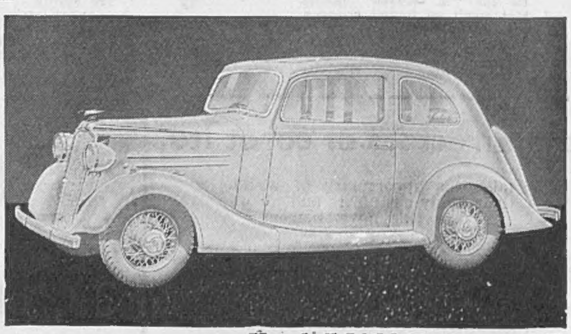

Vauxhall Light Six Coupe, **£245.**

Britannia and Eve

Vol. 11 No. 6 December, 1935

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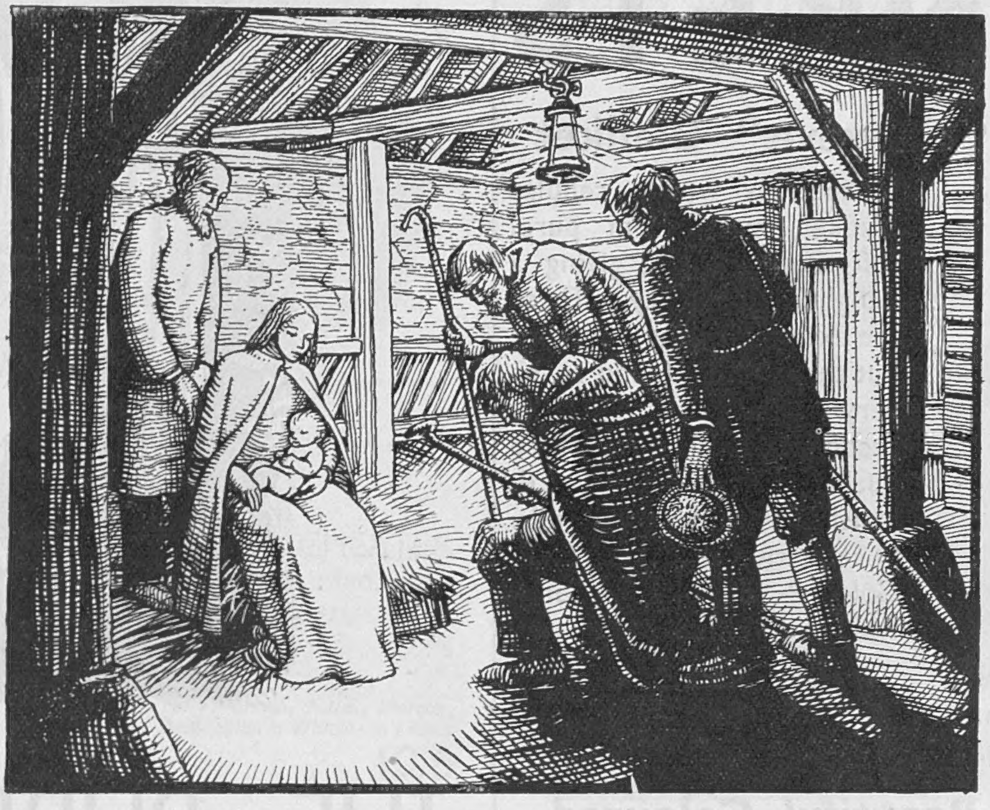

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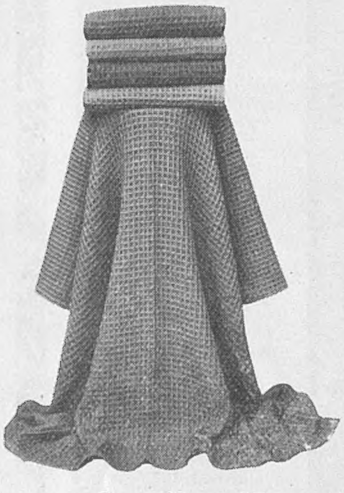

A specially woven cellular Blanket, made from pure, soft, Botany wool, giving a delightful resiliency. These are extremely light in weight, but they will be found to be very warm in use. Specially recommended where these qualities are required. Finished with whipped ends. In attractive shades of Pink, Gold, Peach, Sky, Natural, Rose and White.

Size 63× 83 in.	Each **25/6**
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These are specially woven from fine quality Mohair. A very attractive Blanket which will be found beautifully soft, light and warm in use. Ends are bound with wide silk ribbon. In pleasing shades of Rose, Blue, Green, Gold, Pink, Peach and Natural.

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All white Merino Wool, specially made to give maximum of warmth yet extremely light in weight. A delightful Blanket with a pleasing finish. Ends bound with wide silk ribbon.

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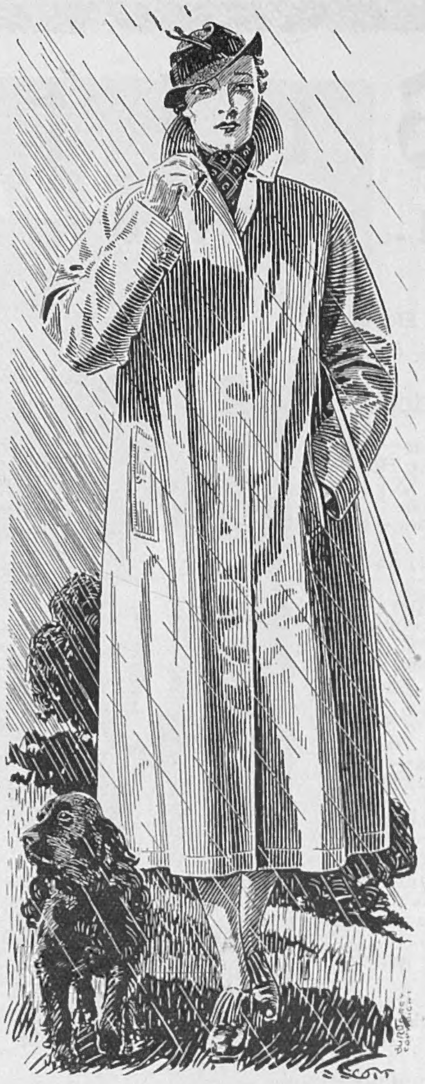

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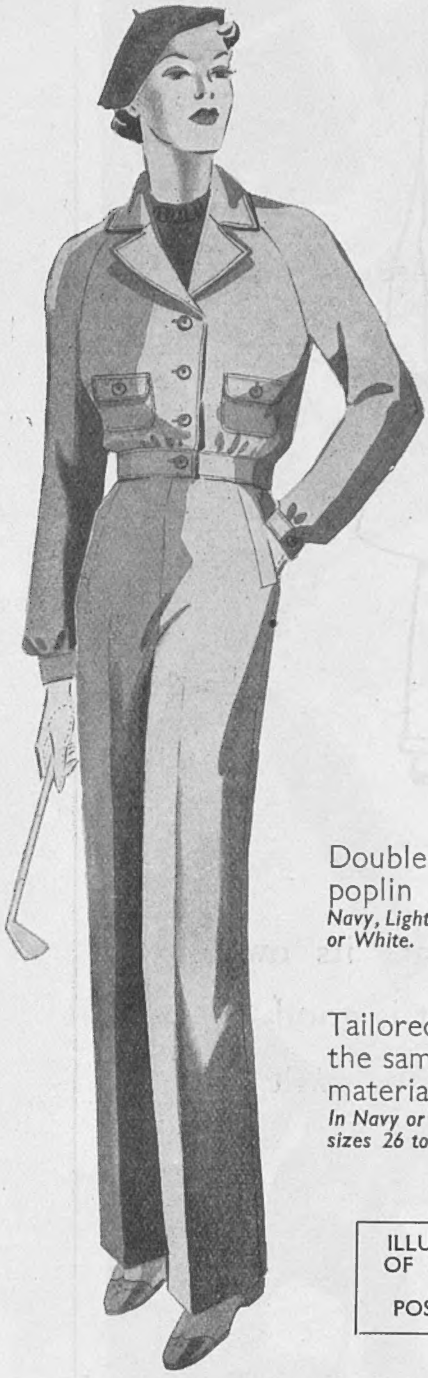
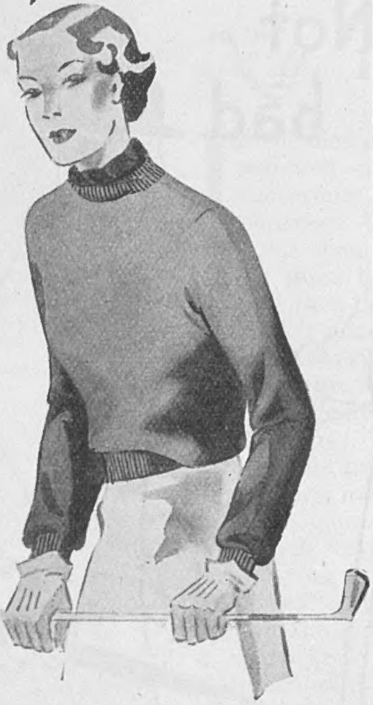
FOR GOLF IN *The Wind & The Rain*

CORRECT CLOTHES
THAT PROTECT
IN COMFORT





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WIND CHEATER
slightly proofed, with fleece lining ......
Ribbed collar, cuffs and welt ....
Navy, Brown, Bottle, Maroon, Beige, Blue or White. In 4 sizes
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Double texture proofed poplin GOLF BLOUSE
Navy, Light Blue, Green, Brown, Beige or White. Sizes 34 to 42 37/6

Tailored TROUSERS in the same double texture material ....
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OF SPORTS CLOTHES, SHOES
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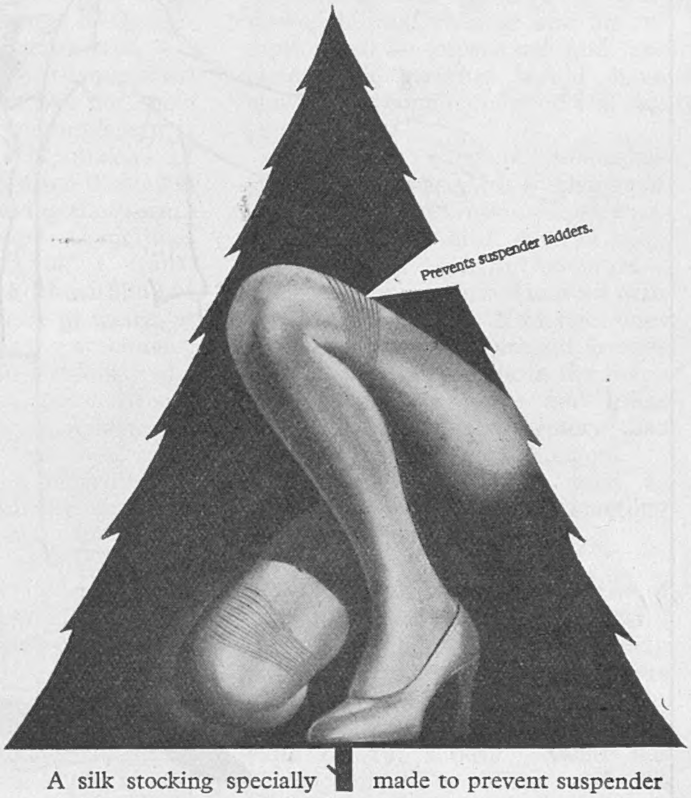
OF
Piccadilly Circus

For Christmas—
give her something she's been wanting all her life


Prevents suspender ladders.

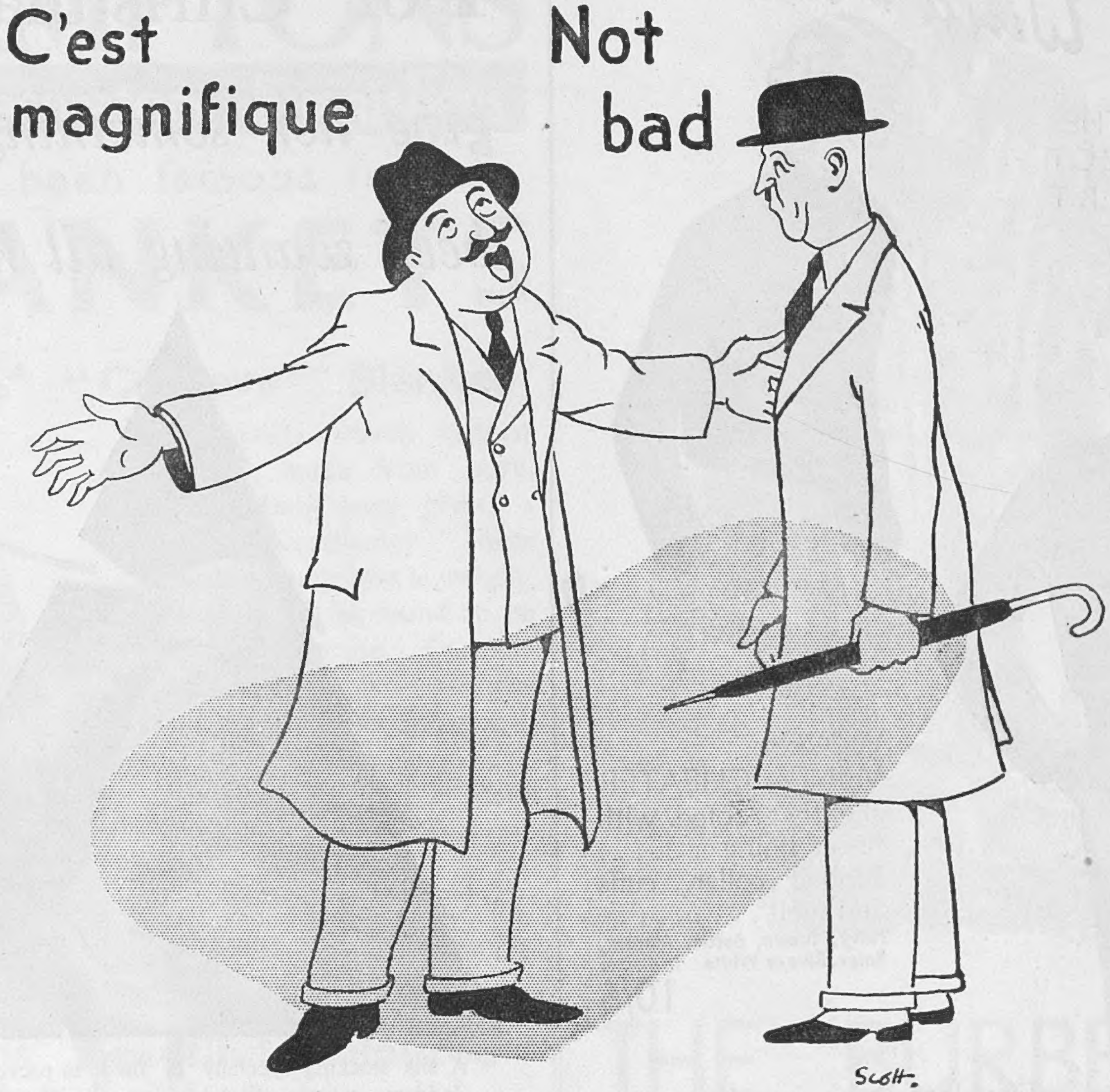
A silk stocking specially made to prevent suspender ladders—can you think of a more welcome present than the introduction of *that* good news into a girl's life? Give her Wolsey 'Prelude' or 'Deylong' with the f·l·e·x·i·b·l·e inset of Lastex Yarn and she will see at once that your generosity is only surpassed by your understanding of feminine problems. And talking of generosity—how many pairs should it be? Well roughly speaking for one pair you'll be a dear, for three a darling, for six an angel, and for twelve—well twelve pairs is practically a proposal of marriage. Unless of course you happen to be a rich uncle. 'PRELUDE' in sheer or service weight costs 6/11 and 'DEYLONG' 4/11. Both are seasonably packed all ready for posting, in quantities to convey every shade of affection.

WOLSEY
SILK STOCKINGS

SILK STOCKINGS

You can get what *you* want in Wolsey

WOLSEY LIMITED LEICESTER



Praise, with the loud pedal full down, often defeats its own objects. That is why we say, of "BP" Ethyl, that it is good—good for acceleration, good for climbing, and there isn't a knock in a tankful.

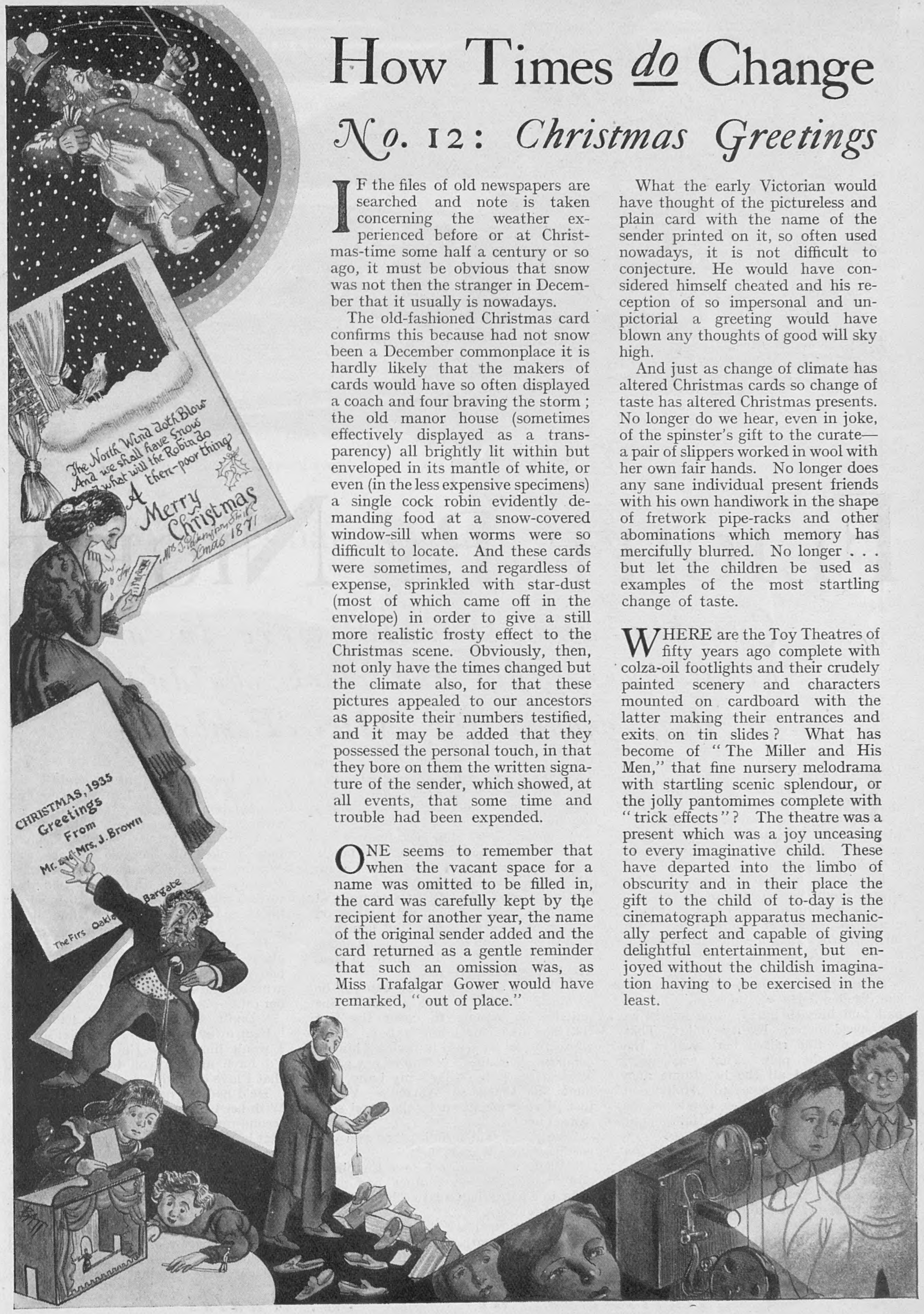
"BP" ETHYL is good

CAPT. EYSTON'S WORLD'S RECORD. 3,372 MILES IN 24 HOURS.
For 24 hours his car was driven at an average speed of 140.522 M.P.H. He used nothing but ordinary 'BP' Ethyl exactly as sold from the pump. What better proof could there be of the excellence and reliability of 'BP' Ethyl on the road?

BP ETHYL

How Times *do* Change

No. 12: Christmas Greetings



IF the files of old newspapers are searched and note is taken concerning the weather experienced before or at Christmas-time some half a century or so ago, it must be obvious that snow was not then the stranger in December that it usually is nowadays.

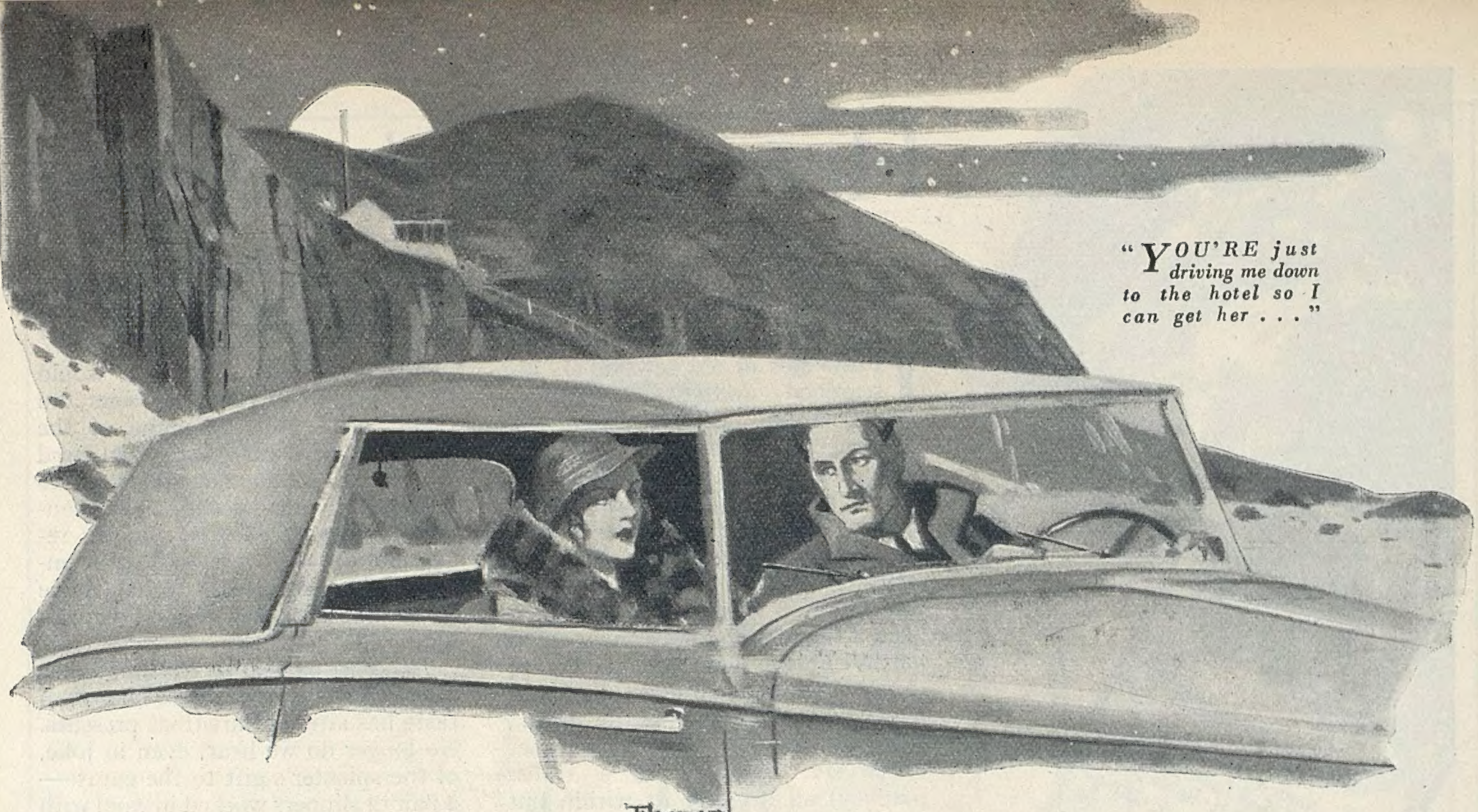
The old-fashioned Christmas card confirms this because had not snow been a December commonplace it is hardly likely that the makers of cards would have so often displayed a coach and four braving the storm; the old manor house (sometimes effectively displayed as a transparency) all brightly lit within but enveloped in its mantle of white, or even (in the less expensive specimens) a single cock robin evidently demanding food at a snow-covered window-sill when worms were so difficult to locate. And these cards were sometimes, and regardless of expense, sprinkled with star-dust (most of which came off in the envelope) in order to give a still more realistic frosty effect to the Christmas scene. Obviously, then, not only have the times changed but the climate also, for that these pictures appealed to our ancestors as apposite their numbers testified, and it may be added that they possessed the personal touch, in that they bore on them the written signature of the sender, which showed, at all events, that some time and trouble had been expended.

ONE seems to remember that when the vacant space for a name was omitted to be filled in, the card was carefully kept by the recipient for another year, the name of the original sender added and the card returned as a gentle reminder that such an omission was, as Miss Trafalgar Gower would have remarked, "out of place."

What the early Victorian would have thought of the pictureless and plain card with the name of the sender printed on it, so often used nowadays, it is not difficult to conjecture. He would have considered himself cheated and his reception of so impersonal and unpictorial a greeting would have blown any thoughts of good will sky high.

And just as change of climate has altered Christmas cards so change of taste has altered Christmas presents. No longer do we hear, even in joke, of the spinster's gift to the curate—a pair of slippers worked in wool with her own fair hands. No longer does any sane individual present friends with his own handiwork in the shape of fretwork pipe-racks and other abominations which memory has mercifully blurred. No longer . . . but let the children be used as examples of the most startling change of taste.

WHERE are the Toy Theatres of fifty years ago complete with colza-oil footlights and their crudely painted scenery and characters mounted on cardboard with the latter making their entrances and exits on tin slides? What has become of "The Miller and His Men," that fine nursery melodrama with startling scenic splendour, or the jolly pantomimes complete with "trick effects"? The theatre was a present which was a joy unceasing to every imaginative child. These have departed into the limbo of obscurity and in their place the gift to the child of to-day is the cinematograph apparatus mechanically perfect and capable of giving delightful entertainment, but enjoyed without the childish imagination having to be exercised in the least.



"YOU'RE just driving me down to the hotel so I can get her . . ."

FLIGHT BY NIGHT

Cynthia and Gerald were in a great hurry, but the clock couldn't go slow enough for Miss Pembroke

"IT couldn't have gone on much longer anyhow," she said. "I'm glad he walked into your flat to-night. It saves tiresome explanation." The man beside her did not answer at once, so she prompted him. "Aren't you glad, dear?"

Even then he did not reply, but his silence might have been due to the fact that he was rushing his car past a huge charabanc, and an approaching truck on the narrow road meant that success—if any—would be won by only a matter of inches.

It was all right if he didn't answer, she decided. He was hurrying and she had told him to hurry. She looked at the speedometer. Eighty miles. That was nice. She raised her eyes to the profile of the man. That was nicer. She thought of all the handsome men who had ever come to Hollywood hone had been quite as handsome as Gerald Crysman. And—beautiful thought—he was hers.

She looked out at the ocean with its moonlit waves. This was romance Moonlight, a balmy breeze, a handsome man and a beautiful woman running away from her husband. Yes, this was romance.

They were on a straight, shining road now, wide as all eternity, and the car was rolling along swiftly and smoothly. Perhaps it was doing a hundred miles. She didn't look at the speedometer. She liked to think that the car was doing a hundred.

"Cynthia, I feel like a kidnapper."

She laughed her light, bell-like laugh. "Darling, I'm with you because I want to be—Oh, you mean the baby."

He frowned slightly. "Certainly, I mean the baby. I've never walked off with a man's wife before, but somehow that doesn't seem so bad. This business, though, of beating it down here to steal his child seems a little raw."

"Oh, you silly boy. How can you be so silly? Don't be such a fool." She prattled on rapidly to cover the fact that she had called him a boy. After all, there was no sense in inviting him to compare their ages. "You're not going to steal the baby. She's my baby, you know, as much as Warren's. You're just driving me down to the hotel so I can get her."

"Yes," he said, grimly, "so you can get her before Warren does."

"Well, why not? I love Chubbins, and she's mine. A mother has more right to a baby than a father has."

"I suppose."

Cynthia turned her glance back to the silvery ocean. As though she'd let Warren lay a hand on the baby after that last crack of his. He stood a fat chance.

He had walked into Gerald's flat and had seen more than she had ever wanted him to guess. It had been her own fault. As soon as she had begun to really care about Gerald she should have broken up the two men so that Warren would pay no more of those friendly, informal calls. He had just walked into the flat without so much as knocking on the door. A fine habit that was for a full-grown man.

He had walked in, taken one swift glance and had started out again. She had run after him and had thrown her arms around his neck, but he had shaken her off.

"Don't touch me," he had said. "Keep away from me. Don't get scared. I won't hurt you. I'm not even sore. I'd have ditched you long ago except that I love the kid."

He'd had the nerve to say that to her. With her beauty and charm, a miserable, second-rate director had dared to say that he was holding on to her just because she had had a baby. She'd fix him for that. He loved the baby, did he? Well, it would be a long time before he'd see that kid again. Possession was nine points of the law, and besides, she was the mother, and that went a long way in a court room. Let him try and get that kid.

They were passing through a little

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks

town now, and Gerald slowed down. There were traffic cops in these towns. Very stern traffic cops who, far from being thrilled at sight of a movie star, were apt to become infuriated.

"I wonder if Warren did start down here when he left the flat," Gerald said.

"He might have, and then again maybe not, but I'm taking no chances. I want my baby."

"I hate to think of Warren feeling miserable and everything."

"Well, of course, he'll feel miserable for a while, but he'll get over it." Gerald hadn't heard Warren's last words to his wife.

"Say, Cynthia, what are you going to do with the baby when you get it? Have you thought?"

"Of course I've thought, you goofy old darling. We're going to drive them back to Los Angeles to-night, and put them on a train."

"Them? Who?"

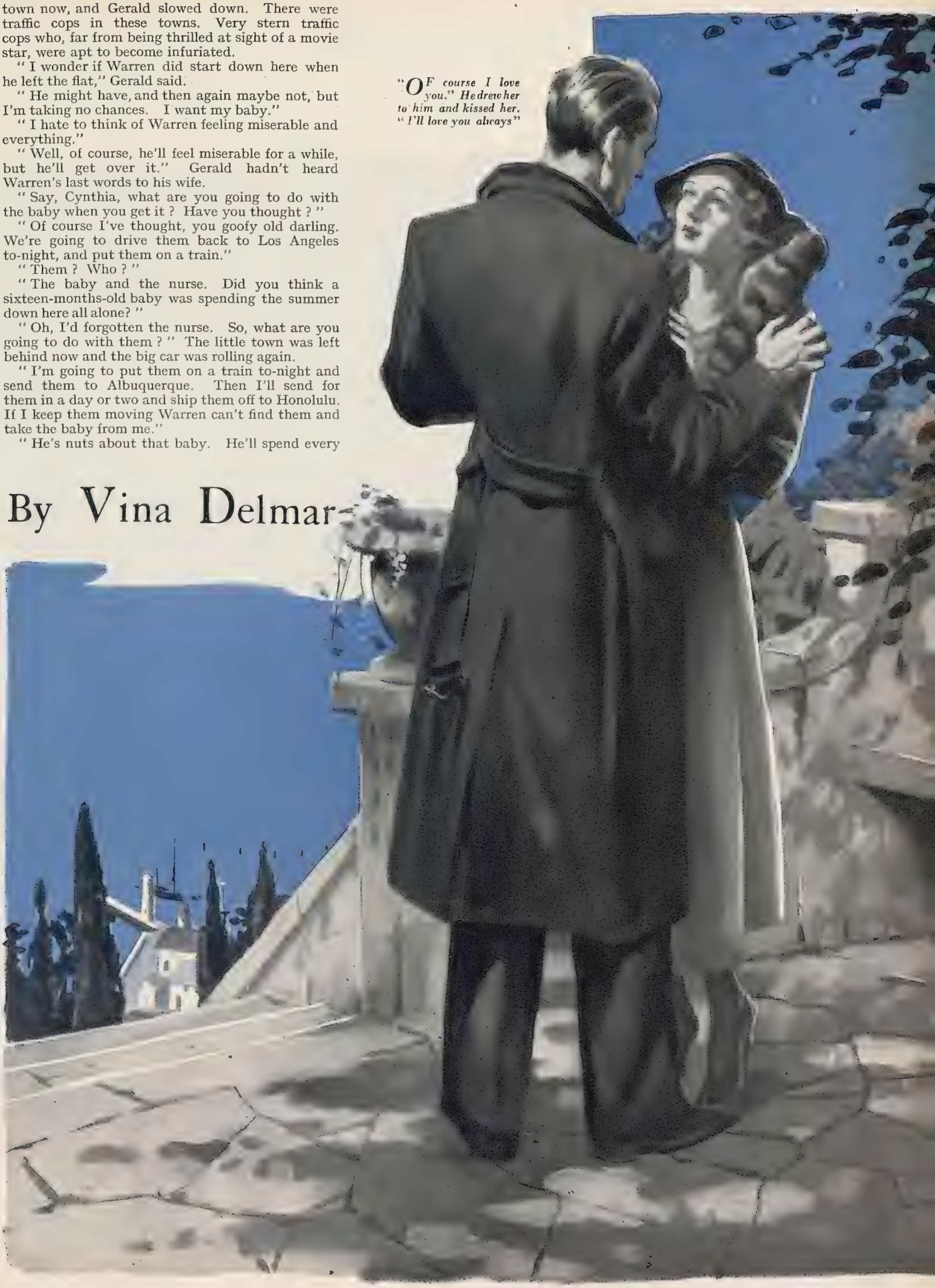
"The baby and the nurse. Did you think a sixteen-months-old baby was spending the summer down here all alone?"

"Oh, I'd forgotten the nurse. So, what are you going to do with them?" The little town was left behind now and the big car was rolling again.

"I'm going to put them on a train to-night and send them to Albuquerque. Then I'll send for them in a day or two and ship them off to Honolulu. If I keep them moving Warren can't find them and take the baby from me."

"He's nuts about that baby. He'll spend every

By Vina Delmar



"Of course I love you." He drew her to him and kissed her. "I'll love you always"

penny he has in the world in locating her."

"Well, he hasn't got a penny. He's broke."

"Warren's broke! Why, he makes pretty big money."

"I know, but he can't seem to hold on to it. He's flatter than a pancake. And I heard from a pretty good source they mightn't take his option up this year."

"Well, that's awful."

"I don't think he can ever get the baby away from me, being broke like he is and me skipping the baby all over here and there."

"No, maybe not."

Gerald knew about Warren's option. He knew that if it were taken up it meant an increase of five hundred dollars a week. And he also knew that that option was going to be taken up. Gerald knew it directly from the head of the studio. But he said nothing about this. It would only alarm poor Cynthia, who was hoping that Warren's poverty would help her hold her child.

"Say, Cynthia, won't the nurse think you're kind of nuts bursting in there at night and sending her and the kid to Albuquerque?"

"No. She won't even think. I'll tell her that Warren's going down there on location and that he wants the baby to be with him for a while. I'll say that he and I are flying down there to-morrow. Then I'll wire her that the picture's off and to come right back. Oh, I'll fix up a story all right."

"But she'll see in the papers——"

"She doesn't read the papers. She's a fussy old maid, and she doesn't know anything but babies. She's English, and so devoted. She simply adores Chubbins."

"Well, I hope she don't leave you flat when you spring Honolulu on her."

"Oh, no. She'll do anything just so she won't get fired and be separated from the baby. Just you wait and see."

"It's going to cost a barrel of dough, Cynthia, to keep them on the go."

"It won't be for ever. Warren will want a divorce, no doubt. Well, I'm the mother, and I have the child, and in a law court that possession stuff is important. I bet I get the custody."

"Even so, that travelling around will cost a barrel of dough," he said gloomily.

"Oh, I have money. Quite a lot of it."

"Warren's money?"

"Well, what the hell? I earned it, didn't I? I've been married to him three years."

"He isn't a bad guy, Cynthia."

"Oh, no?"

"And he's clever."

"Clever, my eye."

"You wouldn't know, Cynthia, unless you'd worked for him. He put me over."

"Oh, go on. A great actor is a great actor. The director doesn't do anything, especially Warren. If he were clever he could have held me."

"I hope I'll be clever enough to hold you."

"Darling, I know you'll be. You're so different from Warren. How did you ever come to pick him for a friend?"

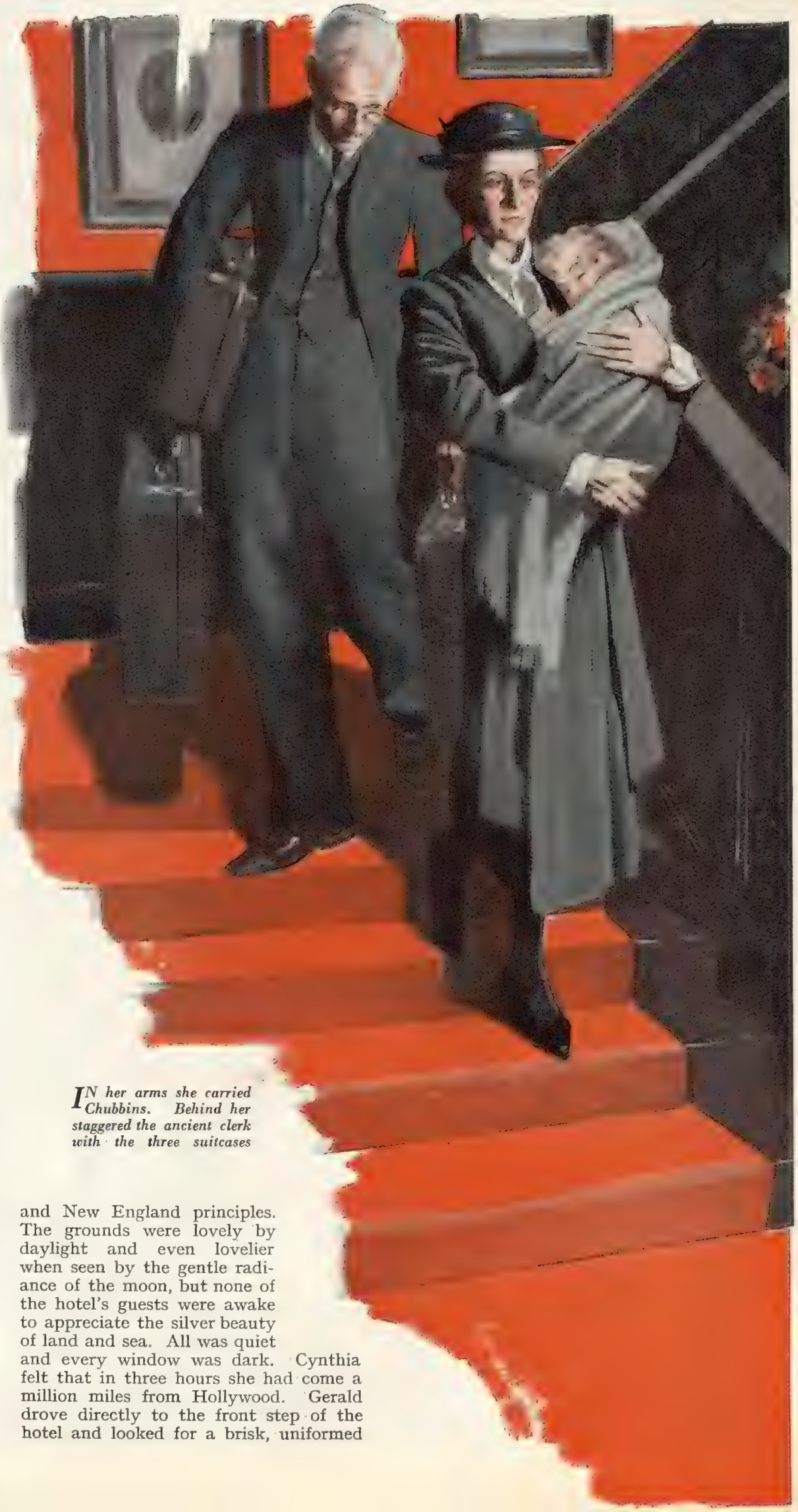
"I liked him. Funny thing for me to say when I've stolen his wife and am on my way to steal his kid. But he's swell, really, Cynthia. Only I couldn't help loving you, could I?"

"Dearest, you say such lovely things."

"Do I? It's because you're so lovely to look at, I guess. Cynthia, not a single car has passed us. Do you think we'd have time to stop just long enough for one little kiss?"

She laughed teasingly. "I don't know. Well, maybe for one very little kiss."

It was the sort of hotel that attracts children and old folk. A great, low, rambling building with a Spanish name and New England principles. The grounds were lovely by daylight and even lovelier when seen by the gentle radiance of the moon, but none of the hotel's guests were awake to appreciate the silver beauty of land and sea. All was quiet and every window was dark. Cynthia felt that in three hours she had come a million miles from Hollywood. Gerald drove directly to the front step of the hotel and looked for a brisk, uniformed boy to park his car. There was no such boy.

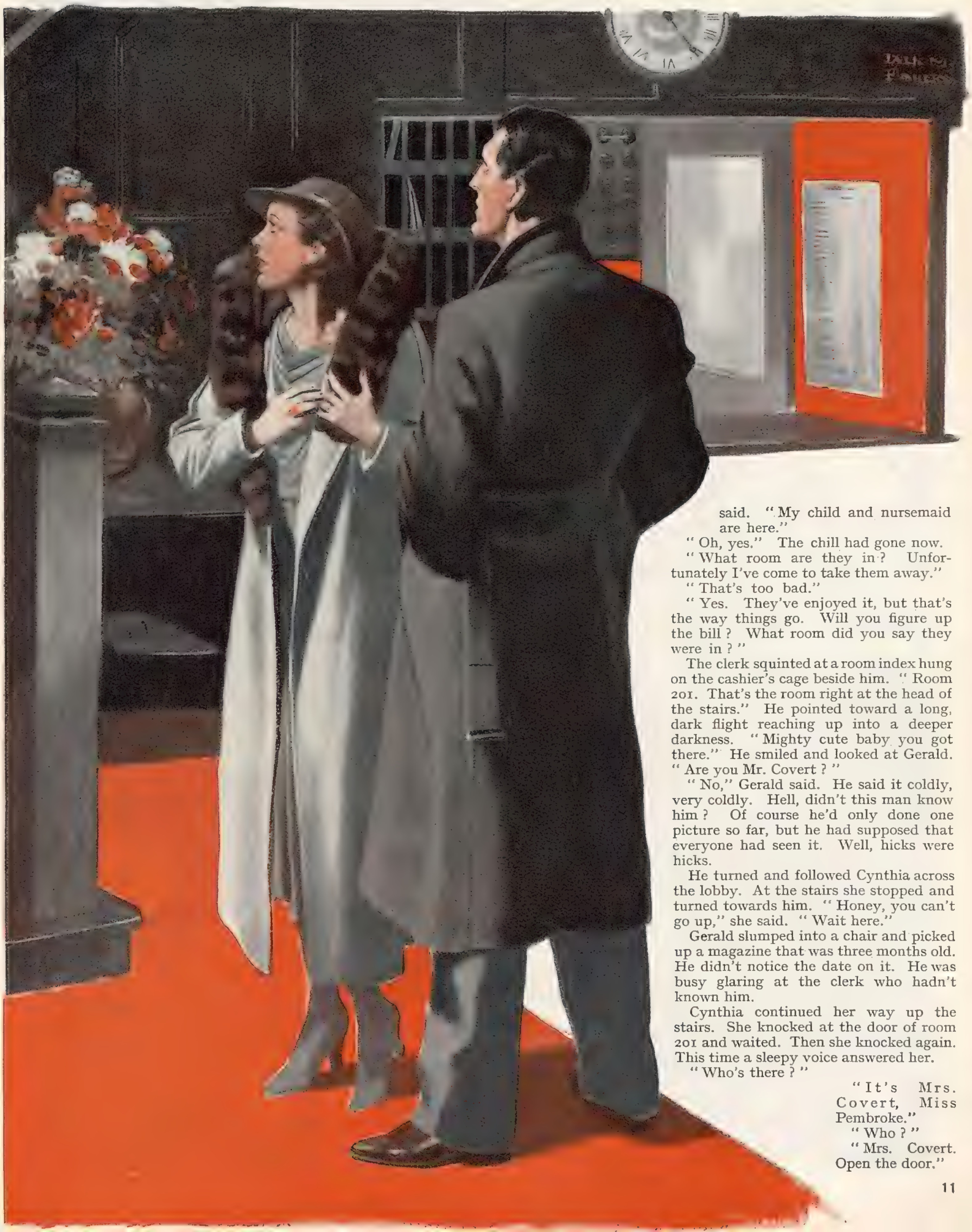


In her arms she carried Chubbins. Behind her staggered the ancient clerk with the three suitcases

"Leave it right here," Cynthia said. "They won't need their front step any more to-night."

They climbed out of the car and walked into the lobby. It was a tremendous lobby with a huge fireplace and dozens of over-stuffed couches and chairs. Here the guests could gather after dinner and get acquainted with each other. Here symptoms, world politics and sons and daughters-in-law had been discussed nightly since the hotel's earliest days. Now the chairs and couches were unoccupied. The lights had been dimmed. Everybody was sleeping. The clerk was just as old as the oldest guest, and just as sleepy. He was alone at the desk, sitting close to the switchboard and nodding over a Los Angeles newspaper. He stood up as Cynthia and Gerald approached him. He looked at them and saw a tall, handsome, young man and a slim, lovely lady. He looked at them and disapproved. Only once before had the hotel had *this* sort of thing with which to cope.

" Good evening," he said without a grain of warmth in his tone. " What can I do for you ? "



" I'm Mrs. Warren Covert," Cynthia said. " My child and nursemaid are here."

" Oh, yes." The chill had gone now. " What room are they in ? Unfortunately I've come to take them away."

" That's too bad."

" Yes. They've enjoyed it, but that's the way things go. Will you figure up the bill ? What room did you say they were in ? "

The clerk squinted at a room index hung on the cashier's cage beside him. " Room 201. That's the room right at the head of the stairs." He pointed toward a long, dark flight reaching up into a deeper darkness. " Mighty cute baby you got there." He smiled and looked at Gerald. " Are you Mr. Covert ? "

" No," Gerald said. He said it coldly, very coldly. Hell, didn't this man know him ? Of course he'd only done one picture so far, but he had supposed that everyone had seen it. Well, hicks were hicks.

He turned and followed Cynthia across the lobby. At the stairs she stopped and turned towards him. " Honey, you can't go up," she said. " Wait here."

Gerald slumped into a chair and picked up a magazine that was three months old. He didn't notice the date on it. He was busy glaring at the clerk who hadn't known him.

Cynthia continued her way up the stairs. She knocked at the door of room 201 and waited. Then she knocked again. This time a sleepy voice answered her.

" Who's there ? "

" It's Mrs. Covert, Miss Pembroke."

" Who ? "

" Mrs. Covert. Open the door."

" Just a moment, please."

Cynthia's warm, red lips closed on the impatient words she was about to utter. Perhaps Warren would arrive at any moment, and here was a fussy old maid taking time to bundle herself into a dressing-gown before opening the door. But Cynthia knew that she must give no sign that she was nervous. The nurse was stupid about everything in the world except babies; still, servants were apt to be difficult if they sensed anything irregular in the air.

The door opened at last, and there was Miss Pembroke in her dressing-gown with her red braids hanging neatly down her back. Cynthia took a second to reflect on what a fright the woman was. It would have been fun if Gerald could have seen her. They could have laughed over it together some time.

" Has anything gone wrong ? " the nurse asked, closing the door behind Cynthia.

" No, nothing at all. I'm sorry to burst in at this hour and startle you, but it's all quite unexpected. How is the little lamb ? "

" Oh, she's just splendid, Mrs. Covert."

Cynthia walked to the side of the crib and stood for a moment gazing down at the sleeping Chubbins. She looked at the slumber-flushed cheeks and thought again of Warren. It gave her a sense of satisfaction to see that his baby was sweet and beautiful. He was losing a lot, and it served him right.

Miss Pembroke was sitting on the edge of the bed, yawning and rubbing the backs of her small, thin hands across her eyes.

" Pardon me," she begged. " It takes me a few moments to get myself together when I've been awakened."

" It's quite all right," Cynthia answered in an offhanded manner. " Take your time." She consulted her tiny, jewel-studded watch. " You'll be able to pack and dress within twenty minutes, I suppose. You've nothing but suitcases."

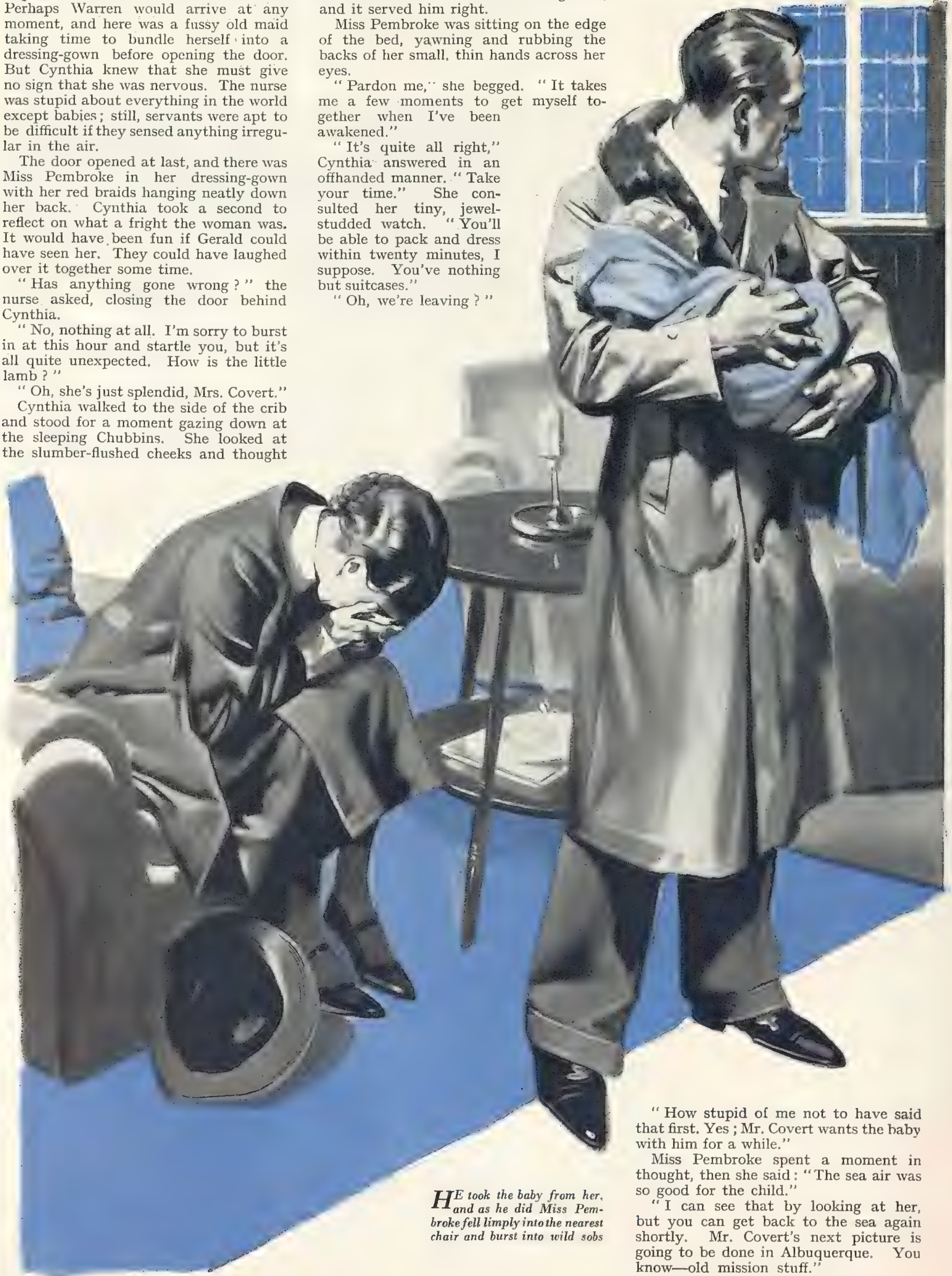
" Oh, we're leaving ? "

" How stupid of me not to have said that first. Yes ; Mr. Covert wants the baby with him for a while."

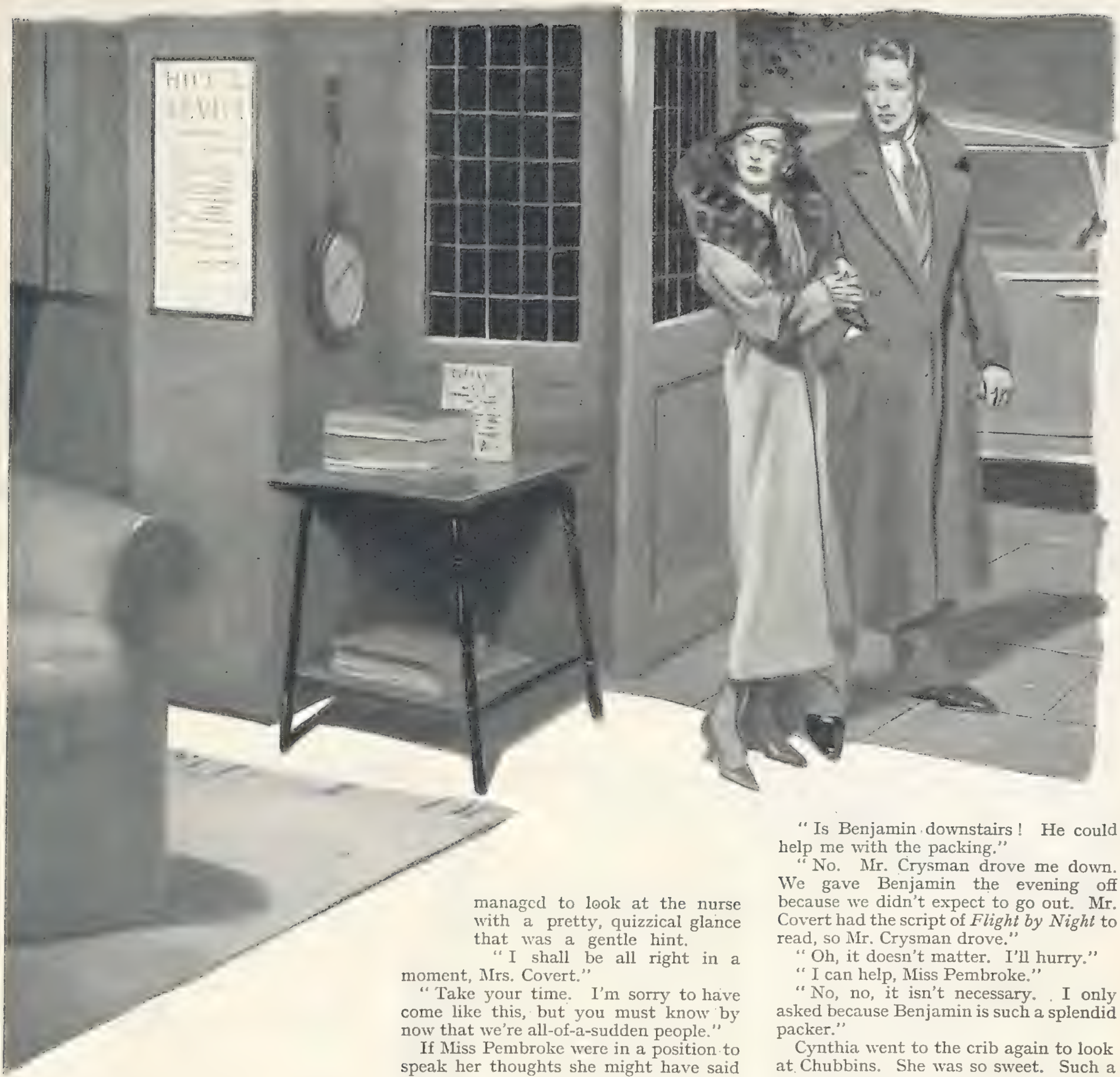
Miss Pembroke spent a moment in thought, then she said : "The sea air was so good for the child."

" I can see that by looking at her, but you can get back to the sea again shortly. Mr. Covert's next picture is going to be done in Albuquerque. You know—old mission stuff."

" That should be interesting."



HE took the baby from her, and as he did Miss Pembroke fell limply into the nearest chair and burst into wild sobs



"Yes, very. He and I are going to fly down there to-morrow, but, of course, we'd never trust Chubbins in an aeroplane."

Miss Pembroke closed her eyes and shuddered. "I should think not."

"Mr. Covert only found out at dinner that he was going to do this picture. It's called," said Cynthia, with sudden inspiration, *Flight by Night*.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Pembroke blankly.

"He was so disappointed when they called him for the picture. He was figuring on us coming down here to spend a little time with Chubbins. Then I thought of taking you to Albuquerque—or rather sending you. You and Chubbins will leave on the train to-night and we'll meet you there."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Pembroke again. She continued to sit on the edge of the bed looking very dazed. Cynthia wanted to shake her into action, but instead managed to look at the nurse with a pretty, quizzical glance that was a gentle hint.

"I shall be all right in a moment, Mrs. Covert."

"Take your time. I'm sorry to have come like this, but you must know by now that we're all-of-a-sudden people."

If Miss Pembroke were in a position to speak her thoughts she might have said that Mr. Covert didn't answer that description. He was always the same pleasant, mild-mannered little man who said "Good morning" *every* morning, and respected the nurse's domination of the nursery. Mrs. Covert had unexpected ways, however—sweet as treacle or sour as alum, and when you encountered her you never knew which mood you'd find on top. But Mr. Covert certainly wasn't like that. He worked hard, paid good salaries to those who worked for him, and was the most unselfish and devoted father Miss Pembroke had ever seen. If he wanted the pleasure of his baby's company he was going to have it. It wouldn't be Miss Pembroke to disappoint him. She'd say nothing of what she thought about rooting herself and her charge out of bed and riding for hours in an automobile and then in a train. She got to her feet and began to empty the bureau drawers.

"How long do you think you will be?" Cynthia asked her.

"I couldn't say exactly, Mrs. Covert. I'll do my best. Perhaps a half-hour."

"Oh."

"Is Benjamin downstairs! He could help me with the packing."

"No. Mr. Crysman drove me down. We gave Benjamin the evening off because we didn't expect to go out. Mr. Covert had the script of *Flight by Night* to read, so Mr. Crysman drove."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I'll hurry."

"I can help, Miss Pembroke."

"No, no, it isn't necessary. I only asked because Benjamin is such a splendid packer."

Cynthia went to the crib again to look at Chubbins. She was so sweet. Such a lamb. Wouldn't Warren be burned up when he found out that his little wife had been just too smart for him. Cynthia hoped that he really would come down to get the baby. Wouldn't it be too, too divine if he dashed into the hotel just after she and Gerald Crysman had departed with Chubbins and Pembroke?

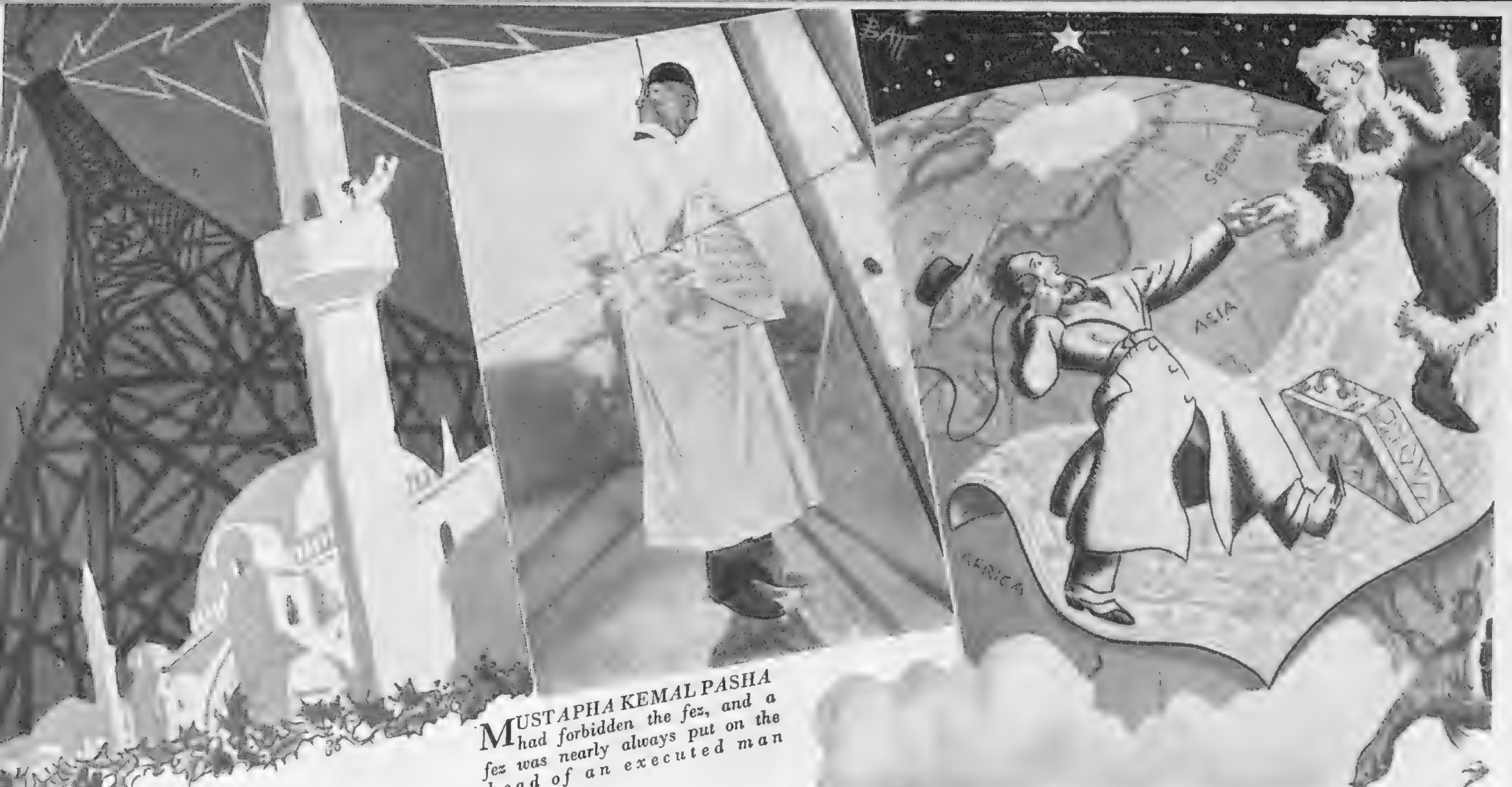
She glanced again at Miss Pembroke. The woman really was getting things into the first suitcase with remarkable speed. If only the baby stayed asleep for a while longer so that she wouldn't cry and take her nurse's mind off the packing they'd get away well within the next half-hour.

The telephone rang. Miss Pembroke walked over and answered it. "Hello. Oh, yes, Mr. Crysman. One moment."

She stepped aside so that Cynthia could get to the phone which, one would know from looking at the hotel, would be on the wall.

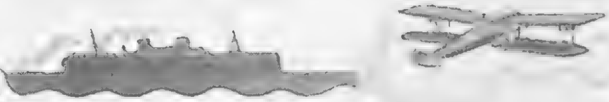
"Yes. Miss Pembroke is packing now. What did you say? About twenty or twenty-five minutes, I imagine. What? All right, Gerald, I'll come down."

Cynthia replaced the receiver and turned to Miss Pembroke. (*Continued on page* 151)



MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA had forbidden the fez, and a fez was nearly always put on the head of an executed man

Christmas—



By Negley Farson

I AM a foreign newspaper correspondent. It's a grand life, but—we never know where we are. We live at the end of cables and telephone wires. Out of bags. In wagons-lits, restaurants, steamships and foreign hotels. We spend our lives battling with train porters, concierges, censors and customs officials all over this fretful world. When it's noon in London, it's only 6 a.m. in Chicago—and that's where we begin our day. We flock to disasters like carrion crows.

RUSH INDIA STOP GANDHI SALTMARCHING BOMBAY.

I've just come out from a year in Soviet Russia. They have no Christmas there. This year I'm going to have one in London—a Christmas at home. But do I get it? No. I am in the Indian Air Mail. When my wife is carving that ten-pound turkey I am eating dressed crab at Jask on the Persian Gulf.

REVOLUTION REPORTED EGYPT STOP RIOTS PORT SAID STOP PARIS REPORTS NAHAS PASHA SHOT STOP RUSH CAIRO.

My wife and I have engaged rooms at Dieppe. It's to be our first summer holiday for three years. I am on my way back from Bombay to join her there. But do I ever reach Dieppe? No! A day off Marseilles the steward hands me this Marconi. I come into Marseilles on one P. and O. boat, and leave in another P. and O. for Port Said that same night.

PEASANT UPRISING UKRAINE STOP RUSH WARSAW.

We are in Berlin. A real German Christmas for us this year. We have spent the afternoon on Unter den Linden buying things for Danny's tree. But do I ever get that German Christmas? No, NO! I spend it in a Polish jail.

CONGRATULATIONS GETTING ARRESTED POLAND STOP GOOD WORK STOP CAN YOU COVER ROME?

And so it goes. That was London, that was! Our wives can't make engagements for us. We don't see our children when they come home from school. Our tailors can't fit our suits. Our dentists can't fill our teeth. The only things that seem to catch up to us are our bills.

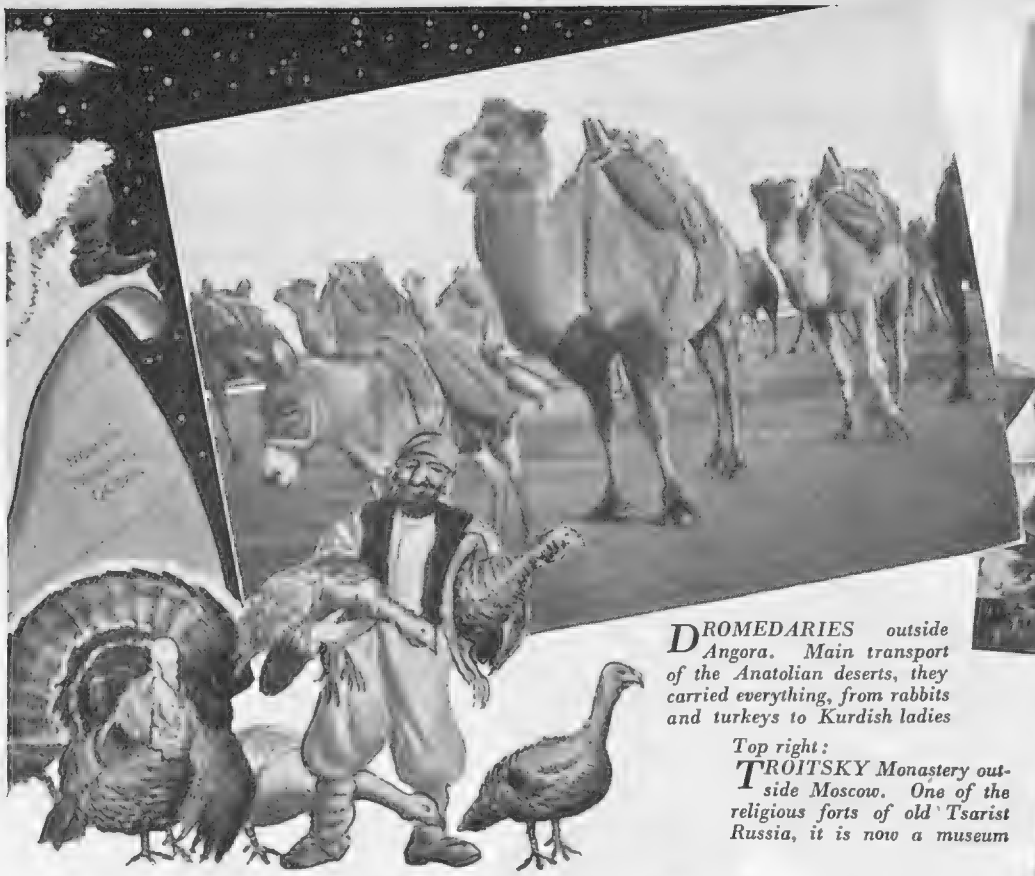
But that's all right. We have a good time. Wherever we land there is excitement and thrills. In some places people cannot be too kind to us—or too rough. We have grandstand seats for all the big events of our time. I wouldn't give it up for any other life in the world. No, I would never abandon it—except for one day.

And that's a day when a man (if he has any sense) will never accept another man's invitation to enter his home.

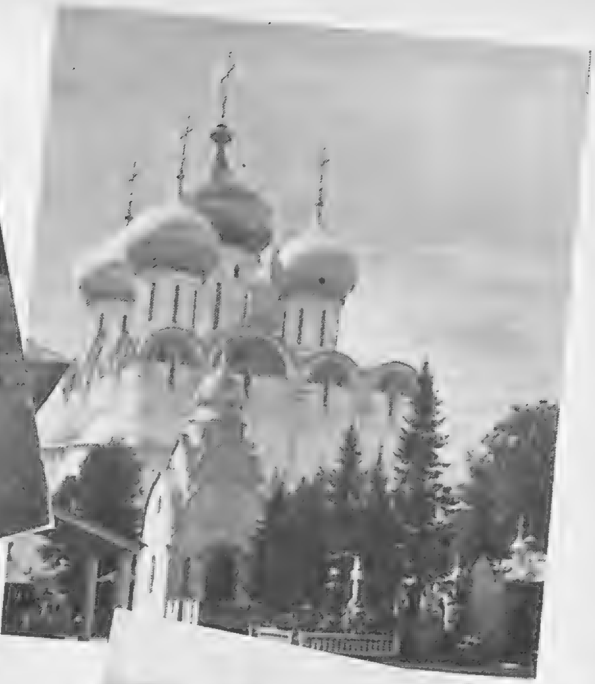
You've guessed it—it's CHRISTMAS.

THE day I arrived in Angora I couldn't see across the street for corpses. The Tribunal of Independence had been liberating some Turks. It had done it by hanging them from the neck until they no longer cared. Boot-blacks brushed their legs aside to shine our shoes, the limousines of the *Corps Diplomatique* trundled uncaringly past, a *Muezzin*, from a minaret, yelled *Ya Allah!*—calling the

INTERIOR of our houseboat—not a bad place were nights, in heavy snowstorms, when we had snow until dawn—otherwise our home would be



DROMEDARIES outside Angora. Main transport of the Anatolian deserts, they carried everything, from rabbits and turkeys to Kurdish ladies



Top right:
TROITSKY Monastery outside Moscow. One of the religious forts of old Tsarist Russia, it is now a museum

But Not at Home!

Faithful to prayer—in a bowler hat. Nobody paid any attention to them.

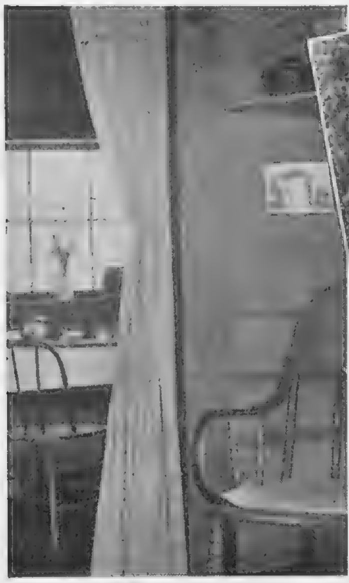
But the corpses seemed to be listening. Each head was canted sidewise. And on each head had been placed a forbidden red *fez*.

" There," said Jentisson, of the Paris *Temps*, " is our holly ! "

We were not in a good mood. Jentisson, Larry Hammond of the *Chicago Tribune*, and I had rushed up to Angora to cover the Mosul affair. Angora is a romantic spot: battlemented walls made from the débris of countless civilisations, perched on their red hill in the deserts of Western Asia. And Mosul, in case you have forgotten it, first flashed on to the world's front page when Mustapha Kemal Pasha tried to regain those rich oil fields from the British. He nearly went to war over it. And we hoped that he would on this (*Continued on page* 146)

LOOKING down into the Kremlin. The Bolsheviks have torn down many of the most picturesque Moscow churches—there used to be 1,600—but the Kremlin remains. "There is nothing above Moscow but the Kremlin; there is nothing above the Kremlin but God." The wireless tower of the Third International now lords it over the Kremlin.

to spend Christmas. But there to stay out on our raft and shovel sunk by the weight of the drifts



THE lonely cabin. We spent our first winter in this; the snow was waist deep by Christmas.

THE whaler-chaser puts into a fjord for Christmas. The gun is silent. Whale-chasers may have no Christmas turkeys—but they have the best coffee in the world.

Undelivered Christmas Mail

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

THE Claverminster bells had rarely sounded as clear and dulcet as they did on the morning of December the twenty-fourth.

They appeared to Carl Barbusse, casually Catholic by upbringing, to be bestowing a positively benign Protestant blessing on his new hotel.

He looked through his wide and specially advertised vita glass windows at the glittering, passionless, silver sea and the pale, passionless, glittering blue sky; and his reaction against England and this Southern coast town was the instinctive, contemptuous reaction of a young and vigorous male to an old and faded beauty. His mind flicked back to Christmases he had known as manager of violently vivid hotels on the Riviera; burning sun, brown bodies roasting almost naked in the hot downpour of golden light, drinks winking and bubbling in a million glasses, a constant orchestra of lewd, light, careless, happy laughter.

But this hotel was his own, the fruit of fierce frugality, the actual concrete emanation of a lifelong dream.

He was a bachelor, but he had entered into a deep, thoughtful, single-minded lifelong alliance with his hotel.

With enormous satisfaction and a sense of tenderly watching an honour conferred on a beloved, he saw the Dean come through the swing doors in search of his sister, who was a desiccated guest at his hotel.

He hastened forward to greet him, and the high, clear old voice of the Dean was music in his ears, so much did it represent all he desired to cater for, the living type and actual specie for which he had built.

"Good morning, Monsieur Barbusse. I have called to take my sister to the service. I thought a little walk along the front would be beneficial. Such a lovely, mild morning for the time of year."

Barbusse flicked a look at the page. The page immediately departed in search of the Dean's sister.

"Very, very nice you have made it all," commended the Dean, without patronage. "Charming colouring; and what splendid chrysanthemums. Splendid blooms indeed!"

Carl Barbusse knew that the Dean was a keen amateur rose-grower.

"I built my own greenhouses." He was deferential and charming, a combination he had perfected in forty years. "I should be very, very grateful if, one day when you are passing, you would let me show them to you and give me the benefit of your advice. I do not know a great deal about flowers myself."

The Dean looked pleased and flattered. When his withered old sister joined him he said:

"Well, my dear, I am sure you are happy and comfortable with our good friend here."

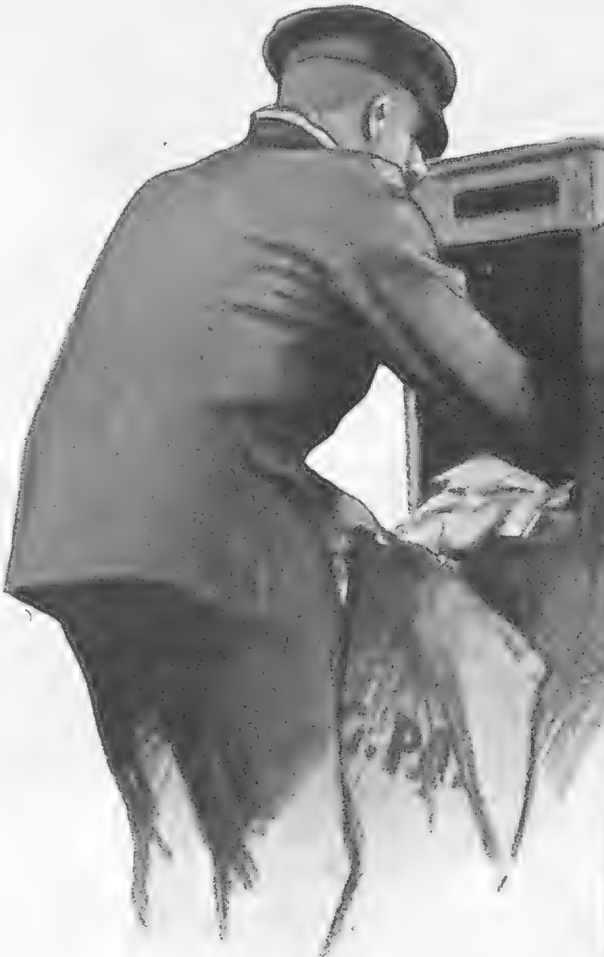
"Very; the central heating is such a great, great comfort, Vernon." She turned to Carl Barbusse: "Some English hotels are so icy, Mr. Barbusse," she added. "You would never believe!"

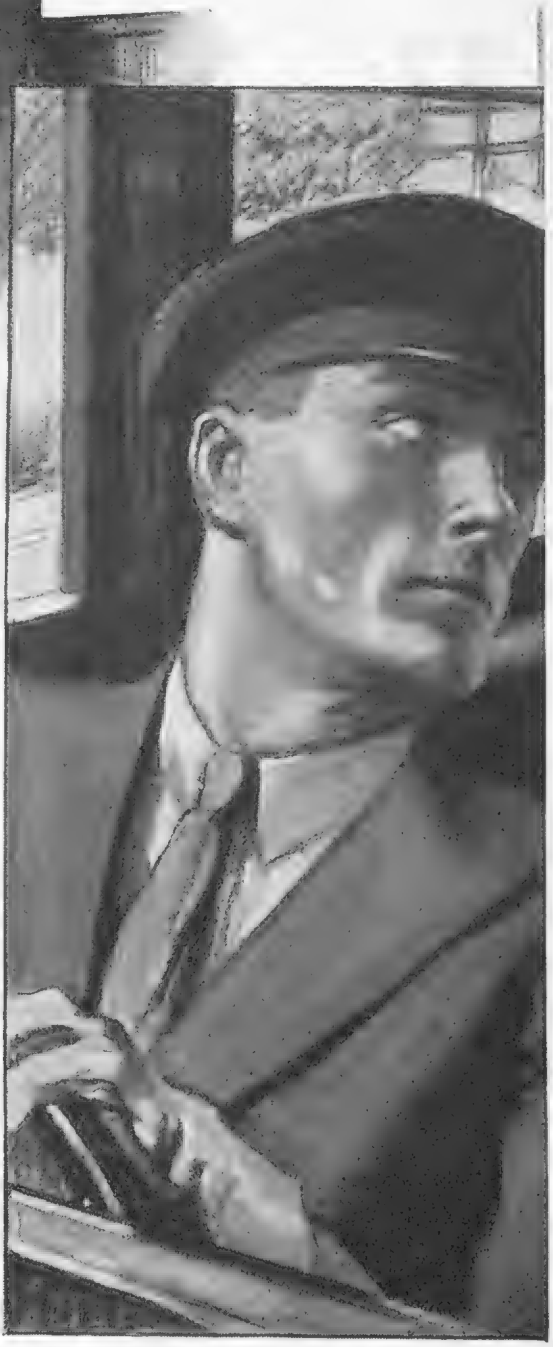
Carl Barbusse, who had shivered and chattered, man and boy, in the unheated parts of hotels all over the world, courteously agreed with her.

His other guests were drifting through the lounge, attracted by the fine, calm morning glittering outside. They were all elderly, respectable, solid and monied. They were the clientèle he craved. One was an "Honourable." He had hardly dared hope for that the first week of his opening. His advertising had been personally directed, suave, impersonal advertising such as the conservative, unexperimental British loved; and it had been successful.

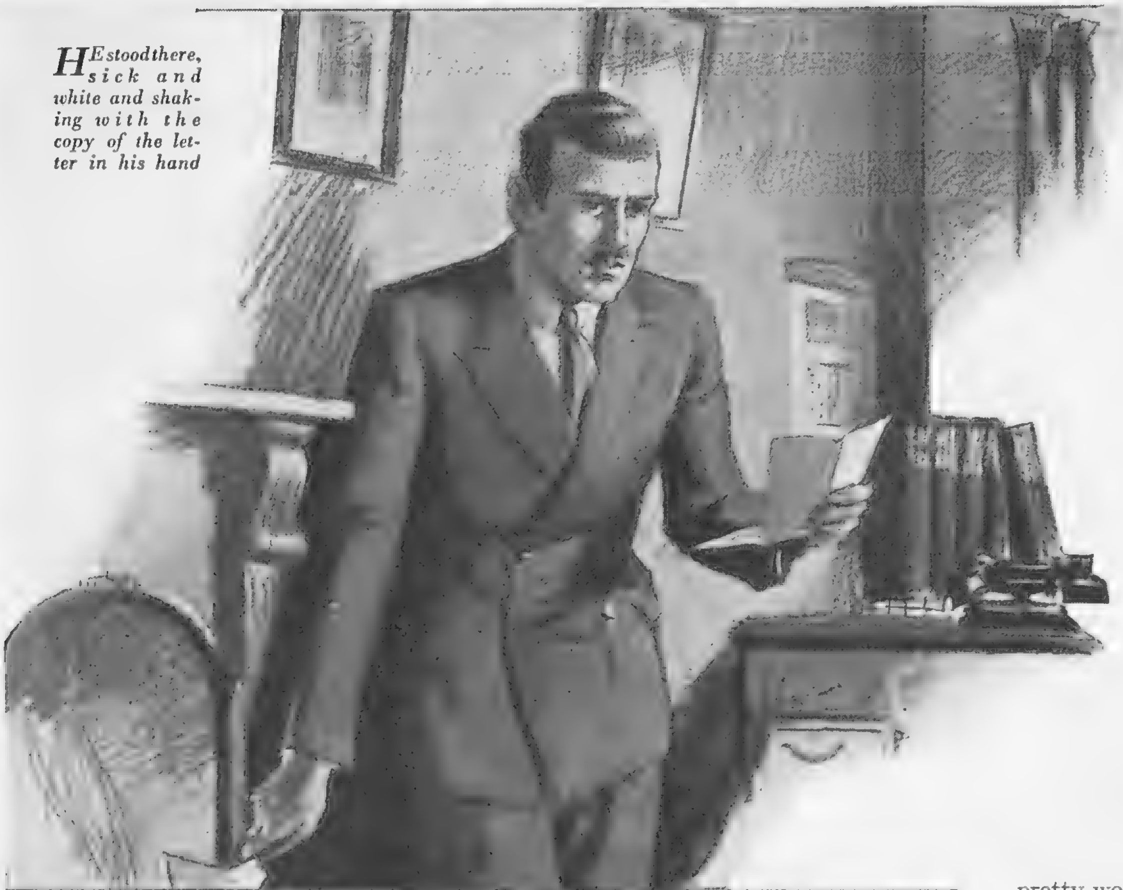
"I think we shall have a fine Christmas," he said to them. "Yes, indeed, a delicious morning, quite like spring."

And then, when the lounge was quite empty, the couple from 54 and 55 filled it with the bustle of their departure.

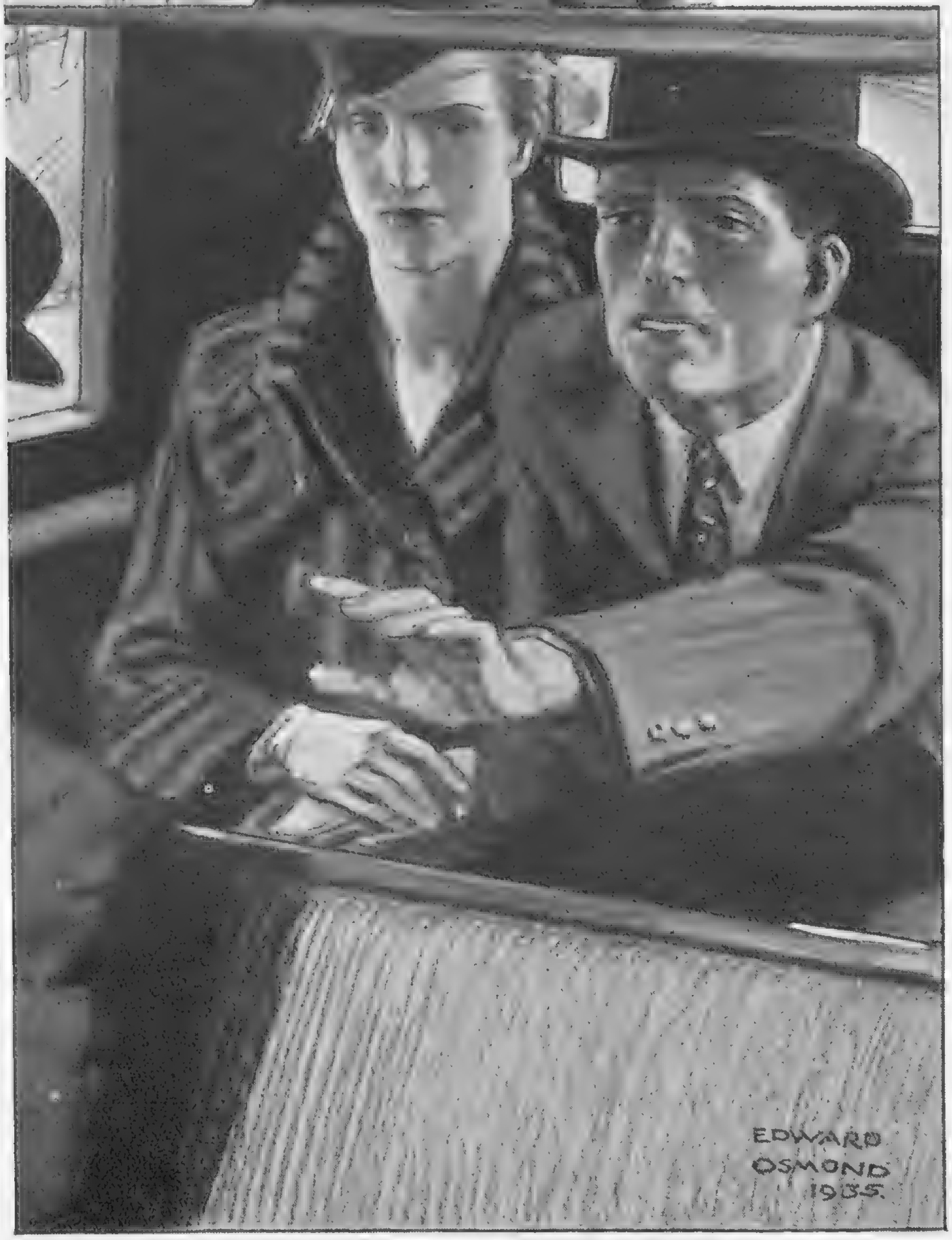




SHE spoke quietly to the startled driver. "It's all right; we didn't leave it behind after all; it's here. Drive on"



He stood there, sick and white and shaking with the copy of the letter in his hand



They, too, were well-bred, the type his hotel-keeping soul delighted in. The woman wore a mink coat that could not have cost less than £500. She was deliciously pretty in a silly, *petite* porcelain way.

" The weather is so good," he said, gently, urbanely admonishing them for their departure on the eve of Christmas. " A pity you could not have stayed a little longer, Madame."

The woman dropped a letter in the unostentatious letter-box by the reception desk, and turned her pretty, pearly, nervous little smile on him.

" It's lovely ! lovely ! But we must get back to town for Christmas Day."

" I hope Monsieur slept better ? "

Last night they had insisted on adjoining separate rooms on account of the husband's insomnia. He had been pleased at the additional charge he had been able to make for two separate rooms and bathrooms. He had seen the man quietly unbolt and open wide the communicating door. He had no doubt of their marital relationship.

" He slept *beautifully*," the pretty woman said.

He bowed them into the hired car he had telephoned for an hour previously.

" I wonder why they did not stay over the holiday. They meant to originally, and they had no letters this morning," he wondered behind his smile, and it worried and angered him.

In the car, but not till long, long after it had moved away from the hotel through the cold, sun-washed streets, the man said savagely :

" Thanks for a lovely, lovely time, Shelley."

" How was I to know I was going to hate you ! I *do* hate you. I *loathe* you. All my life I shall remember the things you called me through the locked door last night. I feel they'll come out all over me . . . in spots . . . and horrid boils and things. They make me loathe myself."

" It didn't occur to you there might be something a little corroding also to a man's vanity about a locked door on a deliberately arranged rude week-end ? "

" I knew I hated you—that was all ; and I thank God humbly from the bottom of my heart I never unlocked the door."

" I wonder the whole hotel didn't hear."

Three letters were written—but what would have happened had they been delivered?

By

Christine Jope-Slade

"If it had I should still *not* have unlocked the door."

"Admirable virtue!" he gibed savagely. "And Hughie? Dear little Hughie? Where does he come in in this midnight drama?"

"I wrote to Hughie last night and told him where I was and who I was with. This morning, when you had paid your bill I took the receipt and put it in the envelope. He'll need the evidence."

"Of *what*, may I ask? I have always treated you, whatever my base inclinations, as a sister. Have you posted that bit of tomfoolery?"

"This morning in the hotel."

The man yelled to the chauffeur to stop.

"Woman, you're crazy!"

"The box will be cleared by now," said the woman. "I noticed the time. 11 15. It's eleven-thirty now." She spoke quietly to the startled driver: "It's all right. We didn't leave it behind after all; it's here. Drive on."

"Are you proposing to make me co-respondent on nothing but a few stray kisses, a little social slap and tickle?" the man said coarsely and savagely.

The pale, pretty, porcelain face regarded him with a force and character which he had never once connected it.

"It won't hurt you to be co-respondent again. Another scalp! Another notch! Hughie may have been obsessed with business. He may have neglected me, and did. He may have been casual, criminally casual . . . and he *is*; but he's a man, and a real man, and if I haven't been technically unfaithful my mind and my imagination has gone seeking after you, the cheapest human being I ever met. I've no right to go back to him as if nothing had happened. He's too big and decent and too—too *man* for such shabby treatment."

"Suppose when he gets that letter he kicks you out, Shelley?"

The pretty thing with the fantastic name turned wretched but proud eyes on his quite splendid and virile beefiness. She seemed to tear away his good looks and look down into his empty but calculating heart.

"I hope he does. It would serve me right. I shan't come to you, Bob. Don't worry. I *adore* Hughie! I never knew it until last night, until there was even the *question* of another man. I'll never come near you again. Don't worry. I'd rather die. All my life I shall hear you shaking and rattling that door and shouting things. . . . *Such* things!"

The sick, nauseated disgust on her face made him drop his eyes.

"Your husband writes to you that he won't be able to get home for Christmas because he's up to the neck in business, and you stage this."

"A lot led up to it."

"It wasn't over other women! You knew that! Just business! Do you know what you are, Shelley?"

Her face was a white mask, but lovely in a fragile way.

"You told me last night, Bob, and it was true. But I had found out for myself before then. Let it go at that!"

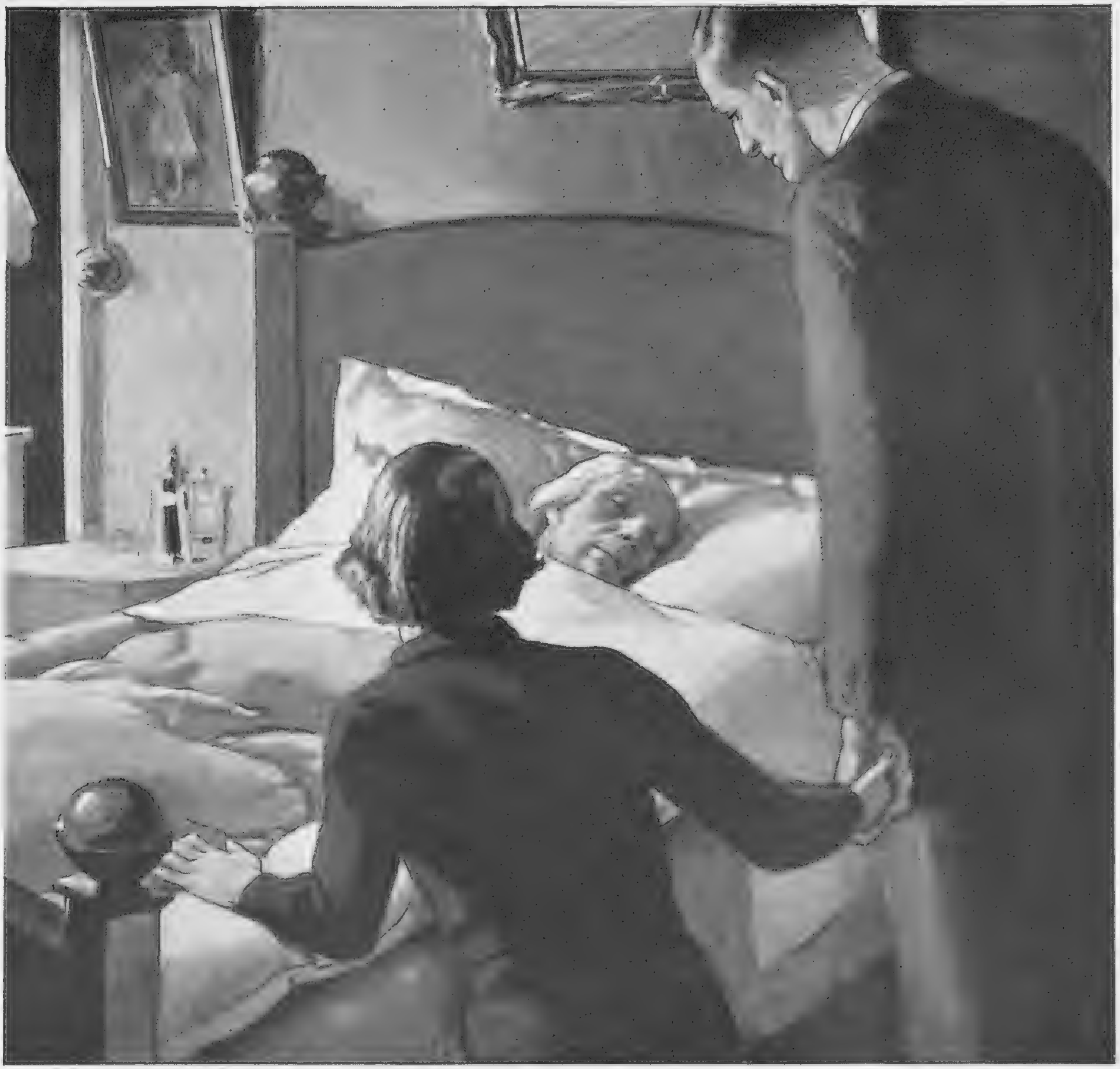
THERE was a telephone call, a short, surprisingly satisfactory one for Carl Barbusse. A well-known elderly peer had suddenly been ordered to the sea. Had he a suite and a room for valet and two Aberdeens? The peer promptly booked them. It should have made his day. A Christmas present from the gods, but he was fidgeted about the late tenants of Nos. 54 and 55. They had *meant* to stay over Christmas, of that he was positive! They had had no letters to alter their original arrangements.

He had already ascertained that. Had anything put them off the place? They had spoken to no one. Their meal last night, partaken in the dining-room, had been epicurean. He had personally supervised their breakfast trays. It in no way consoled him for an unsolved mystery that he could now turn No. 54 into a sitting-room and devote the suite to the British peerage. He went upstairs to supervise the transformation and arrived before his satellites, who walked instead of taking the elevator. He was therefore alone when he saw the crumpled-up letter in the wastepaper-basket and alone when he retrieved it and read it. It was written on his new, tasteful hotel stationery and it read:

SHE could
prised how

"Dear Hughie,—I am here with Bob Osborn. Now he has paid the bill I enclose receipt. I do not love him. I think he is a horror, but he was *so* nice and sweet and gentle to me and I was all alone at the flat and might as well not have been married. I have *not*, Hughie, but I *meant* to; and I suppose as far as loyalty is concerned to you it amounts to the same thing. Use the evidence as you think fit. I shall go back to the flat and collect my things this morning, and then, if you don't want to, you need never see me again."

He stood there sick and white and shaking with the copy of the letter in his hand. The hateful little cat! The little beast! In *his* new hotel. The first week of the opening!! When it was full of the church



articulate so clearly. They were sur-
normal she was, and so relieved

and the aristocracy! Dragging it into a scandal! "Evidence of the couple's visit to the new hotel." He saw the newspapers. Then suddenly his eyes narrowed. The original of this copy was downstairs in the post-box and the post had not yet been collected. The postman cleared it when he brought the second morning mail.

Carl Barbusse, as the proprietor of the hotel who had installed the box for the convenience of guests, had a duplicate key.

There were three minutes to go before the box was cleared.

"Clear away the bed and the dressing-table," he instructed his minions. "I'll be back."

A guest detained him for a second on the first floor to tell him her bedroom door would not lock.

With a pounding heart and racing pulses he gained his lounge.

Empty! And a minute to go!!

Hastily he unlocked it and sorted the mail, comparing each letter swiftly with the undistinguished hand that had written the draft letter he held in his hand.

There were three that might, under stress of emotion, have been written by the same person. Close examination of the envelopes would have shown differentiations, but in a lightning raid on an assorted stack of letters they might have passed for the same calligraphy.

He isolated these three and had hardly returned the post to its box and was locking it when he saw the "boots" in his striped waistcoat regarding him curiously.

"Posted my signet ring," he said. "He slipped off the ring and held it up for the other's inspection. "Must be getting thin with worry."

"Good thing you felt it go, sir."

"I heard it drop on top of the letters."

"Good thing."

When the postman came he repeated his story. The postman agreed it was a good thing but said he'd have noticed the ring anyway when he cleared the box.

"You might not," mused Carl Barbusse, benign and ambassadorial. "I value it. A gift from my mother."

Up in his private sanctum he ripped open the first of the envelopes.

It was a very short note from a sallow, middle-aged but pleasantly spoken young gentlewoman who acted as companion to one of his rich, aged guests. She wrote to her young man somewhere in the North, without rancour, but with a kind of stark, wistful sincerity that staggered him in an Englishwoman.

"I am thirty-five, my darling, and I have waited ten years for you to make enough to make us, in your own words, 'comfortable and secure against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' I have loved you passionately—and I have waited. You have loved me passionately . . . and you have waited too. Now I find my thoughts and dreams, which have sustained me so often and hotly and hopefully, cooling on me, and more difficult to (*Continued on page* 172)

The Spirit of Pantomime

is gay, happy-go-lucky, elusive, contradictory, inexplicable and very, very English

By Philip Page

WHEN Joey, the clown—there are still a few Joeys left, though not many—waddles not very comically on the stage this Christmas season and shouts " Here we are again ! " he will send the sentimental few into rapture and the majority of pantomime audiences into cars, taxis, trams and buses with as little delay as possible.

That is part of the topsy-turvydom of Pantomime. And that is why the British, being the most topsy-turvy and self-contradictory nation on earth, will never allow the spirit of pantomime to be quenched. That spirit is as unquenchable as the spirit of Christmas, which was long alleged to have been invented by Charles Dickens—an allegation now rightly denied (another contradiction). Year after year eminent authorities declare that pantomime is dead or dying. Year after year equally eminent authorities, backed up by facts, contradict them.

The late Mr. Arthur Bourchier wrote in 1925 " Pantomime to-day no longer plays an essential part in Christmas jollity and bears but a fraction of its former Yuletide significance. It is merely a sad relic of past glory, an empty name applied to a Christmas entertainment in order to attract an audience drawn in the main by motives of sentiment." Sentiment is no bad thing at Christmas time, but let us pass on.

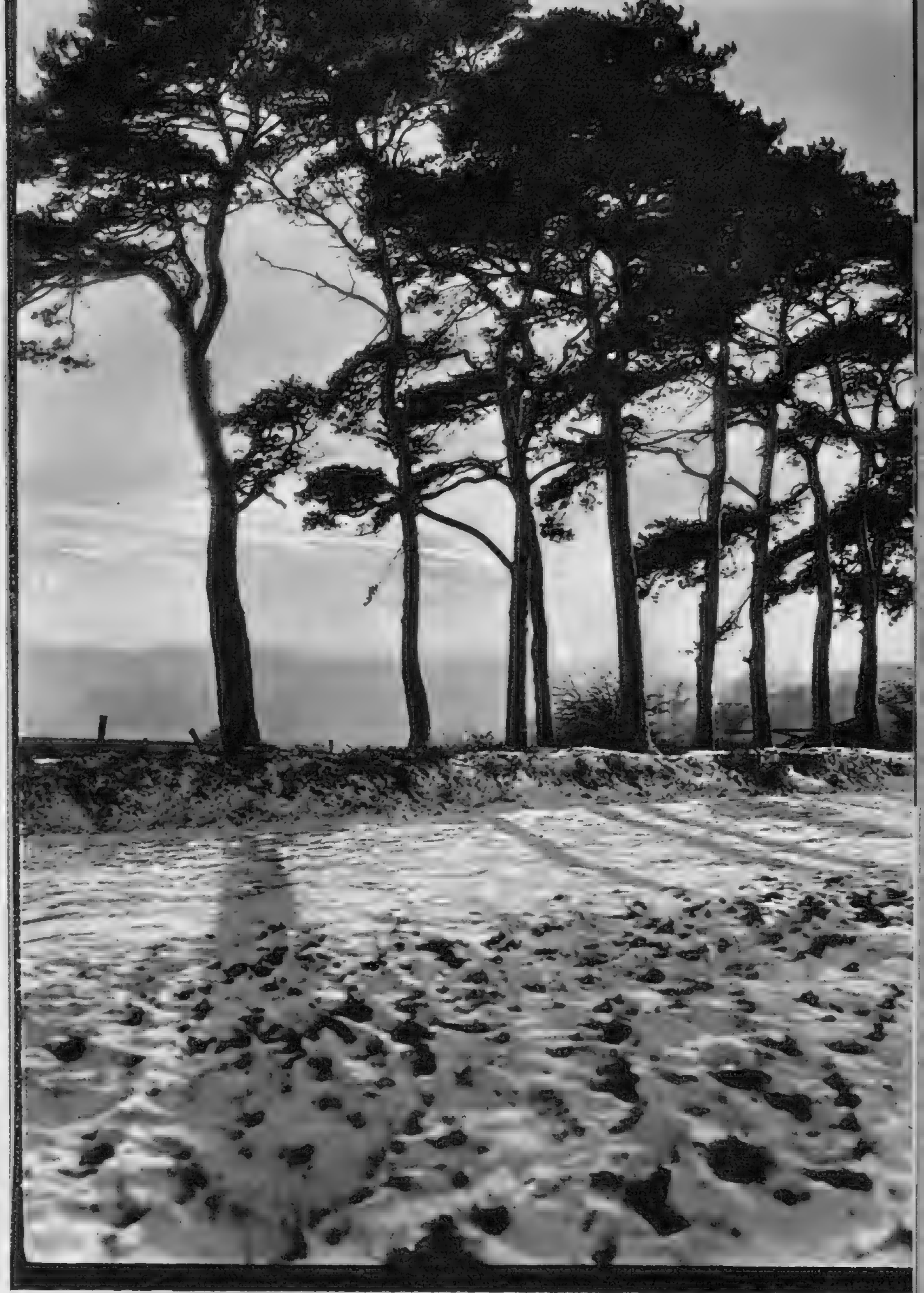
Let us, indeed, pass on to no less a person than (*Continued on page* 25)

A BEAUTIFUL Principal Boy. Fay Compton as Dick Whittington

MISS CLARICE HARDWICKE as Dandini in " Cinderella," the Drury Lane pantomime of 1934

Right:
GEORGE JACKLEY as Idle Jack, Wally Mark as the Cat, and Eric Brock as the Dog in the 1934 Lyceum Pantomime

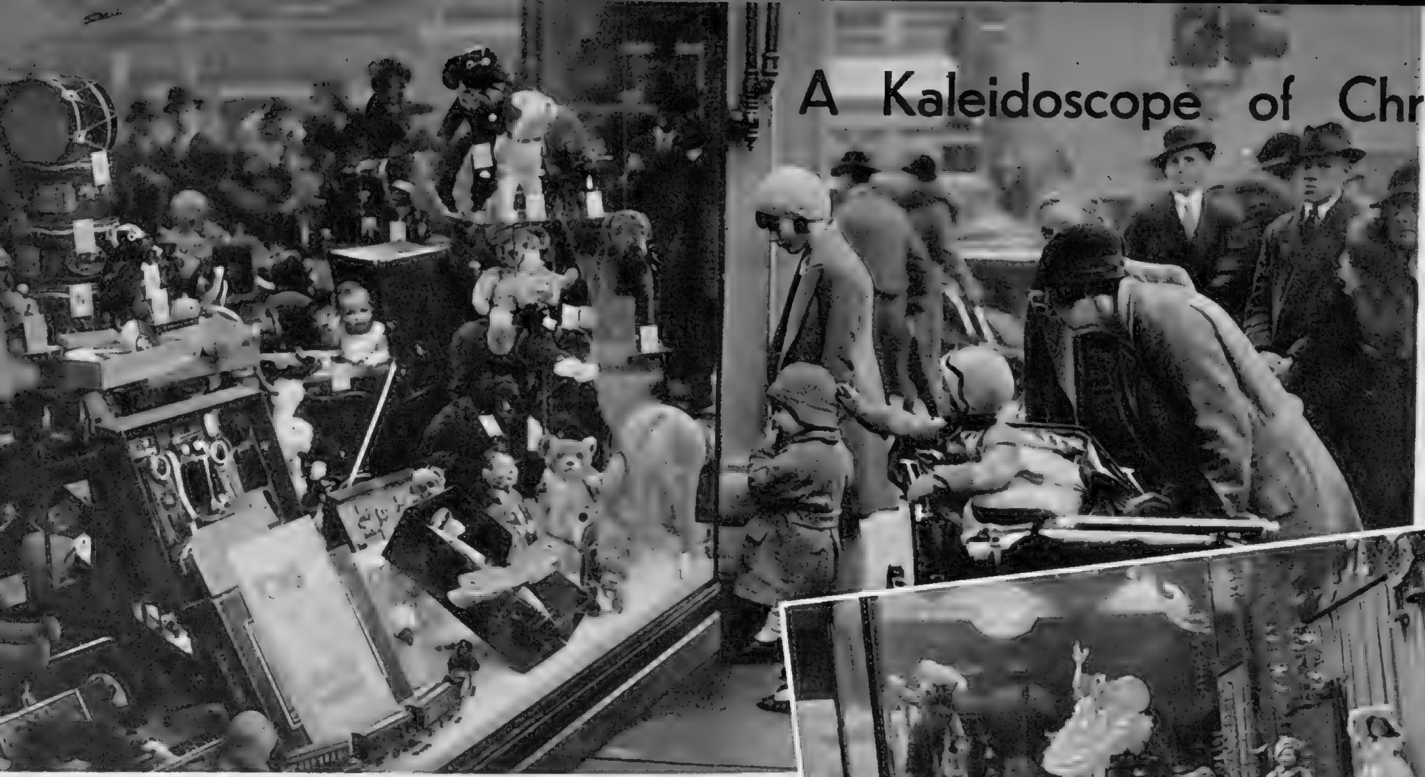
A KALEIDOSCOPE OF CHRISTMAS



A wintry study of sunshine and shadow

Winter sport. A typically English scene in an unusual setting where green fields are covered with a mantle of snow

A Kaleidoscope of Christmas:



Fairyland glimpsed through shop windows. These rather wistful studies are typical of the scenes that may be witnessed in any town as Christmas approaches and the shops are gaily decked with tempting toys and dolls

Continued

"Squad, 'Shun!" A regiment of dolls that will soon be disbanded and sent in all directions to bring happiness into countless homes

Busy workers preparing cargo for Santa Claus

"Good King Wenceslas . . ." A party of carol-singers bringing their Christmas message of good will to all men.

Two youthful and willing helpers mixing and stirring the Christmas pudding

A Kaleidoscope of Christmas: Continued

Long Live the Clowns!

The Spirit of Pantomime

(Continued from page 20)

Mr. C. B. Cochran, who a little later pronounced, sadly and solemnly, that —"In a few years Christmas in the theatre will be marked only by a few special matinees . . . it will have ceased to make any special provision for children. Once upon a time there was a pretence that pantomimes, Christmas plays, Christmas circuses, and the rest, were for children. But it was only a blind. . . . When the last pantomime has been played, it may be time to put on another in the best old-fashioned style as a museum piece. Pantomime is too lively yet for the museum. But it will not be long before it is dead." That was eight years ago.

Mr. Cochran spoke—he is a most human impresario — with some feeling as well as some knowledge; for not long before he had produced at the Oxford Theatre (now a restaurant) a pantomime which he admitted cost him £12,000—"It was acclaimed by the Press as 'a good old-fashioned pantomime for the children.' But the parents were bored." I remember that pantomime well and, as one of the non-bored parents, enjoyed the performance of the Dolly Sisters as "The Babes in the Wood" and of that delicious little artist, the late Nellie Taylor, as "principal boy"; but a £12,000 loss speaks more loudly even than that Stentor among pantomime comedians, Mr. George Jackley, of the Lyceum. Never since has Mr. Cochran turned his Young Ladies into the young ladies of a pantomime chorus, nor has the latest Most Beautiful Girl in the World appeared as a "principal girl."

Pantomime dead? Last year over 200 were produced in London and the provinces. This year the number is considerably larger. Have the children grown more appreciative, or the parents less bored? There is one thing that children do not appreciate, that bores all but the highest-browed adults—the precept and practise of the ancient Harlequinade. It is part of the topsy-turvydom of pantomime in general that that which originally gave birth to it has now been relegated to a dull epilogue (chiefly concerned with the stale uses of advertisement) where it has not been abolished altogether.

I do not mourn the disappearance of the Harlequinade, simply because I have never seen a good one. Since

(Continued on page 111)

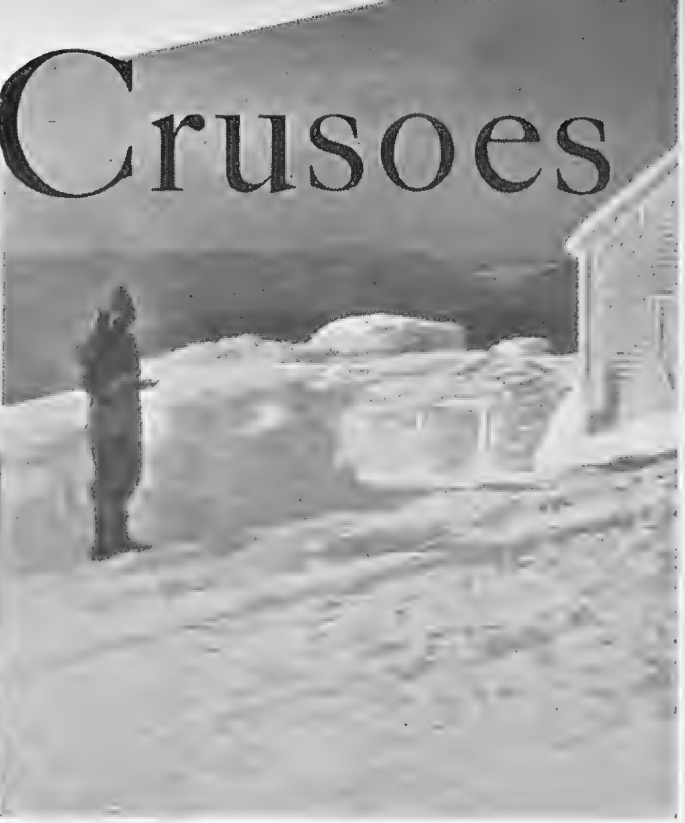
BESSIE PRATT as "*Cinderella*" *in F. Laidler's pantomime at The Alhambra Theatre, Bradford*

A PASSION *with children at the pantomime is the performing "animal." Elsie Prince as "Dick" and Wally Mark as the "Cat"*

ALL little girls, of course, love the ballet. "In the Cave of Aladdin," one of the ballet scenes from Emile Littler's first pantomime, which he produced at Birmingham in 1934

Crusoes

WENDELL LEES and Alexander A. Mackenzie in their hut on Mount Washington. They keep the log in which a record is kept of every change in the weather, day and night, during the entire winter



THE Mount Washing
6,290 feet above sea
to the rocks by chains to
A wind velocity of 231

ADMIRAL BYRD. He remained a whole black winter alone with his instruments in the Antarctic

IF we remain chronically at sixes and sevens upon earth, above and about us is rapidly being woven a First International of the Atmosphere such as might warm the hearts of Wellsian world-state devotees. However more angry may grow the terrestrial brawl, men of all nations are collaborating only with augmenting *tempo* in the matter of exploring and observing atmospheric and parallel phenomena—solar, magnetic, lunar, meteorological in general. In fact, you might call it the new exploration. A striking change-over is in process of occurring from the old. For some time past it has been asserted that the globe offers nothing more in the way of physical discovery. This may not be strictly true, and exploration of the old kind endures yet. Nevertheless, with no more continents to conquer (or even particles thereof), no more peaks in Darien, or anything approaching them, to look forward to, little beyond the prospect of periodical fresh additions to the map akin to Marie Byrd Land in the Antarctic, the new explorers are multiplying: no longer men who trek heroically to the Pole behind dog teams but scientists distributed with their instruments in remote outposts of the two hemispheres.

Men like Admiral Byrd, who remained a whole black winter alone with his gadgets in the Antarctic, like Augustine Courtauld, who hibernated with similar placid courage on a Greenland cape, like Dr. Sorge, who completed a winter's vigil in the same latitudes in an ice cave 8,000 ft. above sea-level. Such are the new explorers. Picture them alone in their snow-buried huts, tending their instruments, reading observations, recording the changing aspects of Nature;

TRISTAN DA CUNHA, where an observation post concerned with oceanic atmospherical data is to be established. Once a year, only, will the observer have contact with home

# of Science

ton Observatory as it appears in winter. It is
level, and the two-storey building is anchored
prevent it from being blown off the summit.
miles an hour was recorded from this observatory

SCIENCE helps the scientists. A German expedition headed by Dr. Joachim Scholz spent many months at Franz Joseph Land. The company is seen listening-in to a broadcast from Berlin in which Dr. Joachim Scholz's mother spoke

Those who undertake the task to further man's knowledge of the World and its Elements

By Ferdinand Tuohy

and outside naught save unending blizzard and darkness.

Not that it is always a case of being blue with cold. Some of our new-style "Crusoes" in the cause of scientific research have to sizzle on mountainsides in the tropics, may even be required to live the year round by the craters of active volcanoes. Nor, for that matter, can so many of them be rated strictly 100 per cent. "Crusoe." There is in most cases an assistant, sometimes a regular staff, in rare instances the observer's wife and family.

One may analyse the new explorers further by dividing them into permanent, temporary, and swift or vacational. As an instance of the last, groups of young men now go off from the universities to pass the summer in Greenland almost as nonchalantly as their fathers took in a visit to the Continent. Yet all these newcomers, professional and amateur alike, are after the same goal. They want to know more, much more, about the eerie world of the atmosphere, about the whys and wherefores of the weather, concerning terrestrial magnetism, storms, lightning, the mystery of the upper air, climatology, agricultural and maritime meteorology. Nothing less than a gorgeous new scientific happy hunting-ground is being conjured out of the atmosphere. And (*Continued on page* 126)

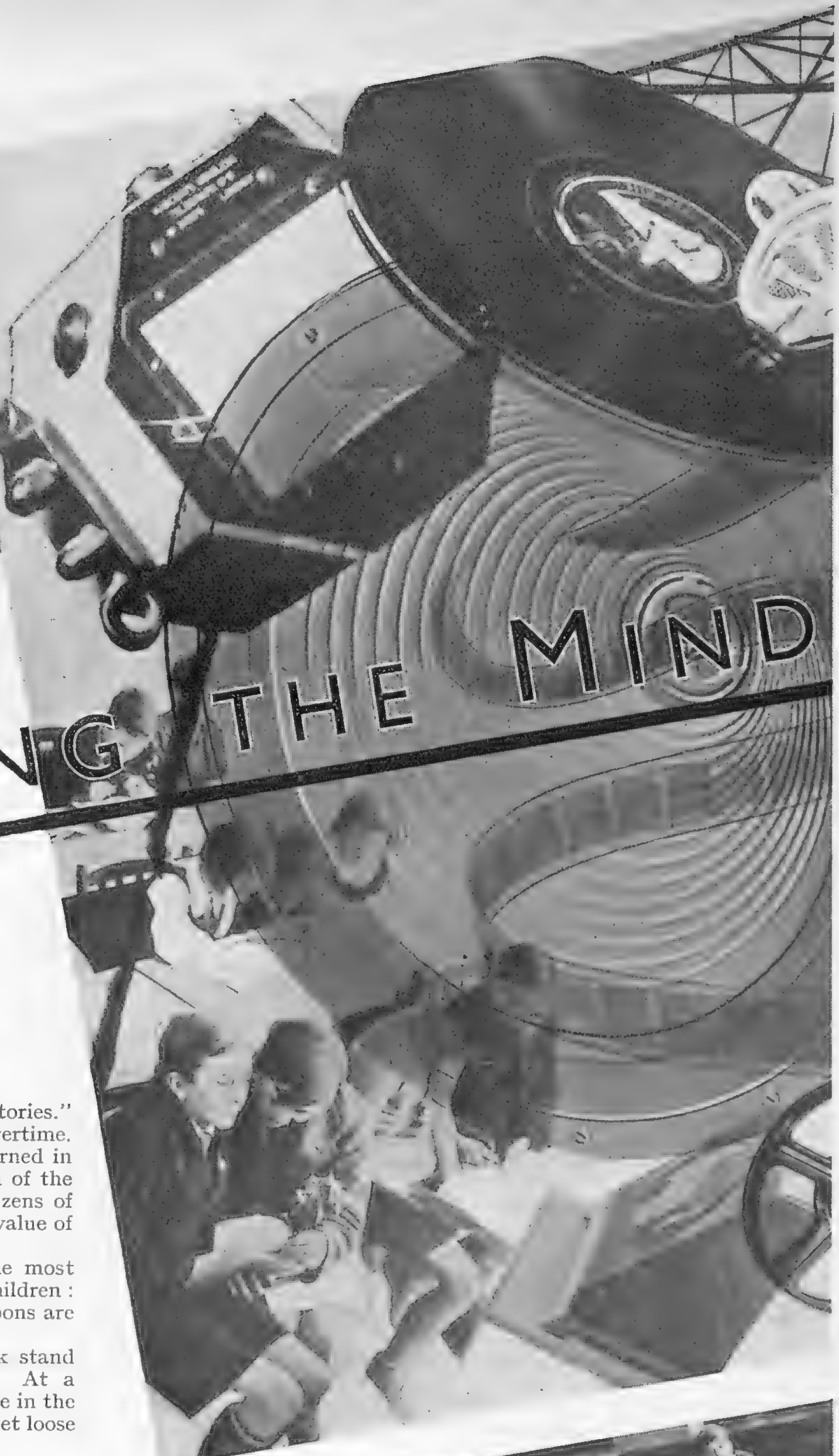
THE kind of scenery the observer is accustomed to see in the second most southerly observatory in South Georgia. Shackleton, pioneer of exploration of the past, lies buried there

GINO WATKINS, who was apparently destined to be the pioneer of future polar exploration, in the Kyak in which he met his death

MISS RHODA POWER and Miss Mary Somerville, the Director of Schools Broadcasts (centre), during the actual broadcasting of a history lesson

(Right) **T**HE machines which bring modern methods and weapons within the reach of the teacher

(By courtesy of "The Listener")



MOULDING THE MIND

By Joan Woollcombe

COME into the more important "munition factories." There, also, the technicians are working overtime. But these men—and women—are not concerned in devising means to the mutilation and death of the present generation—they are labouring that the citizens of to-morrow may have the intelligence to appraise the value of a Sane New World.

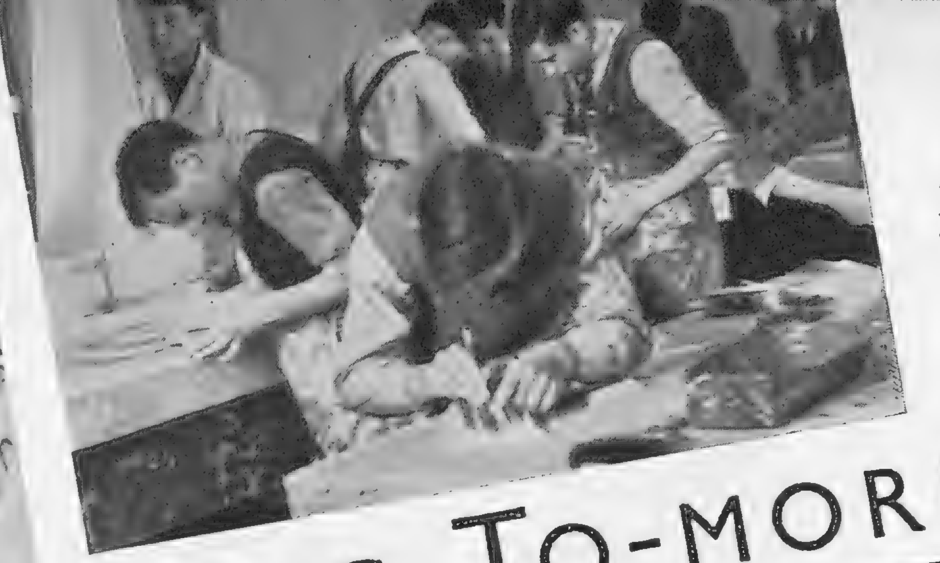
They are working overtime to perfect two of the most powerful weapons ever given to adults to use—on children: and they have so far succeeded that both those weapons are ready for instant use.

Come, first, into a darkened room. At the back stand dimly outlined oblong boxes, perched on frames. At a word from the technician, who is obviously somewhere in the room and in command, the contents of the boxes are let loose—sight and sound.

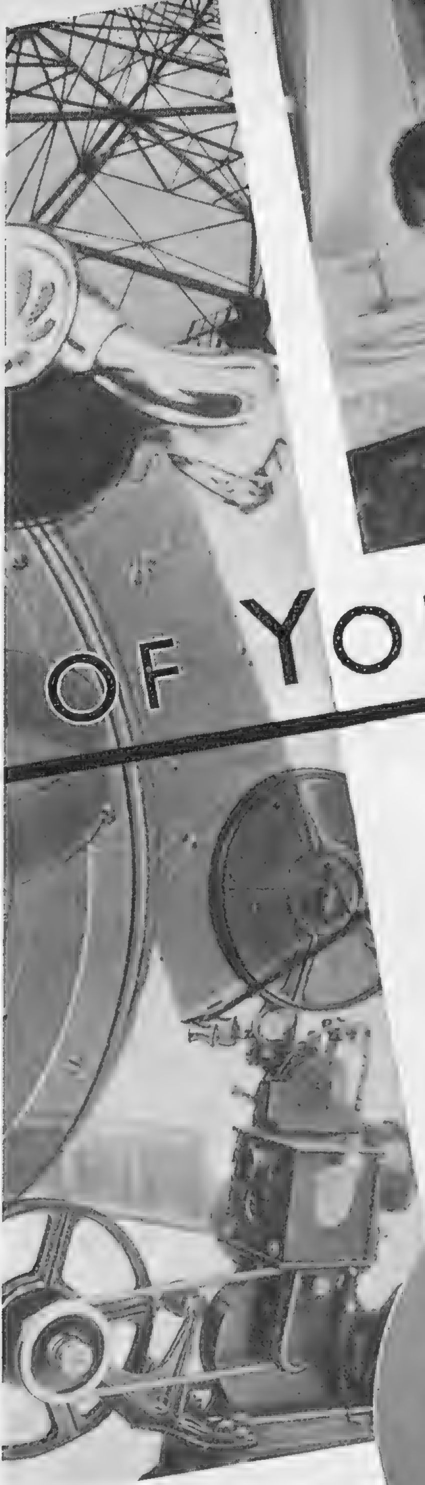
Between them, they re-create tense and unusual dramas, and the clarity of the presentation forces a gasp of pleasure from even the hardened audience of pre-viewers. The subjects? Biology, physiology—and the wheatlands of England. The camera has triumphed and recorded the delicate processes hitherto only realised by scientists, with faultless precision: speeding-up growth and change to obtain a coherent view, burrowing into crannies to check every detail.

These rather ordinary boxes, emitting this stream of knowledge and interest are, quite definitely, high explosives in the charge of competent teachers; they are knowledge designed for schools: the tremendous technical forces of the cinema have turned their attention to real creative work—with the mind of to-morrow as their raw material.

The lights click up, the scene is revealed as the theatre inside a famous film building. We have seen with the first two films what is actually the work of Professor Julian Huxley and his assistant, Mr. Hewer, and of Professor Winifred Cullis. There must always be a person, a personality, to make the début of the experts possible, and a driving force behind a new venture. One of the driving forces sat beside me as we both watched and marvelled at the history



STILL from a film made to show teachers the modern school at work: shown at the recent conference at Oxford. (Courtesy G.B.I.)



OF YOUNG TO-MORROW

Tremendous Weapons for Teachers: Famous People behind some Formidable Machines

MARGERY LOCKET, the woman who is making a feature of the modern Instructional Film

(Above, right)
A DRAMATIC close-up of the Sea Urchin, which features in one of the school sound-films

THE Nature Study Class at Wembley School listening-in to a Schools Broadcast

of the blowfly just now—a woman, Margery Locket, who has brought the "movies" to one of their most vital fields of action, and who may yet help bring together forces that, joined, will be formidable—"movies" and broadcasting.

Another scene: this time in the classroom of a certain elementary school. The teacher and her "eleven-year-olds" are listening intently to a voice coming out of a box. At the back of the room, silent and hardly observed, sits a visitor. She, too, is listening with considerable interest. She has, in fact, every reason to be doing so—*since it is her own voice that she hears.* The teacher switches off the radio when the talk on hygiene and physiology is finished, and a question is put to the children: "Have you ever wondered what Professor Cullis is like?" They have. "Well—try to describe her." They do. They describe this broadcaster whom they have never seen as young, with blue eyes and golden hair—or perhaps dark hair and dark eyes and horn-rimmed spectacles . . . but—*young.*

Rather guiltily, the *(Continued on page 131)*

The Girl Show

A Romance of the Stage

By Anthony Gibbs

THERE are many ways of keeping body and soul together, and most of them consist in selling either one or the other. At all events, Mr. Arthur Greenbaum kept his body alive by supplying the public with the spectacle of the greatest possible number of pretty girls with the least possible amount of clothing. He sold bodies. On the other hand, Mr. Edwin Shindy maintained his soul within him by calling at houses and offices he had looked up in the London street directory and asking to see the occupier. Only this morning Mr. Greenbaum had been bothered by one of these men, and the profound thought had occurred to him that all life was a business of trying to sell something, whether it was pretty bodies or vacuum cleaners. The only essential difference was that Mr. Greenbaum made more. For instance, " The Girl Show " . . .

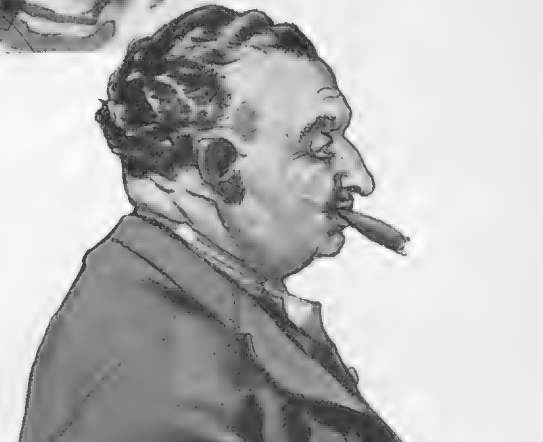
Of course you remember " The Girl Show," with its legs and its arms and its gay music and its " Parade of the world's most beautiful women." There was a little trouble with the Censor over some of those beautiful women. You know all about that, but you probably know less about Mr. Greenbaum, because the most noticeable feature of Mr. Greenbaum was his talent for remaining unnoticed. He was the power behind the show, though you would never think it to look at him. He was a little man with a very white face, just the least touch of the " Greenbaum " about his nostrils perhaps, and the mildest and most gentle of manners conceivable. He was quite bald, and moved about in the intervals with a cat-like tread, buying himself a drink and retiring for a few moments just like any member of the audience, but all the time he was listening. If you said aloud that it was a perfectly putrid show or that the best of the bunch was the second from the left, you did not see Mr. Greenbaum ; but he heard you.

Now, if Mr. Greenbaum would have confessed, he would have told you that the right way to be a theatrical manager is never to do anything yourself. You do not write the words or the music, or think of the idea, or rehearse the performers, or design the costumes, or put up the money. Your business is to see that somebody else will do each of these things, and to arrange that they shall all do it together.

Thus when Mr. Greenbaum sat in the pleasantly panelled office of Mr. Charles Aaronson, theatrical manager, over the fruit shop in Long Acre, he had not an idea in his head, and his bank account was overdrawn precisely thirty-three pounds three shillings. But he did not tell Mr. Aaronson these things.

" My dear Charles," he said, " if this little idea of ours were to be properly presented, in the proper theatre, with the proper backing, and the right music, the right cast and the right dialogue, I think it would have very great possibilities. *Very* great possibilities indeed. It should make thousands."

He said, " our little idea," though, as a matter of fact, it was Mr. Aaronson who had conceived the brilliantly original notion of producing a musical show with lots of good music and lots of pretty girls. That was his way of encouraging Mr. Aaronson to put up the money himself, in the results of which Mr. Greenbaum naturally wished for a share.



MR. SHINDY said : " How do you do ? " and Elsie smiled rather shyly, and then there was one of those pauses. " These gentlemen," said Mr. Shindy, " seem to be asking my advice about the show "

Mr. Aaronson simply nodded, sagely. He was not such a good talker as Mr. Greenbaum, and his bank account was overdrawn five hundred and fifty pounds seven shillings.

" I believe you're right, Arthur," he said. " I believe you're right. Why don't you do it ? "

Mr. Greenbaum looked at the end of his cigar. " I'm inclined to think," he admitted, " that one of these days I may. The whole idea is tempting. Very tempting. Call it ' The Girl Show.' "

Mr. Aaronson made a loud noise with a paperweight on his desk.

"My God, Arthur!" he exclaimed. "What a title!"

"Not bad," admitted Mr. Greenbaum. "I believe I will. I believe I will . . ."

"I'm very tempted," said Mr. Aaronson, "myself."

THIS kind of conversation took place many times in the office in Long Acre. Some months passed. In the course of them Mr. Greenbaum displayed remarkable activity in the less noticeable parts of London, whispering to people that he had a little idea which might prove to have very great possibilities indeed, without letting Mr. Aaronson know. Naturally, Mr. Aaronson did the same. Their lack of success was so conspicuous that gradually it became clear to each of them that the situation of the other was similar to his own. After that discovery Mr. Greenbaum would say, "Charlie, I don't know if you thought of doing anything with that little idea I mentioned some time ago, but if you didn't I thought you wouldn't mind my putting it up in confidence to a third party. He said that he might very likely look in."

And Mr. Aaronson would say, "About that little scheme of mine, Arthur—I put it up to a very influential man this morning, in the strictest confidence, of course. He promised to give us a ring."

But the office in Long Acre remained empty of strangers, and the telephone never rang.

And then, one day, as they were sitting in Long Acre, Mr. Greenbaum said, "Charlie, I don't know if you remember that little idea I once suggested about 'The Girl Show'? I was speaking to a very influential man about it yesterday. He seemed to sense great possibilities in it. I think I persuaded him to look in."

Mr. Aaronson nodded. "What was his name?"

Mr. Greenbaum closed his eyes. "I am not sure," he said slowly, "that I am at liberty to divulge that, in the present delicate state of negotiations."

"That's funny, Arthur," said Mr. Aaronson, "I did a bit of propaganda yesterday with somebody I have very great hopes of indeed. I was hoping he might look us up."

And at that moment the bell rang in the outer office and the secretary said, "There's a Mr. Edwin Shindy outside."

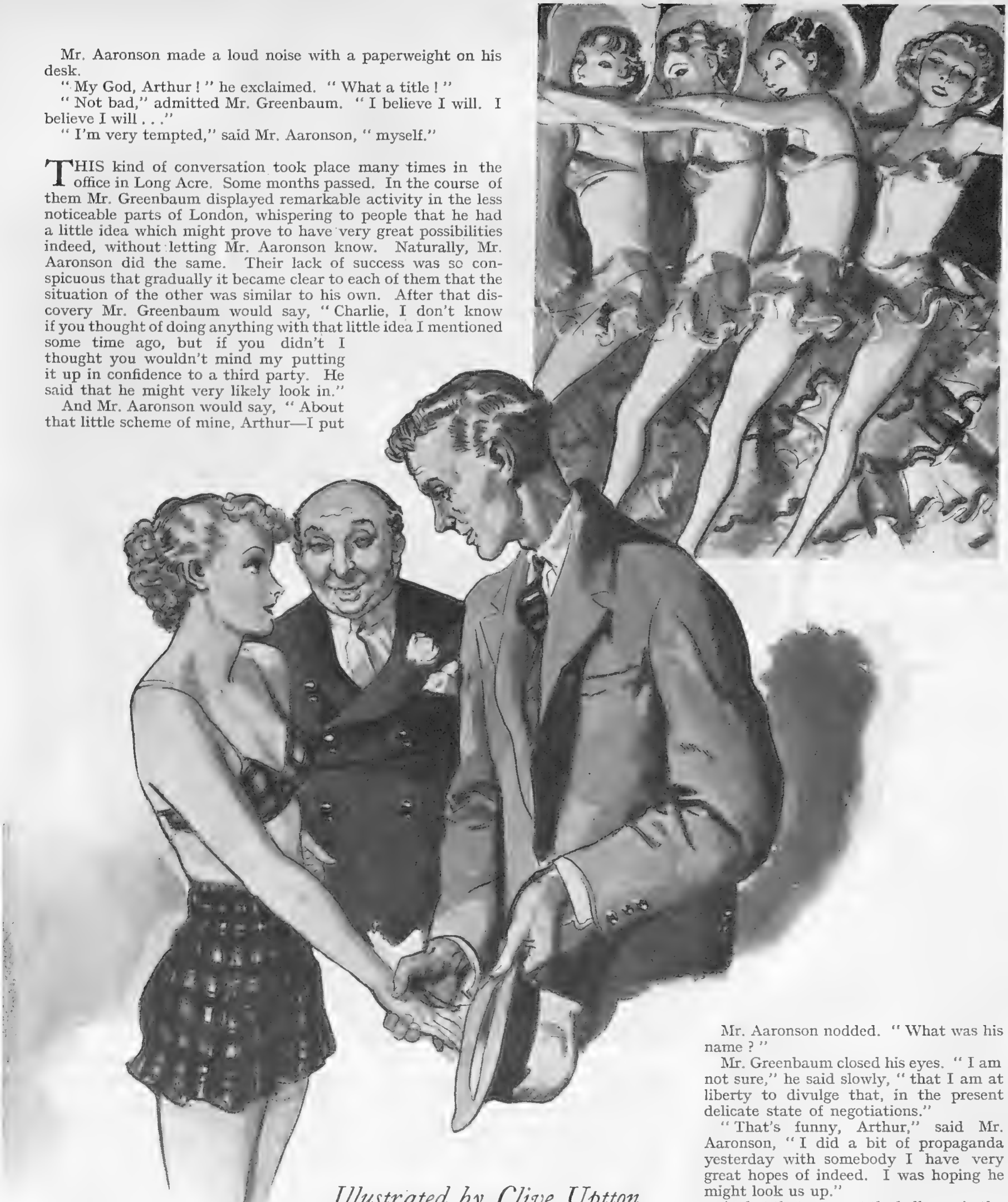
Mr. Greenbaum and Mr. Aaronson looked at one another with mask-like faces. "Show him in," they said.

Mr. Edwin Shindy was shown in, and set a large suit-case down on the floor.

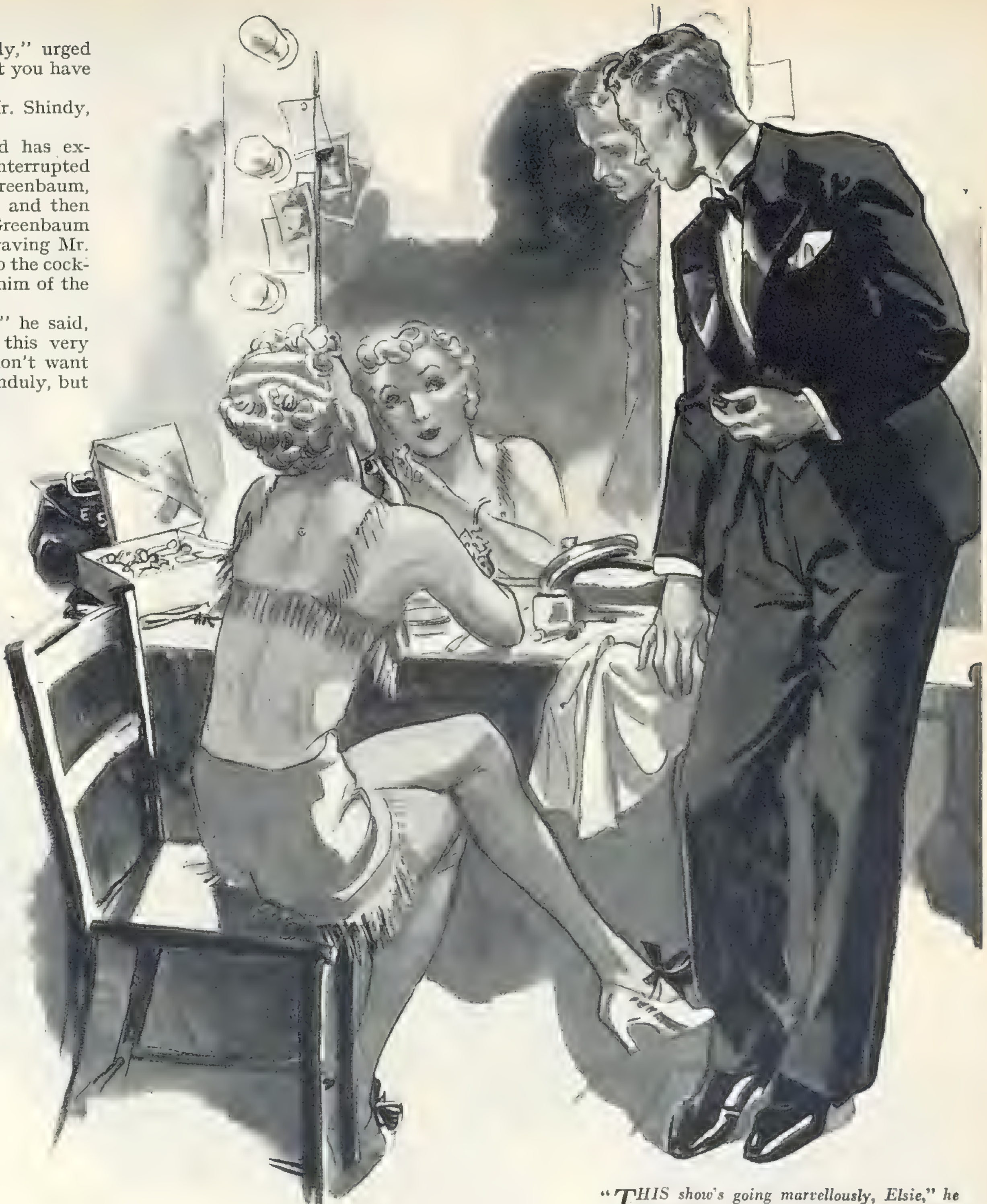
"Good morning, gentlemen," he said.

"My dear Mr. Shindy," purred Mr. Greenbaum, "this is a great pleasure. I'm very glad you were able to find time to come along."

"Good morning, Mr. Shindy!" exclaimed Mr. Aaronson. "I'm delighted that you were able to look us up. May I hope that this meeting will lead to very great things?"



Illustrated by Clive Uptton



"*THIS show's going marvellously, Elsie,*" *he the other girls were by now so accustomed*

"Sit down, Mr. Shindy," urged Mr. Greenbaum. "Won't you have a cigar?"

"Oh, thanks," said Mr. Shindy, "I've called——"

"No doubt my friend has explained to you——" interrupted Mr. Aaronson and Mr. Greenbaum, both speaking in unison, and then stopped. It was Mr. Greenbaum who took up the tale, waving Mr. Aaronson ever so gently to the cocktail cupboard to remind him of the duties of host.

"You have been told," he said, "the broad outlines of this very remarkable scheme. I don't want to push myself forward unduly, but I've been in the theatrical business for thirty-five years, and I can assure you that never in the course of my long and varied experience have I come across anything which has such possibilities, such very great possibilities as this little idea!"

"Sweet or dry?" asked Mr. Aaronson.

"Oh, sweet," said Mr. Shindy. "But look here, gentlemen——"

Mr. Greenbaum raised a protesting hand. "I feel sure," he murmured, "that before Mr Shindy comes to any decision he might like to take a look at some of the young ladies. How soon could we arrange that, Charlie?"

"Oh, at once," declared Mr. Aaronson, handing Mr. Shindy something to drink with one hand and lifting a telephone receiver with the other. "Oh, is that Miss Bing? Listen, Miss Bing, how quickly could you beat up some of the girls and a pianist! That's splendid. In the drill hall? And phone up Noel Fitzgerald, will you, and ask him to come along." He turned to Mr. Shindy. "Noel is one of our best, our greatest young authors of light musical stuff. He's written us a swell script, Mr. Shindy; I think you'll agree when you see it that it certainly is swell. He's brilliant."

"He is extremely able," Mr. Greenbaum agreed. "Won't you have another?"

"No, thank you," said Mr. Shindy. "I ought to explain——"

"In that case, if you can spare the time, we might as well go," said Mr. Aaronson hastily.

"In the theatrical profession," declared Mr. Greenbaum, "everything is a gamble. There is no blinding the eyes to that. But I think you'll agree, when you've seen some of the young ladies and met Mr. Fitzgerald, that this little venture of ours—and, after all, we're all in together—is bound to succeed. It's *bound* to. At a conservative estimate we ought to put the profits at three thousand five hundred pounds a week, and with a two-years run——"

"A *three*-years run," put in Mr. Aaronson.

"I don't want," demurred Mr. Greenbaum, "to pitch our hopes *too* high. At a *conservative* estimate——"

"Three hundred and fifty thousand pounds at least," said Mr. Aaronson. "Shall we go along?"

"By all means," agreed Mr. Greenbaum. "Your case will be quite safe here, Mr. Shindy. We shall meet again here, of course. We hope that this is only the beginning of a long and fruitful association."

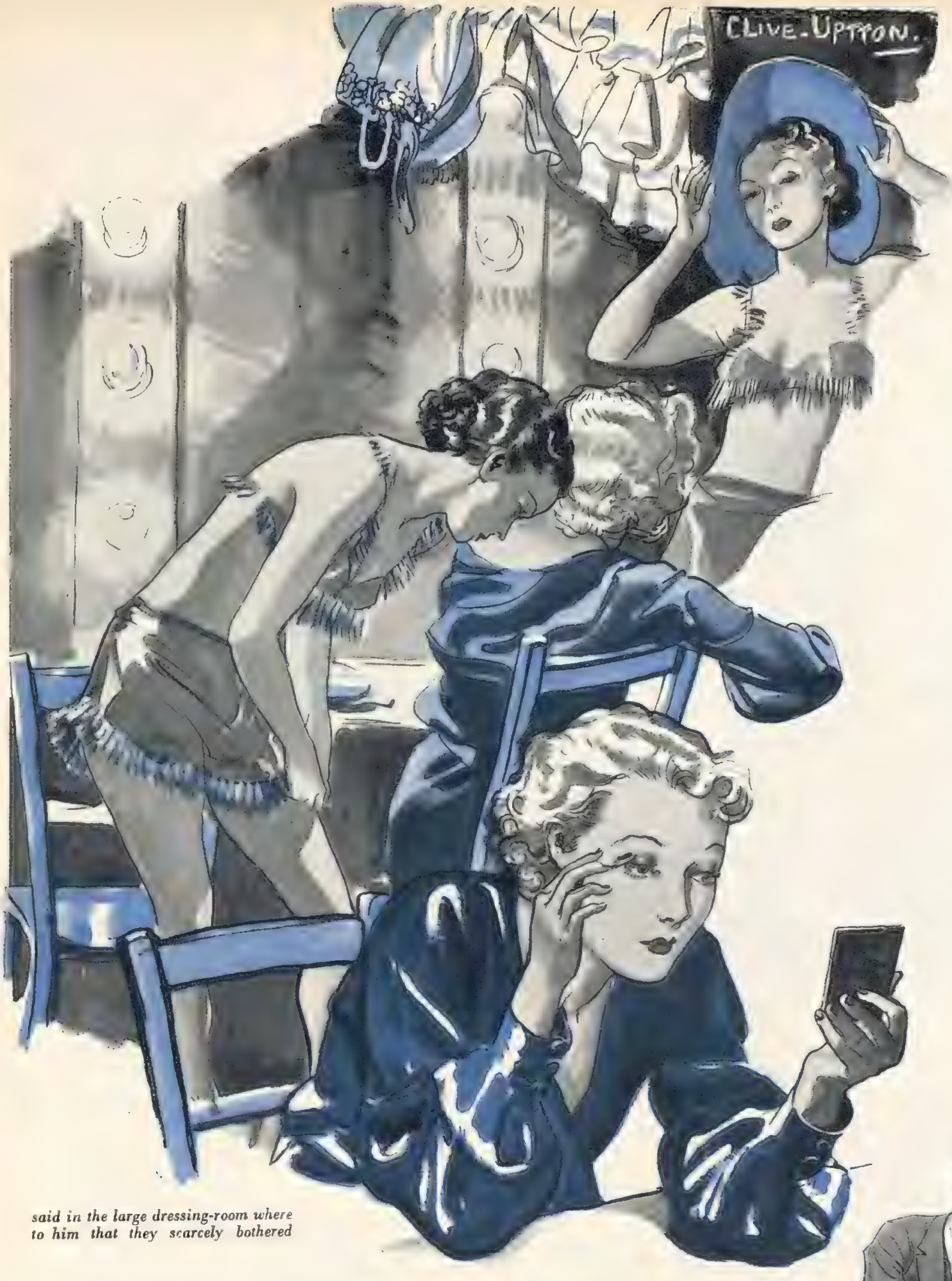
"A profitable one," said Mr. Aaronson. "Shall I lead the way?"

"Do," said Mr. Greenbaum. "Mr. Shindy and I will follow." He put his arm in Mr. Shindy's. "A good chap, Charlie," he whispered. "Of course, I've known him all my life, and I wouldn't dream of saying anything against a friend. We just want to be a *leetle* bit careful. That's all."

Mr. Aaronson's face reappeared rather suspiciously round the doorway. "I've called a taxi," he said.

Mr. Greenbaum smiled affably. "Splendid, Charlie," he replied, "Mr. Shindy and I just wanted to have a few words. Are we ready now, Mr. Shindy?"

Thus it was that Mr. Aaronson, Mr. Shindy and Mr. Greenbaum found themselves alighting in a taxi in a street off the Tottenham Court Road, outside a building of vaguely military tendencies. "Vaguely" military because, though it bore a blue lamp without labelled with something about the territorials and a few posters exhorting the youth of the country to see the world for nothing, the loud sounds of different jazz music issued discordantly from all its open windows and its green and khaki passages were filled with young women in a condition of undress which alarmed and interested Mr. Shindy very much. Some of them were in dressing-gowns, others with


CLIVE.UPTTON.

said in the large dressing-room where
to him that they scarcely bothered

blouses tucked into the briefest of possible shorts, others in bathing costumes, and all of them seemed held in the greatest affection by Mr. Aaronson and Mr. Greenbaum, who kissed them on the forehead, patted their bare backs, called them "darling" and asked after their mothers.

Then Mr. Shindy, who was not at all sure what it was all about, discovered himself sitting on a chair with Mr. Aaronson on one side of him and Mr. Greenbaum on the other, watching very nearly a complete revue, with the composer (who was a black man) playing the piano in the most nonchalant attitude, with one foot resting on the end of the keyboard, and the brilliant young author in person sitting just behind and leaning forward all the time to explain things as they went along. Mr. Shindy began to enjoy himself thoroughly. He thought it was a very good show, particularly the item where the girls of all nations, Miss France, Miss Belgium and the rest, came in pressed very tightly one behind the other like a train, and passed across the stage in perfect rhythmical unity.

Mr. Aaronson, too, was enthusiastic. "You see what we plan, Mr. Shindy," he explained. "We plan to have them pass one way across the stage in beautiful costumes, very full crinolines, big hats with ribbons, and then you see they turn around and go the other way and they are only half-costumes you see, so the rest of them is naked, you see? Very beautiful, eh, Arthur? Don't you think, Mr. Shindy?"

"A very pretty little effect," agreed Mr. Greenbaum. "You can take it from me—and after all I've had just a little experience of the stage now, thirty-five years—that that little number alone is worth thousands of pounds. Thousands."

"Is it really!" said Mr. Shindy. "Who's the second from the end?"

"The second last one?" murmured Mr. Aaronson. "Let's see, that's one of yours, isn't it, Charlie?"

"Miss Wimbledon," said Mr. Greenbaum. "Elsie Smith. Er—just a minute please!" He clapped his hands, and the performance stopped instantly. "Could you come here a minute, Elsie, dear?"

So Elsie came over.

"Elsie, I want to introduce a very good friend of mine, Mr. Shindy. Miss Smith."

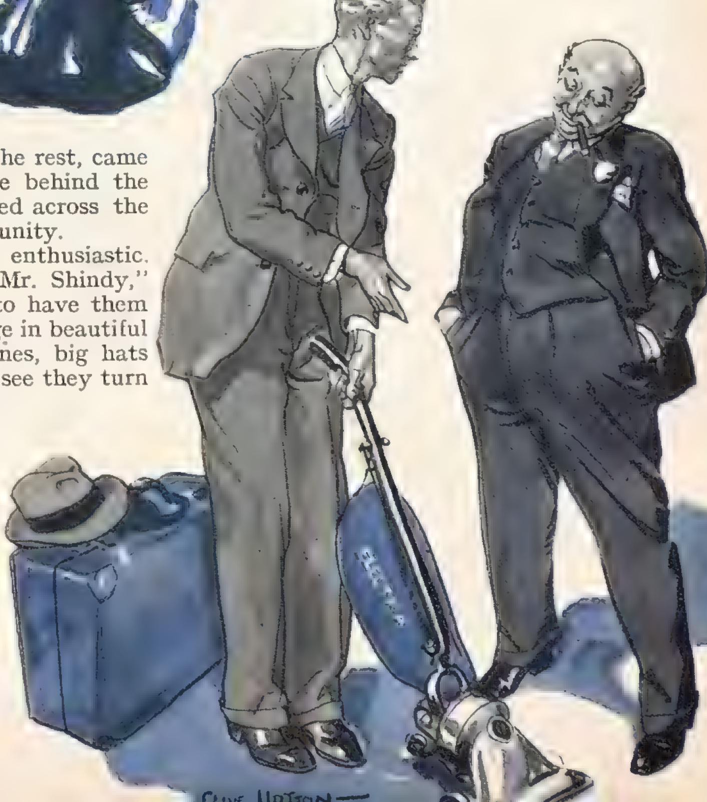
She was really remarkably pretty, with her fair hair and her turned-up nose and her little gingham pants and bib.

Mr. Shindy said, "How do you do?" and Elsie smiled rather shyly, and then there was one of those pauses.

"These gentlemen," said Mr. Shindy, "seem to be asking my advice about the show. I don't quite know why."

Mr. Aaronson laughed loudly. "That's all we want from you, Mr. Shindy, just a little bit of advice, that's all."

(*Continued on page* 121)


CLIVE.UPTTON—

IT was queer that a man who was prepared to face losses of tens of thousands on a show should call at his house in the morning and try to sell him a vacuum cleaner

Beauty and the

MR. SYDNEY HOWARD *meets a lady coming out of her bath. The bag contains warm air from the electric drier*

PRINCESS ALI KHAN *with a canine friend in the lounge of the club. The lounge is made to resemble the interior of an old Sussex barn*

DOUGAL AND *got ready to meet*

By Major C.E.W. Beddoes

WHENEVER I hear it said that dogs of the highest breeding are inferior in intelligence to mongrels, I think of the many dog aristocrats I have known which are remarkable for their intelligence. That many mongrels are of outstanding intelligence I should be the last to deny, but among the most " nearly human " of my doggy clients have been numbers of the most impeccable pedigree.

Cora, the Prince of Wales's Cairn, for example, with the blood of an impressively long line of aristocratic ancestors in her veins, is a dog " character " if ever there was one.

She comes to me about once a month for beauty treatment, and is getting an old lady now. But Cora won't admit that! She is as jealous of her privileges as any senior member of one of the most conservative clubs, and woe betide the " pushing " youngster who fails to accord her due deference!

Cora is a lively little thing, and not without her share of feminine vanity. In the matter of hairdressing, she still favours the Hepburn fringe, scorning the suggestion of granny curls, and is never happier than when leaving the club " dressed " in the latest style.

Another " club member " whose genius refutes the allegation that the dog aristocracy is effete is Chink, a Chow belonging to a well-known Society lady.

Chink, who is a regular visitor to the club, generally comes in the charge of a chauffeur, but it is his custom to dismiss his car on arrival. With the assurance of one of the club's oldest members, he takes up his reserved position in the bathroom, and there he sits, ignoring everyone and everything, until his turn arrives.

When this happens it is only necessary to say to him, " All right, Chink. Your turn next," and Chink calmly gets into his bath.

It is never necessary to tie him up; and when Chink's toilet is completed he just stalks out and sits down by the outer door. There he remains until I have time to bid him farewell. The formula never varies. " Good-bye, Chink," I say, and he shakes hands with the utmost affability, turns, and walks straight home, carefully crossing the road by an island. Nothing will induce him to leave without saying good-bye.

There seems to be a good deal of misconception regarding this business of dog-barbering. So often one hears of some young girl whose only experience has been a few months at some boarding kennels, and who, having no business knowledge at all, quickly loses the little capital she has invested.

Such an enterprise is as unfair to the dogs and their owners as it is to the would-be dog-barber. In addition to a genuine love and understanding of dogs, infinite patience, and considerable practical experience, the work demands a very thorough knowledge on all matters concerning dogs—from the diagnosis of minor ailments to the show-points and characteristics of all the different breeds.

A dogs' beauty-parlour, as much as any other business, must be run on strictly business lines if there is to be any hope of its success. Every dog that comes to us is entered, with the name and address of his owner, his name, and what we do to him, on a card index with a special column for remarks, so that next time he comes in we know how he is getting on and all about him.

As soon as the canine client arrives, and has been thoroughly examined to make sure that he is healthy and fit to share the bathroom with other dogs, his

DOG

WINKLE, the Duke of Gloucester's Scotties, being their Royal master on his return from his Australian tour

THE dog is placed, not in water—which usually frightens them—but in a large empty bath with a thick rubber mat at the bottom to prevent slipping, and then sprayed with water

requirements are written in a day-book, together with the name and address of his owner, his breed, and the time at which he is to be called for. These particulars are also copied on to a blackboard in the bathroom, so that the staff may know exactly what is required and the time the owner expects his dog to be ready.

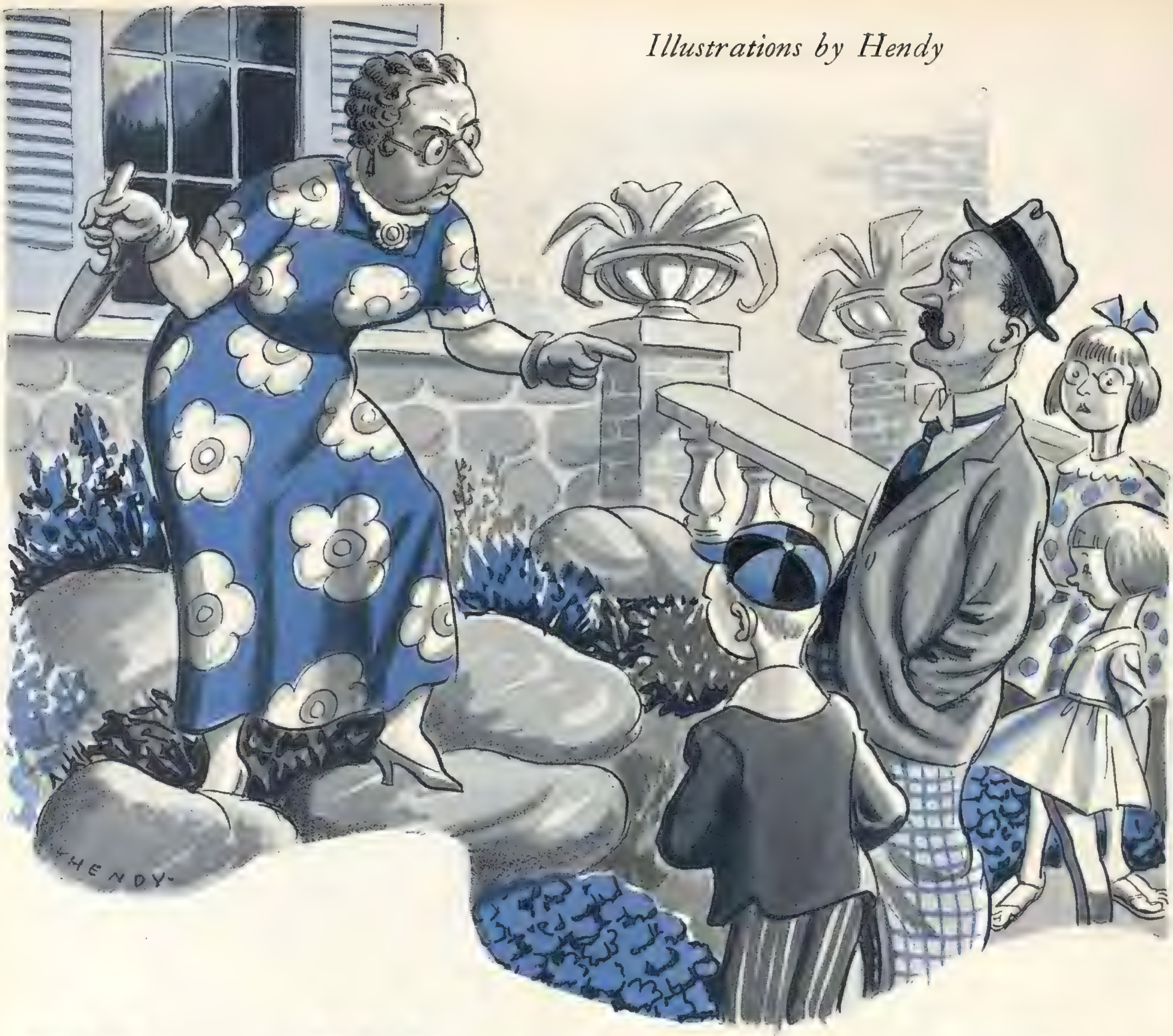
Let us imagine that it is one of the terrier breeds, and that the dog requires stripping, shampooing, the teeth cleaned and the nails cut.

At the bathroom door the dog must take temporary leave of his owner. For, although our bathroom is open to inspection at any (*Continued on page* 116)

A FOX TERRIER being stripped. It is essential that stripping—removing the old dead coat—be done by hand

Running a Dogs' Beauty Parlour provides plenty of Amusement and Interest

Illustrations by Hendy



SO she paraded us all, much too soon after breakfast, to see her rockery reorganised and listen to her running commentary

The Tutor

Honour Among Thieves—but there's even a Limit to that . . . .

By Charles Lloyd Jones

MY elderly friend, Dunstan Spring, the retired burglar, said emphatically: "Never take a wage-bound job with a man you've only met in a public house."

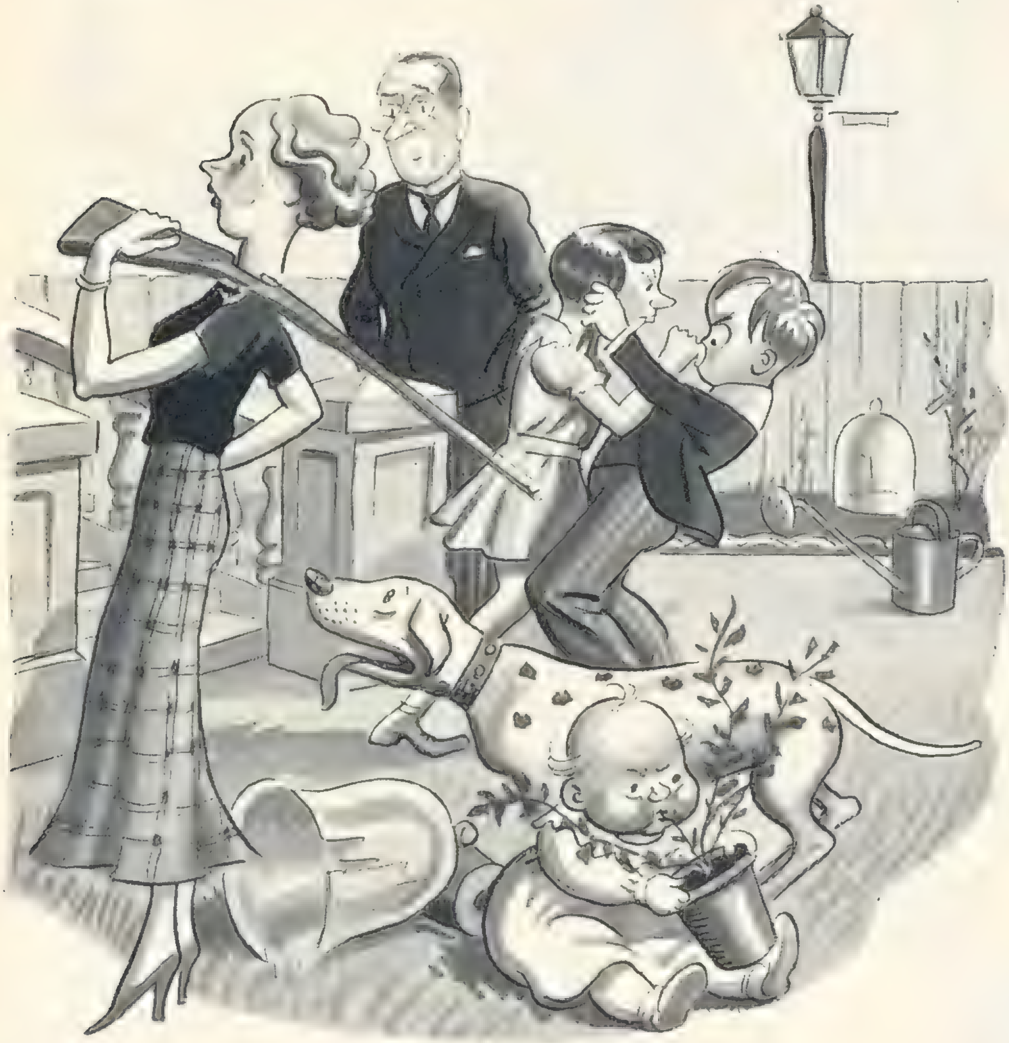
"How do you know? You never worked for wages," I said, to get a story out of him.

"Didn't I? I never got them; but I worked for them. And if it hadn't been for a bit of presence of mind I might have been in some such silly job to-day, tutoring, gentleman bodyslave to backward young hooligans—and all through trusting a fellow who'd stood me a couple of pints of beer.

"It sounded a good job, the way he talked about it. I was broke and my father wasn't going to do anything about it, not for six months, anyway. And this fellow, Roger Pitchford, said—I forget what he did say exactly; but I remember that he only mentioned his two boys, nice boys he said they were. Cecil twelve and Aubrey ten. I knew enough to teach kids of that age, and I reckoned that they'd go to bed early enough for me to have my evenings in peace. The trouble was that Roger never told me about the four girls, or the baby. Diana, the eldest girl, was seventeen. The youngest, bar the baby, was five. I'd have liked to teach Diana a lot, but I couldn't stop her rabbit-shooting; and when she was rabbit-shooting she was always pointing her gun at people. She said it didn't matter if the gun wasn't loaded. I said it mattered any time, whether the gun was loaded or not. As a matter of fact, that time it'd been pointing at me off and on for an hour, and it was loaded in both barrels, and fully cocked

"I'd never have taken the job if

Roger had mentioned that girl. But he was very forgetful. He told me that there was a bit of good fishing at the bottom of the field next the house, half a mile of it. Well, there was, in a way. And it was very good trout-fishing. Only Roger had forgotten that it wasn't his. I had a quite petulant misunderstanding with the owner.



"If Roger had been at home at the time I suppose he might have warned me. But he never was at home except when his wife wouldn't give him any money to go away. I didn't blame him; I liked Roger always, and Dora Pitchford wasn't fit company for a warthog. But I did expect that he'd be at home more, for he'd offered me the job as much so that I'd be company for him as because I might teach his kids. The first six weeks I was there he never came home at all, and I'd have been glad of his company many a time; though I hadn't as much spare time as I'd expected. There were a terrible lot of ferrets and guinea-pigs to be looked after, and I had to do most of the cooking as well. A sinister woman used to come in occasionally and cook a bit, but I think she only came because she was trying to poison Dora Pitchford. She'd turn up on a Saturday and boil half a sheep; then she'd wait four or five days till it was absolutely certain that Dora had survived; then she'd come in again and have another try with a monstrous, fibrous pie. I think she put rats and old tigers in her pies.

"I wouldn't have minded cooking if I could have got a pot of beer with my dinner when I'd cooked it. I was fond of Roger, but I've always thought that he misled me about the beer. He'd said: 'I'll see that there's beer in the house for you: all you want.' And, give him his due, he did see to it when he was at home. But he didn't turn up for six weeks, as I've told you. My only way of breaking the drought was to keep my push-bike ready by the back gate, let a ferret escape immediately after dinner, sound the alarm, and while all the young Pitchfords were hunting for him, pedal to the 'Malt Shovel' as if I'd got a train to catch, swallow a pint and pedal back. But I didn't dare loose a ferret every night. I had to invent rumours of owls' nests, or of a secret passage coming out forty feet down the well, or of an assignation between the yellow-haired parish harmonium-pounder and a dark man with earrings on top of the steepest hill in the neighbourhood. I was about gravelled for ideas by the time Roger came home and got some beer into the house.

"I was glad of his company, but I couldn't help being sorry for him. He was fretting to get away the whole time; only he couldn't go because Dora wouldn't give him any money to go with. I couldn't lend him any, because Dora hadn't paid me any. I think that if I could have got my money I'd have gone myself, because Cecil had just got two more dogs that seemed to prefer their meat gulped direct off the living body. Neither had actually bitten me yet; but fending one off with a rake, I'd stepped back into the second girl's pet gander, and he'd done a bit of brisk beak-work on my calf.

"Still, I was fond of Roger, and I didn't see that it was any business of mine to sound an alarm the day I saw him steal Dora's diamond bracelet. He'd been at home a month. He just had to get some money, to get away again. Besides, he'd promised me that he'd raise the wind to pay my wages soon, somehow.

"The way Roger got the bracelet was very simple. Dora had decided to give us all a lesson in rockery construction. She was one of those garden-lovers who called gorse 'Ulex' and ivy 'Hedera' and can't understand anyone not wanting to scratch right down to the root-tip of a two-foot dandelion with his bare fingers. So she paraded us all, much too soon after breakfast, to see her rockery reorganised and listen to her running commentary. She hadn't meant to do anything more than comment. That was how she came to be wearing the bracelet. She had to go, in one hour and a quarter ('precisely,' she told us, 'in one hour and fifteen minutes . . . one hour and fourteen, now that you've finished sorting those disgustingly dirty cigarette-cards, Cecil, and can perhaps spare me a little of your attention') to the dress rehearsal of a great village ceremony: the presentation of a horse trough in memory of a decent old chap who had always had a bucket of water ready for the poor beasts at the top of a long hill. The squire and the rural dean, the county court judge's wife and all the best of the local big-wigs were to be there. The presentation was to be next day. The big-wigs were going to drive up the hill in a farm wagon behind the finest team in the parish, and the horses were to have the first drink out of the new trough. It was a charming idea—my own suggestion, if I may mention it—but, of course, it needed practising. The horses were all right, but the big-wigs needed practice to be sure of looking dignified in a wagon. And Dora meant to look dignified even at the rehearsal. She'd got on a plumbago, claret and green flowered frock and her diamond bracelet.

"The bracelet flashed as she waved her hand over the rockery, as if she were conducting the slow movement of a symphony, and Hengist, the son of the woman who made the carnal-and-hyena pies, tried to heave the rocks about in time and to plant the Aphyllanthes one foot two inches south-east of the Cynoglossum exactly when Dora gave the word of command.

"Hengist wasn't quite all there, and Roger could not look at him because he dribbled; but otherwise there was nothing wrong with him. He did trip when he was heaving a bit of limestone four feet long and two feet thick, and the limestone did go rather suddenly into the wrong place, on top of all the big glass bells Dora had for covering her special, delicate plants. But that was hardly Hengist's fault; Aubrey had stuck a Dutch hoe between his legs. But Dora didn't see that because she was talking.

"After that, the lesson in rockery-building began to lose solemnity, because Hengist lost his nerve and couldn't put anything where Dora told him; and while Dora was telling him off the baby ate half a dozen Campanula Waldsteiniana that cost half a crown a time, and one of the girls got bored and sat down on a bit of the broken glass. I was fond of Roger, but he ought not to have had children like that.

"The rockery was in full view of the main road, and an audience began to collect: two sniffing, critical old women and a boy with a donkey that brayed every time Dora began to speak. Dora got impatient. She shouted at Hengist: the donkey shouted her down. Hengist gazed at her, dribbling, waiting for coherent orders, with a plant in his hand. Dora shouted above the donkey's bray: 'Give it to me. I haven't got all morning.' Snatched the plant from him; stuck it back in his hand; stripped off her bracelet and put it into her bag; put down the bag; snatched back the plant and crammed it into the ground.

"Then the five-year-old girl squealed: 'Oh Lor',' and started running for the house. Dora stopped gardening and shouted: 'Where are you going?' and stared, as if she was amazed at such mutinous behaviour when the poor child didn't wait to answer. The rest of the children stared too, hopefully, except Diana, who knew that she'd be expected to run after her. She started to powder her nose as if she hadn't seen anything. Then Roger made his beautifully timed raid on Dora's bag. The bracelet was in his pocket and the bag shut up again in a couple of seconds. My own observation of the raid was, if I may mention it, still more beautiful. I saw it all reflected in Diana's little mirror and had the sense not to turn my head. If Roger had noticed me at all, he could only have thought that I was looking at Diana.

"I must say that I didn't think very calmly about rockery construction after that. I was wondering what was going to happen when Dora missed the bracelet. I was afraid that she'd suspect me. But Roger didn't intend her to miss it for a while. He suddenly put up a show of absolutely hypnotised interest in rock gardening. The questions he asked! The arguments he started! The precious plants he began to put in without Dora's instructions. By the time Dora had to start for her rehearsal, the rockery was not half finished, and she had not had a second's thought to spare for anything except Roger's triumphantly invincible ignorance and brilliantly ineffectual efforts to help. I always thought Roger had more brains than Dora would admit. He must really have known a terrible lot about gardening to have been so exasperatingly wrong, on purpose, every time he spoke or stuck anything into the ground.

"Dora finished by rattling off a volley of instructions to the patient Hengist, and ordering Roger not to touch another plant. She tucked her bag under her arm and made ready to go. I thought that she must miss the bracelet when she went to wash off the soil she'd got on her hands. But that was all right. The church clock struck. Dora did not hesitate. She pulled her gloves on to her earthy hands, and went. She had not yet missed the bracelet.

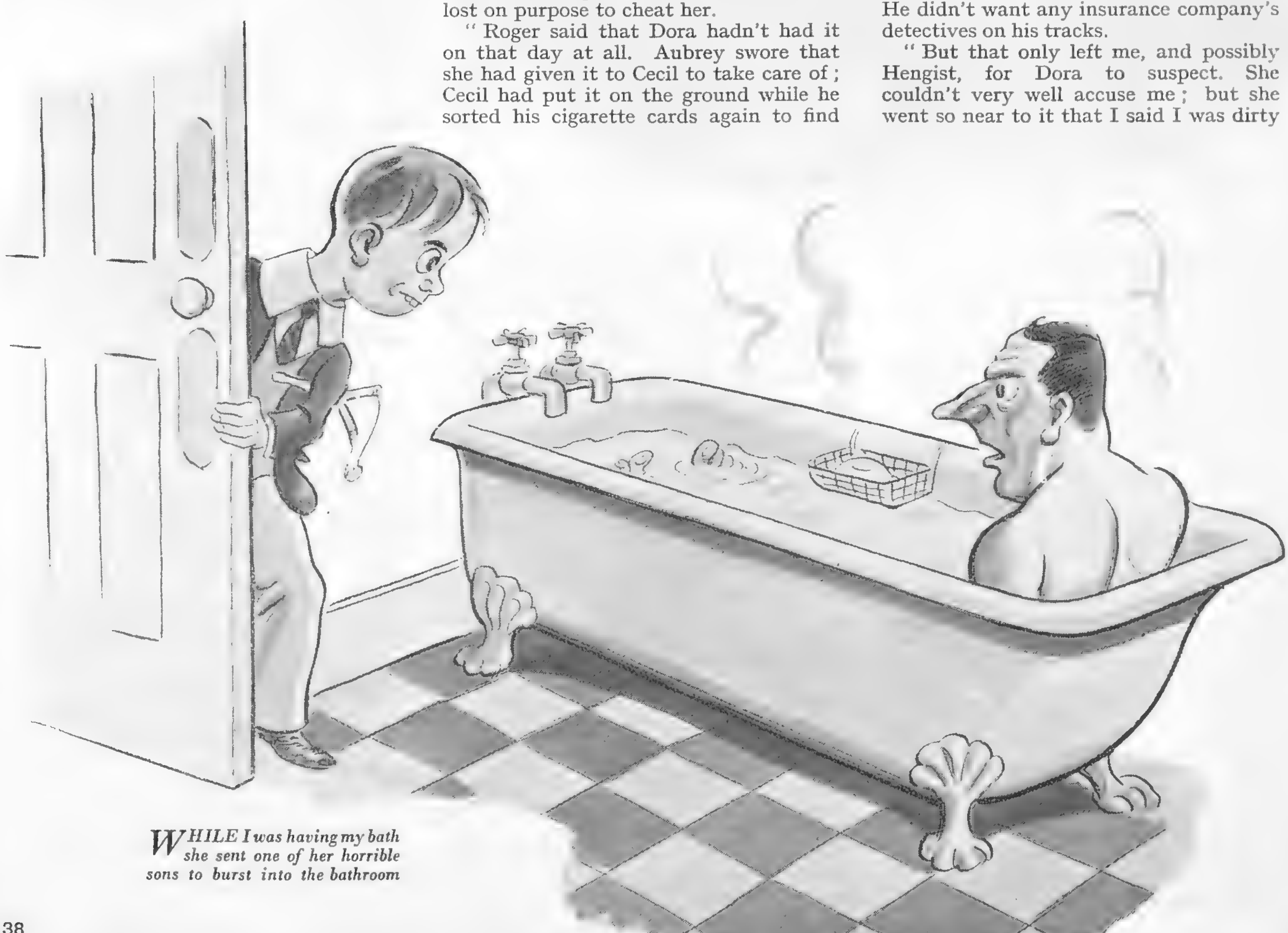
"But she'd missed it before she came home; and she didn't mean any of us to have food or sleep till it was found. Hengist's sinister mother had made one of her jackal-and-cobblestone pies for lunch, so I didn't really mind not having any. But I thought it was rather too hot a day to spend four or five hours hunting for the bracelet where it couldn't possibly be. Dora was telling us all off to search our own special bit of the house or garden; except Diana, who refused to look. Dora had promised to give her the bracelet as soon as she was eighteen and she was quite sure that it had been lost on purpose to cheat her.

"Roger said that Dora hadn't had it on that day at all. Aubrey swore that she had given it to Cecil to take care of; Cecil had put it on the ground while he sorted his cigarette cards again to find out how many more cricketers he wanted, and the biggest bird he had ever seen had swooped down and taken it. I saw a chance of getting to the 'Malt Shovel.' I told her, truthfully, that if she'd put the bracelet in her bag, she hadn't opened the bag again in the garden; so the bracelet must have been pulled out where she next opened the bag. I said I'd go down the road and look if she could remember where she'd opened it.

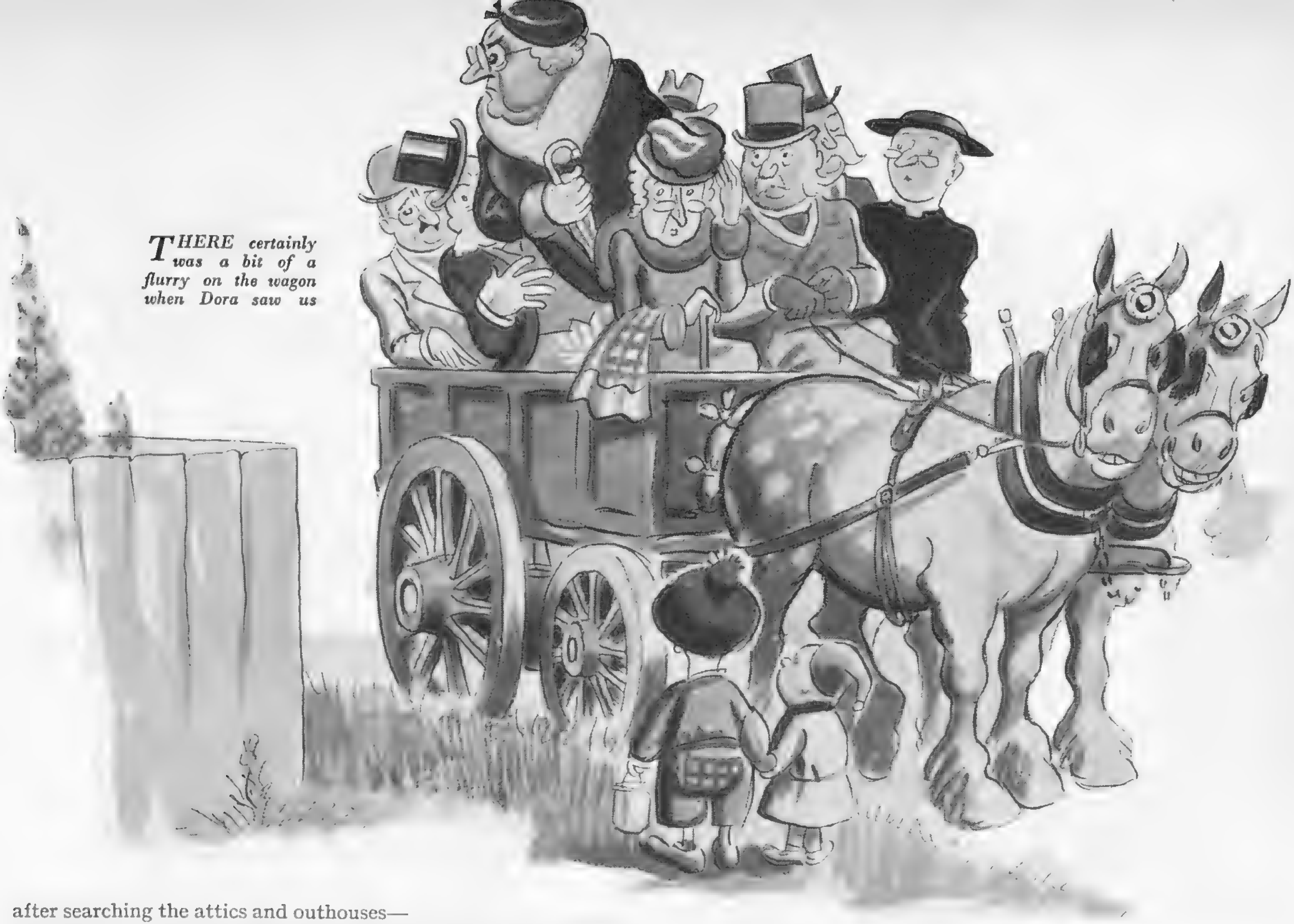
"But I didn't get out of the house as easily as that. Dora had a nasty suspicion that the bracelet had never left the garden in her bag at all. She didn't exactly accuse me of having stolen it, but she did say: 'None of the children understand its value, except little Diana, and it was really hers or soon going to be; she'd no need to steal it.'

"Curiously enough, she didn't seem to suspect Roger. I could understand her not mentioning it to an unpaid hireling like myself if she had suspected him. But she couldn't have hidden her suspicions altogether. Dora wasn't that sort of woman. I'd heard her say that the Lord Chief Justice was in the pay of Japan because she'd met a solicitor wearing a kimono on the beach at Hythe. I felt that if she had suspected Roger she must have shown it, and I couldn't make out why she was so trusting, at first. It wasn't like her. At last she said something about the insurance on her jewellery having lapsed; and it turned out that Roger had known that the bracelet wasn't insured. She just couldn't believe that Roger would have stolen the bracelet until the premium was paid and the insurance money could be kept in the family. That was where Roger had more wits than Dora thought. He didn't want any insurance company's detectives on his tracks.

"But that only left me, and possibly Hengist, for Dora to suspect. She couldn't very well accuse me; but she went so near to it that I said I was dirty



WHILE I was having my bath she sent one of her horrible sons to burst into the bathroom



THERE certainly was a bit of a flurry on the wagon when Dora saw us

after searching the attics and outhouses—I was, too—and was going to bath. I left all my clothes in my room and everything unlocked. She had a wonderful rummage through them while I was in my bath, and sent one of her horrible sons to burst into the bathroom. (That was another drawback to that house; the bathroom had no lock.) After that she did seem to have decided that I hadn't got her bracelet. I was glad. I was fond of Roger, and didn't want to blow the gaff on him unless I was forced to in self-defence.

"The search went on. Even Diana joined in now, on condition that she should have the bracelet for her own at once if she found it. Roger had, bit by bit, quite shaken Dora's belief that she had been wearing the bracelet that morning; and the smaller girls, with a free hand to hunt, pulled the stuffing out of half the chairs in the house, and mountaineered, roped with stockings and dressing-gown cords, over all the wardrobes. They only pulled one over, and that very nearly missed the housemaid altogether; so nothing fatal happened. Cecil and Aubrey held up the greengrocer's errand-boy and tried to search him as he left the house. But Aubrey got his shins kicked, Cecil nearly had his ear bitten off, and the boy seemed to know what slander was and that it was actionable. He refused to settle out of court for a penny less than five shillings. Roger borrowed the five shillings from me. I was fond of Roger, but I thought that as he had the bracelet he might at least have paid the five shillings himself.

"I began to wonder where Roger had succeeded in hiding the bracelet. Now that the hunt was up, nowhere in the house or garden was safe from those children. Locking a door or a drawer only gave them an excuse to smash it. So I guessed that Roger had probably still got the loot in his pocket. He spent a lot of the afternoon with his hands in his jacket pockets apparently watching Hengist put the finishing touches to the rockery. It was certainly a most impressive piece of landscape, with miniature limestone cliffs looking as if they'd grown there, fine light soil turned and riddled and smoothly raked, and each new little plant with its new little label. But I didn't think that Roger was noticing much of all that. He had quite a nice little problem to solve. He wanted to get away badly; but he'd have to invent a really convincing story to explain where he'd raised the money to go with, before he dared start. He'd obviously got to stay for the next few days and, as long as he was at home, stop those kids finding the bracelet.

"It was all very awkward for Roger. He always got bored so easily when he was stuck at home. That was how we came to get into a bit of trouble next day. Dora had gone off for her wagon-ride to the trough-opening. The kids were making a game of bracelet-hunt now, tearing each other's clothes off to search them. Roger and I hadn't much to say to each other. I couldn't think of any conversation except to ask him whether he was a regular jewel-snatcher and whether the return was really worth the risk. But I thought he wouldn't like me to. When we'd walked round the garden twice Roger decided that it would liven things up if he loosed a couple of dogs. So he loosed eight, and, for some reason, they all charged straight at Dora's new rockery.

"Later on, when the riot was at its best, I heard Aubrey say that it was all his old Shovel Feet's idea and no other damned dog could claim any credit for it. I liked Shovel Feet: he was a demi-Dalmatian with a fluffy black tail and spaniel ears, and a dog with a terrific imagination. I'd often seen him invent a rabbit hole; that's to say, make a monstrous excavation in a tennis court and go through all the motions of a hot-scented hunt when there'd been no rabbit within half a mile. But I think there must have been at any rate a field mouse in the rockery. Otherwise, I don't think all eight dogs would have started digging at once. It was magnificent. Eight rudders in the air, threshing; muzzles thrust down; barking and subterranean snuffling; eight cascades of soil and small stones; a shower of Draba and Dianthus, Gentian and Erodium, Saxifrage and Cytisus. I wouldn't say that Shovel Feet started the idea of converting the rockery into a crater, but he was easily the best excavator. He was putting his plants a good yard further than any of the others. Roger had no idea what we—(I must include myself; I had been carried away, I admit, and had eased one rock a little for Shovel Feet)—what we were hunting; but he seemed to think that if we went deep enough we should find it. He began heaving rocks out and cheering the dogs on. The kids heard the noise and rushed in to help; except Diana; she brought her gun, loaded it, cocked it, and pointed it at us in turn.

"It was a grand hunt. When the big-wigs came by on their wagon, with Dora between the chief constable of the county and a baronet's aunt, there was only the tip of one very long-tailed dog showing above ground, and you couldn't see that for the fountain of earth that was going up round him. There certainly was a bit of a flurry on the wagon when Dora saw us, but Roger was down among the dogs wrestling with a great monolith, and didn't notice anything.

"The wagon stopped; Dora began to stage a descent. (*Continued on page* 145)

Four Health and Beauty Pages

News about *the* Health *and* Beauty Exhibition

All the experts get together to tell you and show you how to achieve one hundred per cent Health and Beauty

By Chrysis

WE live in an age of progress and change. The Press is, admittedly, one of the most cognant factors in the education of public opinion and taste. But there is a growing desire in the educated public to See for Themselves.

Demand always creates supply. Ideal Home Exhibitions have given visible and tangible proof of what can be done decoratively and practically to make your home more livable in. The Motor Exhibitions have taught us how to buy a car and how to drive one.

At last there is an exhibition which exposes what have been called Beauty Secrets, and shows us how we can really enjoy the amenities of our age by making our bodies a hundred per cent. healthy and beautiful.

At the Health and Beauty Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall during the first week of December, every aspect of health and beauty culture is being demonstrated by experts. Famous athletes and beauty culturists are not only telling the world what they have done, and how they have done it, but are giving practical demonstration of their methods and achievements.

LET me take, at random, some of the interesting exhibits. Many are already world famous. Some are news.

Whenever I have written about beauty treatments, advocating soap and water, I have been up against the hard water question. It is unanswerable when there is lime and chalk in the water. The deposit is definitely harmful. I have advocated rain-water and distilled water from the chemist.

In many beauty culture treatments *washing* is essential, and water-softening apparatus is obviously desirable, but has been, for many of us, prohibitive. But the " Clensol " system really solves this problem, and at a trifling cost.

You buy a container (ninepence) and place it in your water cistern, with a Clensol softener (one shilling) inside it.

For this one and ninepence you get a fortnight's supply of wonderfully softened water from all taps.

It is good for your drinking water too.

While I am on the subject of water therapy, I should like to mention Cerebos Bath Salts, a tonic (*Continued on page* 118)

SOMEBODY will acclaim you as a thought-reader if you send her Elizabeth Arden's pale pink, gilt edged Beauty Box. The contents, too, are a gilt edged security for the proper care of your skin. There is cleansing cream, skin tonic, Lille lotion, Velva cream, Amoretta cream, Muscle oil, two shades of face powder, cleansing tissues. Really astonishing value for 30s.

Helen Macgregor

Left:

PERFUME and toilet water haunted with the same subtle scent . . . gardenia. A nice idea of Coty's. The bottles are decorative, as you see, and the contents have the perfection you expect from these kings among perfumers. Perfume is 3/9 upwards, toilet water, 10/6, 18/6, 32/6 and 55/-

A Cream *that makes* You Young

Absorbing hormones through the pores has a marvellous effect in preserving and restoring youthful beauty

ONE of the difficulties in writing about beauty treatments honestly and straightforwardly is that, even after the fullest investigation, it is generally impossible to tell one's readers exactly what they are using and the reason for such results as may be obtained.

The formulæ of beauty preparations are jealously guarded, not unnaturally. The most one can do, as a rule, is to assure oneself of the bona fides of the manufacturing firm, the scientific and logical sense of the treatment, and personally to test and observe effects.

It is, therefore, something of an excitement in a beauty expert's life to discover a beauty preparation which one knows is basically sound, when the assurance of the proprietors allows them to disclose the origin and the constituents.

It is, I think, accurate to say that everyone interested in metabolism, and the health which is inextricably united to beauty, knows about hormones.

We know the importance of the endocrine glands, and it is a fact medically and biologically proven and accepted by the intelligent members of the laity, that the gradual declension of endocrine gland secretions causes the conditions which are symptomatic of old age.

Treatments which arrest this deterioration are definitely restorative and rejuvenating. In the last few years it has been discovered that the absorption of hormones through the pores of the skin has an almost marvellous effect in preserving and restoring the youthful beauty, elasticity, firmness and clarity, of the complexion.

This is no fanatic beauty specialist idea. It is taken seriously by famous dermatologists. It is dealt with at length by a German scientist in a work called *Hormones and Inner Secretions.* The *Dermatological Weekly* has published important articles on the rejuvenation of the skin through the absorption of organic substances, and in the *Journal of Endocrinology* the possibility of extracting hormones from vegetable sources has been interestingly and authentically described.

Some of the greatest bio-chemists in the world have been working for years on the study of glandular functions and the means by which hormonic extracts can be beneficially introduced into the human constitution.

A celebrated German dermatologist has proved by exhaustive practical experiment that the skin will absorb and can be rejuvenated by a cream containing glandular secretions with an admixture of lecithin, cholesterin, and almond oil. You note that there is no secret about the constituents.

It is an alpha-follicular hormone face cream and its regular use will definitely restore and preserve youthful characteristics. Even in cases where wrinkles and sagging are established a very marked improvement may be procured.

THE cream is now prepared in England and the sole rights of distribution in this country belong to a famous and old-established perfumery and beauty company.

What I like about this treatment is its scientific and sound basis and also the absolute candour with which it is presented. It is a fool-proof home treatment. The distributors have other excellent preparations, among which I would star their excellent skin food and cuticle cream and their efficient and harmless deodorant, but my immediate interest is centred in the hormone night cream, because it seems the apogee of modern scientific and dermatological research, and its efficacy can quickly be proved by personal experience.

It will not work a miracle in a night, but the results of its regular use over a comparatively short period are astonishingly encouraging. Price 6s. 6d. a good-sized jar. *Write to me for fuller details if you are interested, enclosing stamped envelope. Chrysis, " Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London.*

How to Grow up Beautiful

You can't start beautifying too soon, but you must start in the right way

This is one of those gifts you buy for a very special person and then find it agony to part with it. A luxurious red leather gift case, full of Yardley's. There is orchis perfume, face powder, talc powder, bath salts, sifter and vanity case. 45/-

A GIRL should look at least as young and as lovely as her mother.

We hear so much about "keeping young," and we are convinced of the possibility by the appearance in our midst of elegant, slim, unwrinkled women with radiant complexions who calmly introduce an apparently mature young woman as "my daughter." To-day a woman really *is* as old as she looks, and, thanks to the development and understanding of beauty culture, the majority of women are marvellously and enchantingly young.

But these are the sophisticates. They have studied the subject. They know and obey the laws that govern general and facial upkeep. They have discovered the beauty preparations which suit them and they understand the art of make up.

And it is for this *preservation* of youth and beauty that so many beauty treatments are advised and so much cosmetic literature is written.

But what of beauty in the making? I sometimes think that insufficient attention is given to the problems of the young girl and her evolution from a gawky, gym-suited "hope of her side," often afflicted with skin troubles, into the charming, well-groomed, young lovely she can, and will, and should, become.

The world is the real finishing school, and a girl's education is not completed until she has learned how to make the best of herself. In this matter of beauty culture you cannot begin too young to care for the skin, correct imperfections and develop inherent, but sometimes unsuspected, loveliness.

Left to herself, a girl fresh from school, finding herself at a disadvantage among the exotics of her new world, faced with the temptation of the cosmetic counters in every store and the advertisement of this and that beautifier, is apt to plunge into an orgy of often ill-advised and superfluous treatments and exaggerated make-ups which only mask her natural attributes and produce that depressing sameness among débutantes.

The basis of beauty is a healthy, *naturally* radiant complexion, and make-up should enhance, not disguise, personality.

There are two essential factors in a girl's beauty outfit. First of all, preparations must be absolutely pure and scientifically *balanced*. Indiscriminate choice may mean that one beautifier, however excellent in itself, may render useless another preparation.

The second consideration is price, since, unless she is one of the Woolworth heiresses, a girl's allowance is seldom large or elastic.

It seems to me that the new Yardley series of toilet and beauty preparations perfectly fulfil all these needs. They include all the essentials and their purity and quality are unassailable.

Don't misunderstand me. They have not been produced especially for young skins. They are excellent for every age of skin. But, as I say, their purity, their scientific balance and their reasonable price make them ideal beauty preparations for the young girl.

FIRST, about cleansing. At night the skin should be washed in lukewarm water with a generous lather of one of Yardley's special complexion soaps, and rinsed with cold water. These soaps counteract the ill-effect of hard water, but if there is any superstition against washing, some Lavendomeal, Yardley's cereal water softener, can be added to the water, or distilled water can be used

Next, English complexion cream should be gently massaged into the skin. A girl should learn the upward and outward movements which follow the anatomical conformation. This bland, smooth white cream is an excellent cleansing agent as well as an emollient.

For the final cleansing and stimulating, the Toning Lotion should be used on a pad of cotton wool. This is refreshing and cooling, and will (*Continued on page* 118)

The Common Cold

Prevention . . . Cures

By Chrysis

THE epithet "common" denotes not only the generality of this complaint but the fact that among ailments it is the least distinguished. It reduces the haughtiest aristocrat to the level of the veriest tramp, except that the one blows and the other sniffs. But the rheumy eye, the red nose, the wheezy voice, and the awful feeling in every limb are common to all victims.

Of all maladies it seems the most infective. It is so terrifyingly easy to catch a cold. This utterly inept expression infers that one would run to catch a cold as one would run to catch a train. Experience has taught me that it is, approximately, what many people do. Their mode of life invites infections and destroys resistance.

I have nursed a number of infectious and contagious illnesses, including measles, mumps, chicken-pox and influenza and, taking ordinary hygienic and aseptic precautions, have not feared or succumbed to infection, but the common cold terrifies me.

I know that I can get wet through and chilled to the bone without getting a cold. But within a few hours of contact with a sneezing, snuffling, coughing creature I have developed the dreaded symptoms.

There are people with whom colds are almost chronic. Their acceptance of the condition is both contemptible and dangerous.

The opening of the campaign against this hateful universal enemy is natural resistance. We have in our bodies a defensive army of beneficent bacilli to fight and defeat the onslaught of malignant germs. To keep this protective force up to full strength we must be physically fit, and *hardy*.

ONE of the first defensive measures is, paradoxically, to *undress*. This is not nudist propaganda. I do not suggest facing the rigours of our climate and conventions in a state of nakedness, but I do assert emphatically that to coddle the body, to wear heavy, heat-inducing clothing, to keep windows closed, and live in an over-heated, unaerated atmosphere is to run after disaster.

Oxygen is one of the most important factors in healthy metabolism. The skin as well as the lungs must breathe fresh (which means oxygenated) air.

The way to procure oxygen for the body is to exercise in the open air in clothes which are sufficiently protective without excluding air, and light enough to allow of evaporation.

Warmth should not depend on a heavy overcoat but on an active circulation, aided by appropriate diet. It should come from within, not from without, and be independent of external circumstances. By degrees the most delicate and coddled constitution can be educated to this invulnerability. I have proved this personally.

Activity is the key to this desirable state. Statistics show that people of sedentary habit are the most susceptible to the common cold. It is well worth forgoing in moderation, of course, indoor relaxations, the cosy fireside, those crowded social gatherings, and devoting as much of your time as you can to outdoor recreation. Walk—if it is only from home to office. Exercise by an open window after a bath in the minimum of clothing and the sniffles of your neighbours will lose half their terrors.

On the other hand, since people cannot or will not isolate themselves and their germs ("It is *only* a cold") certain precautionary antiseptic measures are indicated.

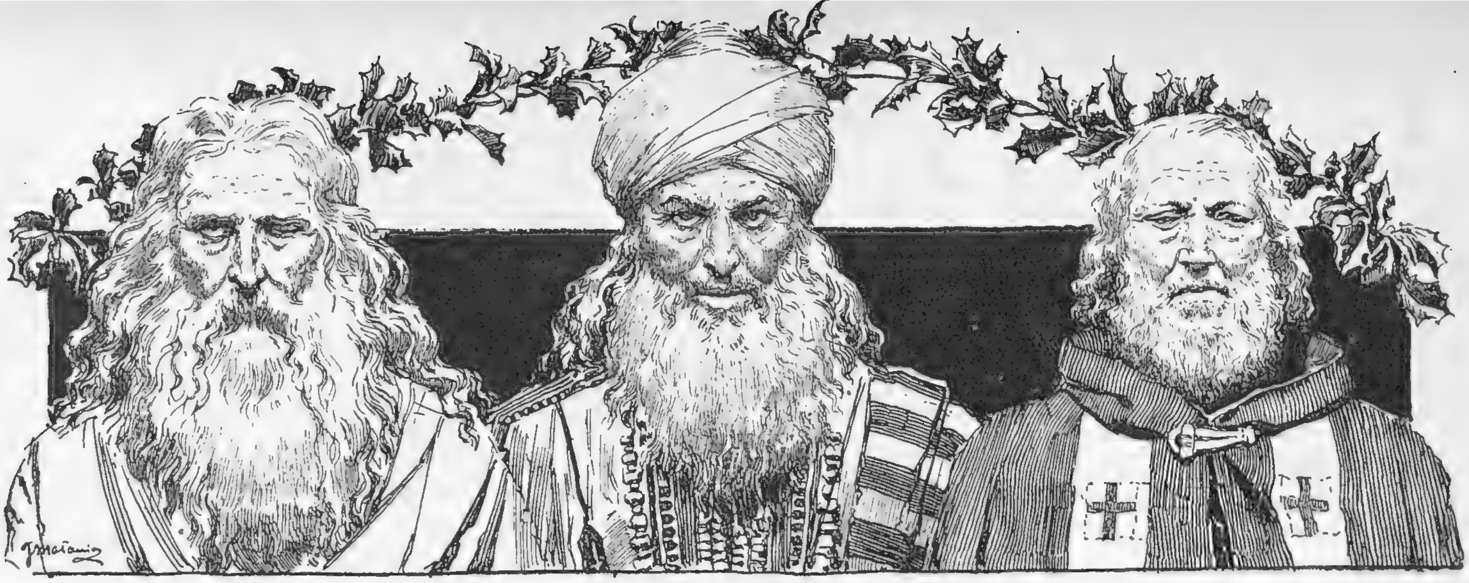
First, never voluntarily admit anyone to your house who has a cold. Be morally brave enough to refuse to see them. If you are, as you must be sometimes, in contact with infection, use an antiseptic mouth-wash and gargle—and a nasal douche, atomiser, or volatile inhalant like Vapex. If you were to gargle daily with Listerine Brand Antiseptic, about the best of its kind I know, you would find you were impervious to colds. A pine lozenge sucked while in a vitiated and suspect atmosphere is an additional protection, since the infective germs enter bocally and nasally.

If the worst happens and you feel that you have caught a cold—or more accurately a cold has caught you, the first thing you *should* do, morally and hygienically, is to isolate yourself. *Go to bed.*

Keep warm but have your room well ventilated, take a hot drink, milk, lemon, whisky and water, according to your normal proclivities and digestive reactions. Aspirin, cinnamon, a quinine or cinchona mixture are valuable medicines. Cinchona is made from the bark of quinine and suits many people better than quinine.

A very useful and stimulating mixture contains cinchona, spirits of ammonia and spirits of chloroform, and any qualified chemist will make it up in correct medical quantities.

If there is any bronchial complication rubbing the chest and throat with a liniment or (*Continued on page* 118)



Old Tales Re-told

The Story of Santa Claus

Written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

THE story of Christmas has been told so often; by pens mortal and immortal. Mine, this month, is a humbler task: to tell the story of a familiar figure at Christmastide. A figure of legend, a figure of gaiety, a figure of fun, a figure of love. Santa Claus.

Whence came this rubicund phantom, with his white beard billowing over his scarlet cloak; his frosty blue eyes sparkling with benevolence; his own girth rivalled only by that of the sack of toys he bears for all good children (and who is naughty at Christmastide ?) on his back ?

Reindeers that draw his sleigh do not exist in the East. This figure of the North—northern in his huge, snow-covered boots, his ruddy, snow-bearded face, his hearty merriment—is no figure of the lands where Christendom was born, was nurtured, came to fruition—round the Middle Sea.

He is the saint even the iconoclasts and the Calvinists have left unassailed; the being that has never riven the Churches. All but the most virulent atheists have a niche for him in their hearts. And, if he be but a fable founded on father dressing up in a red dressing-gown, he is a fable that all but fanatical rationalists still preserve.

Three sources, a trinity of origin, combine to have created this lovable figure through the ages; sources far apart in space, sources far apart in time.

Santa Claus is, pre-eminently, a bringer of gifts. He is drawn, then, fittingly enough, from one of the figures who brought gifts to the first Christmas. His prototype in the East is one of the Kings led by the mystic Star of Bethlehem to the Manger that held the salvation of the world.

THERE were three Kings: Gaspar, Melchior, Baltazar. Gaspar and Baltazar—the fair youth and the swarthy Ethiop according to traditional iconography—are ruled out as prototypes of the universal gift-bringer of to-day. It is Melchior, the aged, white-bearded sage and monarch who stands as the Father Christmas of the first Yule.

Of the Star itself, and the journey of the Kings, much talk has been made: how, if the Star appeared only at Christmastide, they could not have reached the cradle by Epiphany; how they had a thousand miles to travel and would have arrived at least three months after the shepherds had gone back to their sheep; how, perhaps, the Star had risen in the Orient months before.

Be that as it may—and this was the Age of Miracles—it is certain that to the early Christians Epiphany was a greater festival than Christmas, and the three Kings greater figures in hagiography than Joseph.

It is not surprising, therefore, that one of the Kings—and Melchior is the most suitable—should have an outstanding place in any legendary or composite figure of a gift-bringer at a festival soon symbolised by the exchange of presents.

When the classic world turned Christian, the legend of the first Nowell was extended to embrace lands unconscious of Christ for centuries after His death.

The oracles who had controlled the rulers of the ancient world had, it was said, turned dumb. The doors of the Temple of Janus—which stood open only in time of war; and, as war was perennial, were always open—had, ran the tale, on the night of Christ's birth, closed of their own accord. The legions of Rome, ran another tradition, fighting on the frontiers of the Empire or garrisoned in the Eternal City itself, laid down their arms on that night. The Vision of the Godhead struck the Emperor, so that the Ara Coeli (Altar of Heaven) was erected on the Capitol. The very statue of Capitoline Jove, they said, fell from its pedestal as if the thunderbolt of the Gospel had struck at the very fountain-head of Paganism.

These tales are, of necessity, accretions. But Melchior, a figure attested by history as well as legend, was a reality. And Melchior is one of the ancestors of Santa Claus.

The subsequent history of those three bringers of gifts—those first givers of Christmas presents in the banal modern phrase—is obscure. They are said to have missionised in Asia; they are said to have been baptised by St. Thomas; one of them is said to have been present at the Crucifixion.

A legend extant to-day is that their bones were identified and collected by St. Helena and borne to the present site of Cologne Cathedral. The arms of the great German city to-day bear a trio of crowns: the emblems of Gaspar, Melchior and Baltazar; and in a shrine are three jewel-studded skulls still holding in their hollow sockets the memory of the sight of the Babe.

But Father Christmas is no Mage. There is about him an air and an atmosphere joyously pagan, not ascetically early-Christian. That paganism comes from the North where, long before the birth of Christ there was a ritual, religiously originated ceremony of present-giving. The giver was Odin or Wotan; the grim, one-eyed Jupiter of the Norse Pantheon.

To the children who received the gifts from Odin, he was not the stern ruler of Valhalla, seeking his bodyguard from the slain in battle, ruling his domain in the sky with ruthlessness, joying (as was typical of the Northern culture) in bloodshed and lust. He was not the harsh figure who wrenched out his eye as price of wisdom, leaving it in pledge at Mime's fountain. He was not the hurler of the thunderbolt nor the god who joyed in human sacrifice.

To the children he was a kindly, white-bearded old man who sped on horseback through the sky and brought them gifts while they slept. He dropped with divinely unerring aim doll and toy through the open chimneys, leaving for each house the presents to satisfy every child therein.

Add to this figure of the north the reindeer of Lapland for the horse of Norway and the High Germanies, and you have the pagan Father Christmas.

YET still he is not complete. He is, as yet, only dual, not triune. He has a devotional aspect from the east and a pagan from the north. He is wise and kind. But he is not yet fully Christian. He still lacks that humanity, that robust charity that has been typified in England by the Christmas scenes in Dickens.

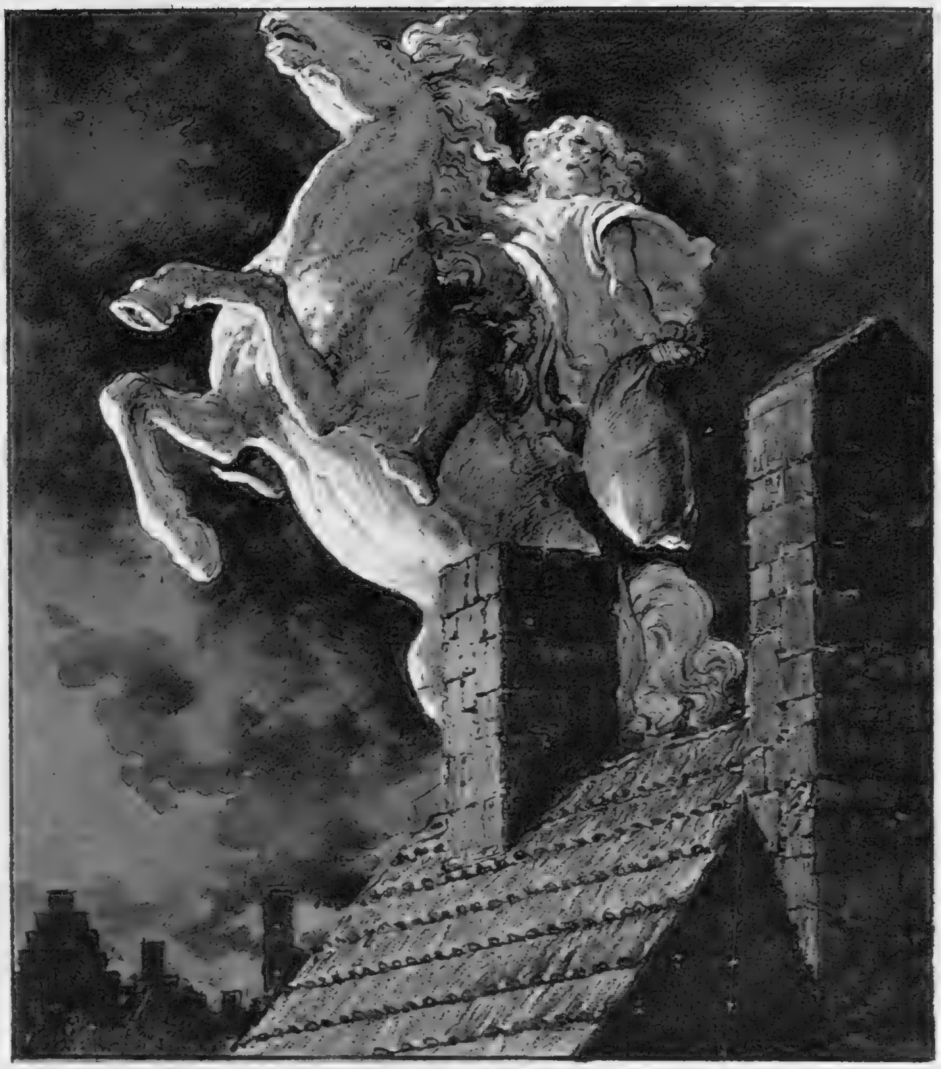
That the central culture of Europe alone can provide. That aspect of Father Christmas, together by the name by which he is most frequently known, comes from Saint Nicholas.

This most popular of saints—with the possible exception of St. Francis of Assisi—was born into an early settlement of Christendom—Patras, on the west coast of Greece. He was born to wealthy parents in the third century A.D. Patras was the seat of an early archbishopric, and is to-day the only one of the twelve cities of Achaia to exist—though decimated by earthquake—as a town.

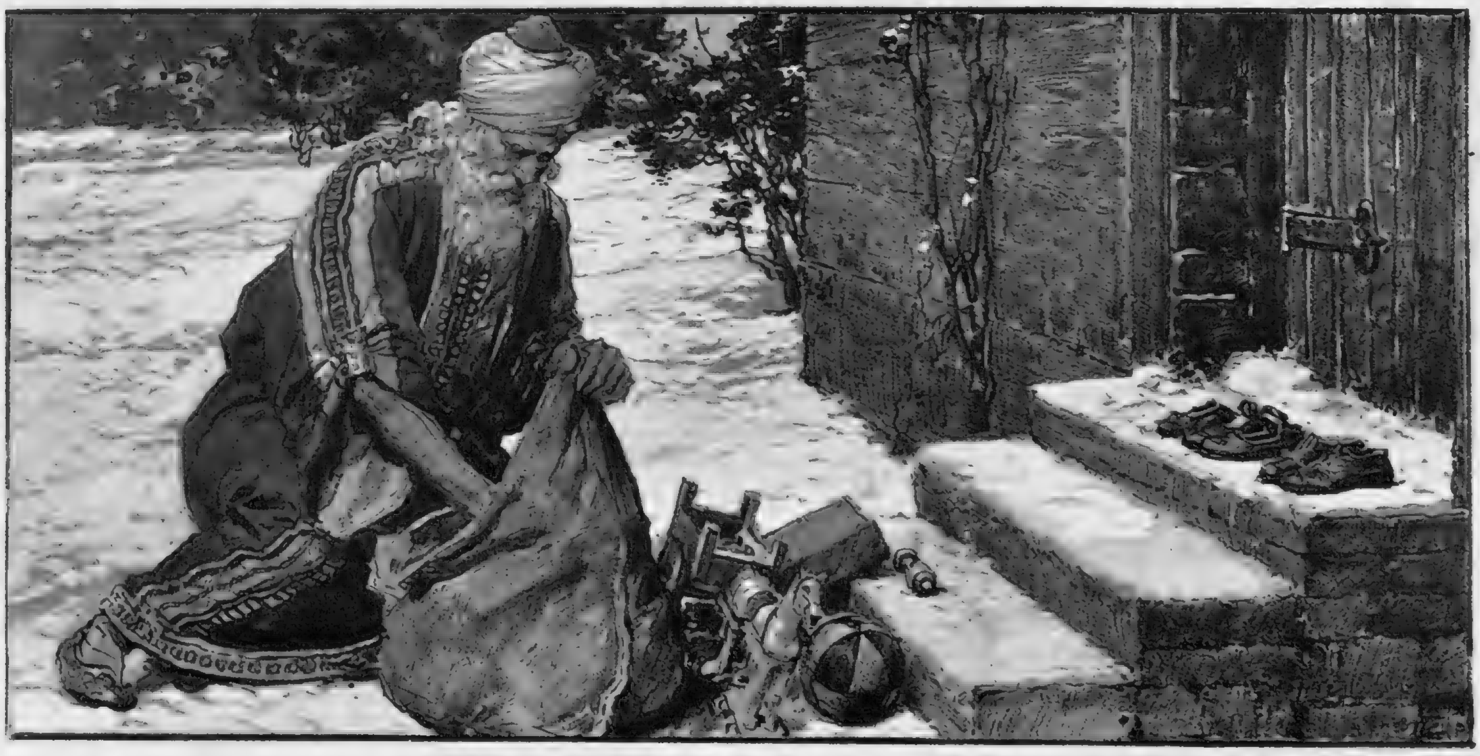
From his earliest youth, Nicholas was a giver of gifts—not only to his co-religionists, but to the needy of all communions. One of the earliest tales told of him—and history of this date consists largely of legend and fact so intermingled that to exclude one tale and not another is an impossibility to an open mind—is that of the three poor maidens.

These were the three daughters of an impoverished aristocrat. Their faces were the only fortunes they possessed. But the Greeks of the fifth century were more interested in drachmae than features, and there remained to these girls no choice save to join the tragic ranks of the *hetairai*, the public women of the country.

It was not until the advent of the Empress Theodora, wife of Justinian the Lawgiver, that Poverty and Virtue were allowed to subsist together in womankind. And the great reformation was accomplished only because Theodora herself had risen to the Purple from the ranks of the *hetairai*. Nicholas heard of the hapless fate in store for the three maidens of his native Patras. One night, he took a bag of gold and flung it through the open window of the old man's house. He left as silently and swiftly as he had come.



With an ability that only divine beings can have, he drops in every chimney-pot the amount of presents allotted to the varying groups of sleeping children



The wise man, who filled not the stockings but the shoes of children with his gifts

The chink of coin awoke the old man. The bag had burst. Gold pieces strewed the floor. He roused his daughters, and they all stood round gazing at it enthralled until the dawn convinced them it was real—not dream-gold.

A young man heard of the good fortune and made his suit for the eldest daughter. The gold was given her for dowry, she married, she was happy.

But the other two sisters were no better off. For them, too, there remained the bitter alternatives: death or dishonour; dishonour not only of themselves and their family but of their faith, for they were Christians.

But again Nicholas came to the rescue, secretly as before. Another bag of gold so enhanced the attractions of the second daughter that she married.

Though repute, always joying in miracle, especially in an age of faith, ascribed the gifts to divine intervention, the father held that it was an earthly providence who had provided such earthly gifts. Night after night he kept watch against the arrival of a third dowry in the darkness.

As he waited, he saw the shutter pushed aside, a hand appear, a bag of gold drop with a chink into the room.

He ran from the room and pursued Nicholas, not yet canonised, down the road, shouting to him to stop. Finally, gratitude lending speed to his aged limbs, he caught up with Nicholas and prostrated himself before him, but Nicholas raised him and bade him show his gratitude by keeping silence.

Nicholas was one of those figures of antiquity—to be paralleled in the Renaissance by the Borgias—to wear the Bishop's mitre in early youth. It fell about thus.

The Bishop of Myra was dead. The neighbouring prelates met in conclave to elect his successor. The favourite for the post was an aged bishop of great merit, and to this old man came a message. As he waited for his election, fasting according to ritual, he heard a voice saying that the first person bearing the name of Nicholas to cross the threshold of the church in the early morning should be elected.

The next day, a boy came to perform his devotions. The old bishop asked his name.

"Nicholas," said the boy.

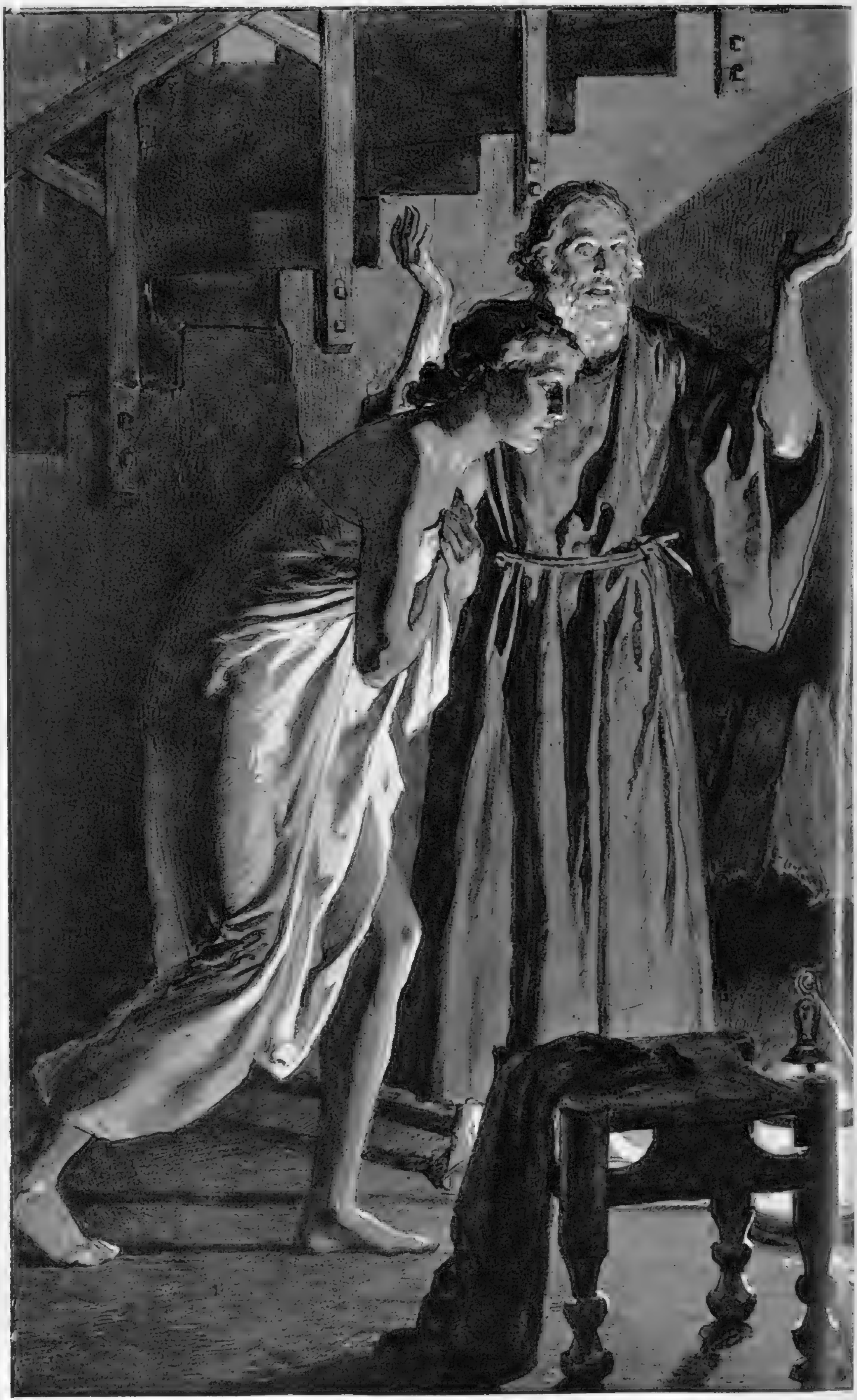
The bishop then asked him why he had risen so early to come to church.

"I do not know," said the boy. "My footsteps were led here, I know not how."

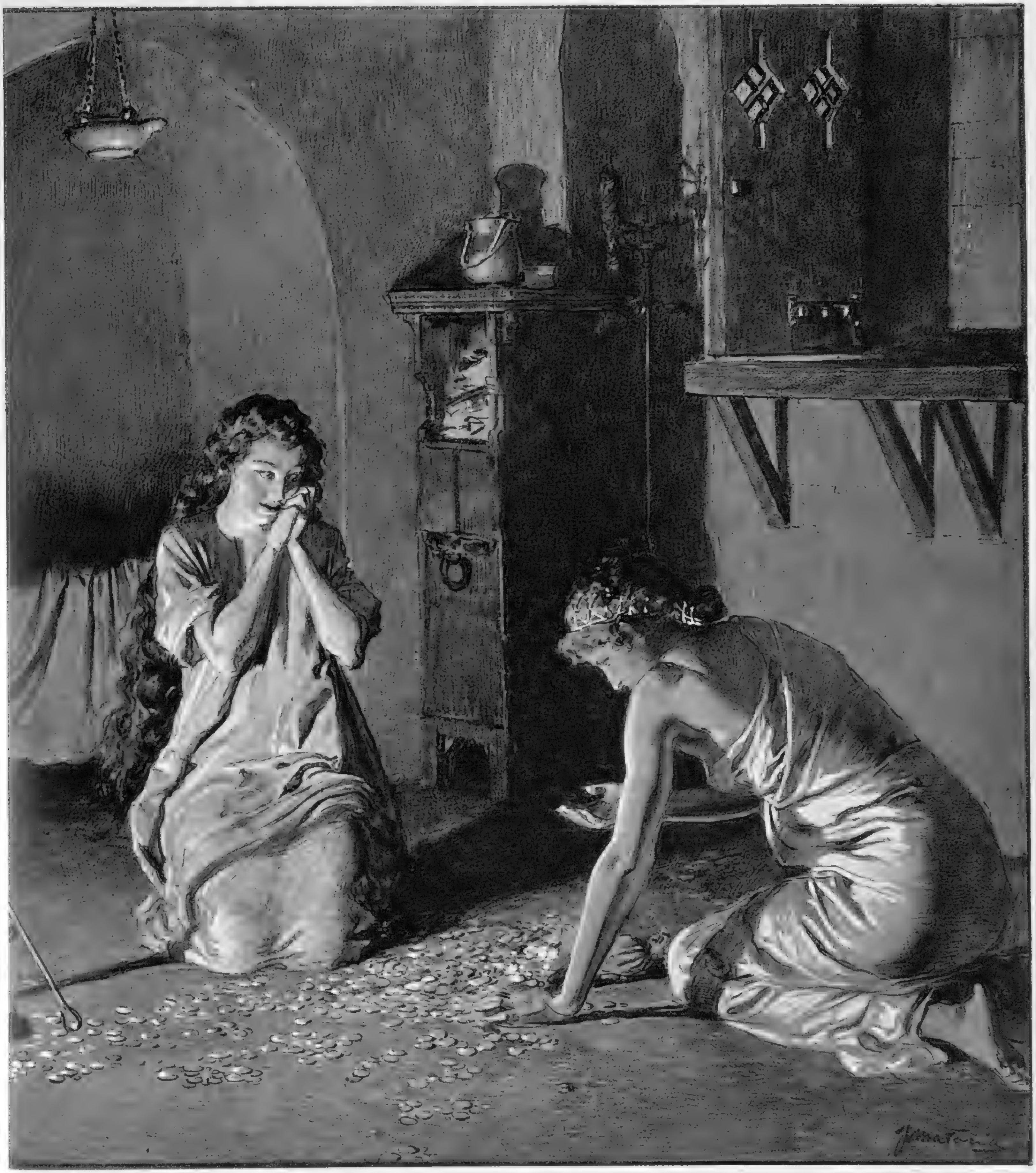
The old bishop embraced him with the kiss of Christ's Peace. "Nicholas, servant and friend of God," he said, "thou shalt be Bishop of this place."

But his bishopric brought him the lot of many early Christians—torture. The Emperor Diocletian ruled in Rome and he strove to burn Christianity out of the Empire. He succeeded, as everyone knows, merely in burning it in. Nicholas was one of his victims. He was required to sacrifice to the pagan gods. He was required to sacrifice to Divus Cæsar, the deified Emperor. He refused.

He ate the bread and drank the water of affliction at regular intervals, for as often as he was required to make the nominal sacrifice to the gods of Rome, so often did he refuse, so often did the authorities try to compel him to do so—in vain.



The chink of coin awoke the old man. The daughters, and they gazed at it enthralled,



bag had burst. Gold pieces strewed the floor. He roused his until the dawn convinced them it was real—not dream-gold

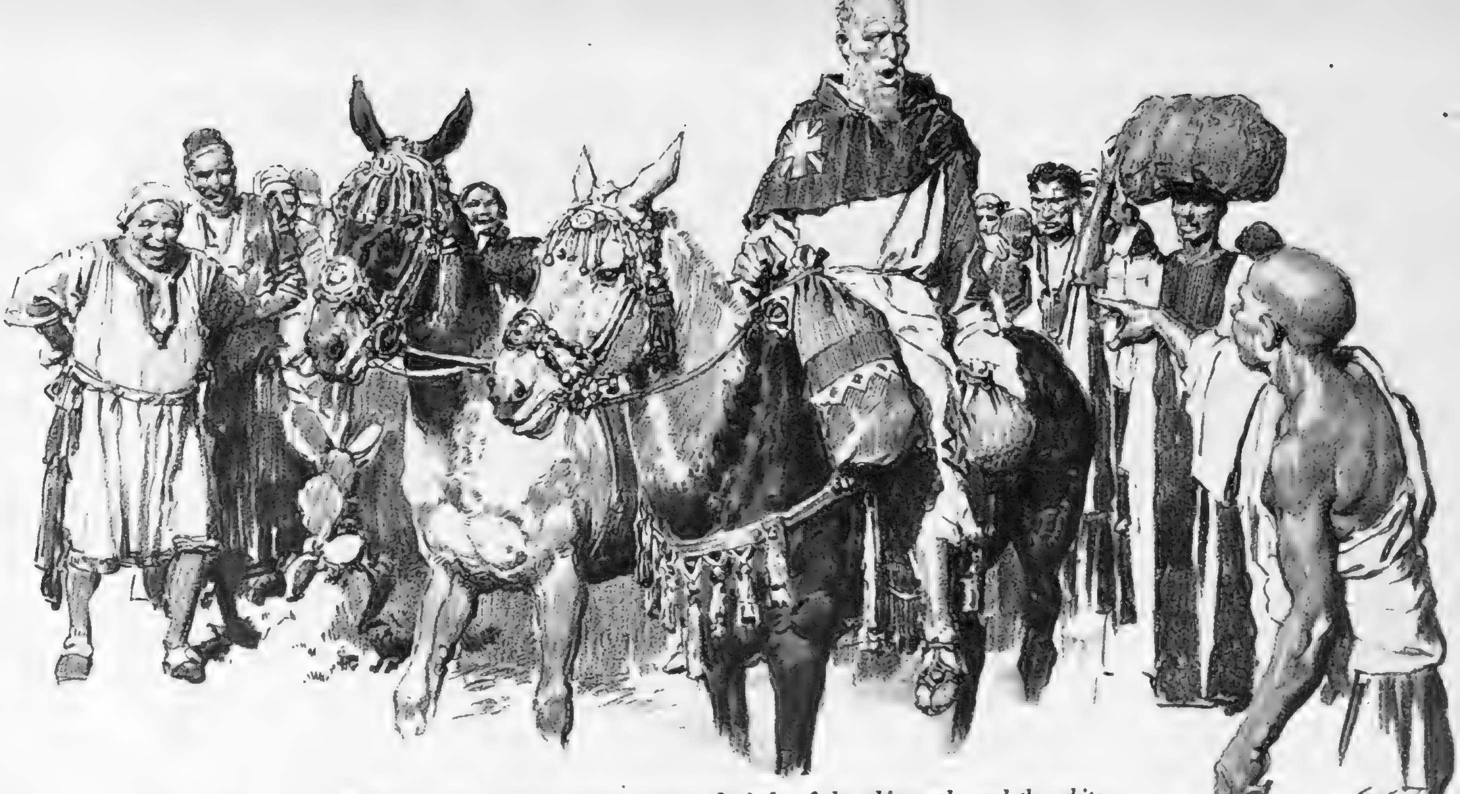
Only in 305 A.D., when Diocletian, sated with the weight of the purple and weary even of the bloodshed in which he drenched the empire, abdicated in favour of Constantine, was Nicholas set free.

THE legends that cluster about Nicholas are legion. He was, from the days of his redemption of the three maidens, regarded as The Saint Who Got Things Done.

" St. Nicholas did it," was a commonplace in Christendom.

His first miracle was performed on the day he was consecrated Bishop of Myra. A woman in the crowd was so carried away by religious fervour that she forgot her baby, left in a cauldron of warm water set on the fire. Suddenly a scream rent the sky. She remembered with horror what might, what must have happened. She poured out her agony of mind to the Bishop.

But Nicholas smiled and assured her she had no cause for alarm. The baby was safe. Followed by the crowd, the



The head of the black mule was put on the body of the white mule and the white on the black—matter at once for ridicule among the cynical bishops

woman returned to her home, to find her child unscathed, unscalded, playing happily with the bubbles in his boiling bath.

The most famous of his miracles took place at an inn, where the taverner had slain three men and, to destroy the traces of his crime, had hewn them in pieces. Nicholas intervened—and restored them all to life.

A third tale of his miraculous power is told of a certain Christian who borrowed money from a Jew—the inevitable setting for a legend. He swore by St. Nicholas to restore it. When the time came for the redemption of his bond, he swore he had already paid his debt.

The Jew expostulated in vain. However, he said that if the Christian should swear by St. Nicholas that he had paid his debt, he, the Jew, would be satisfied. He well knew that none dare swear falsely by so puissant a saint.

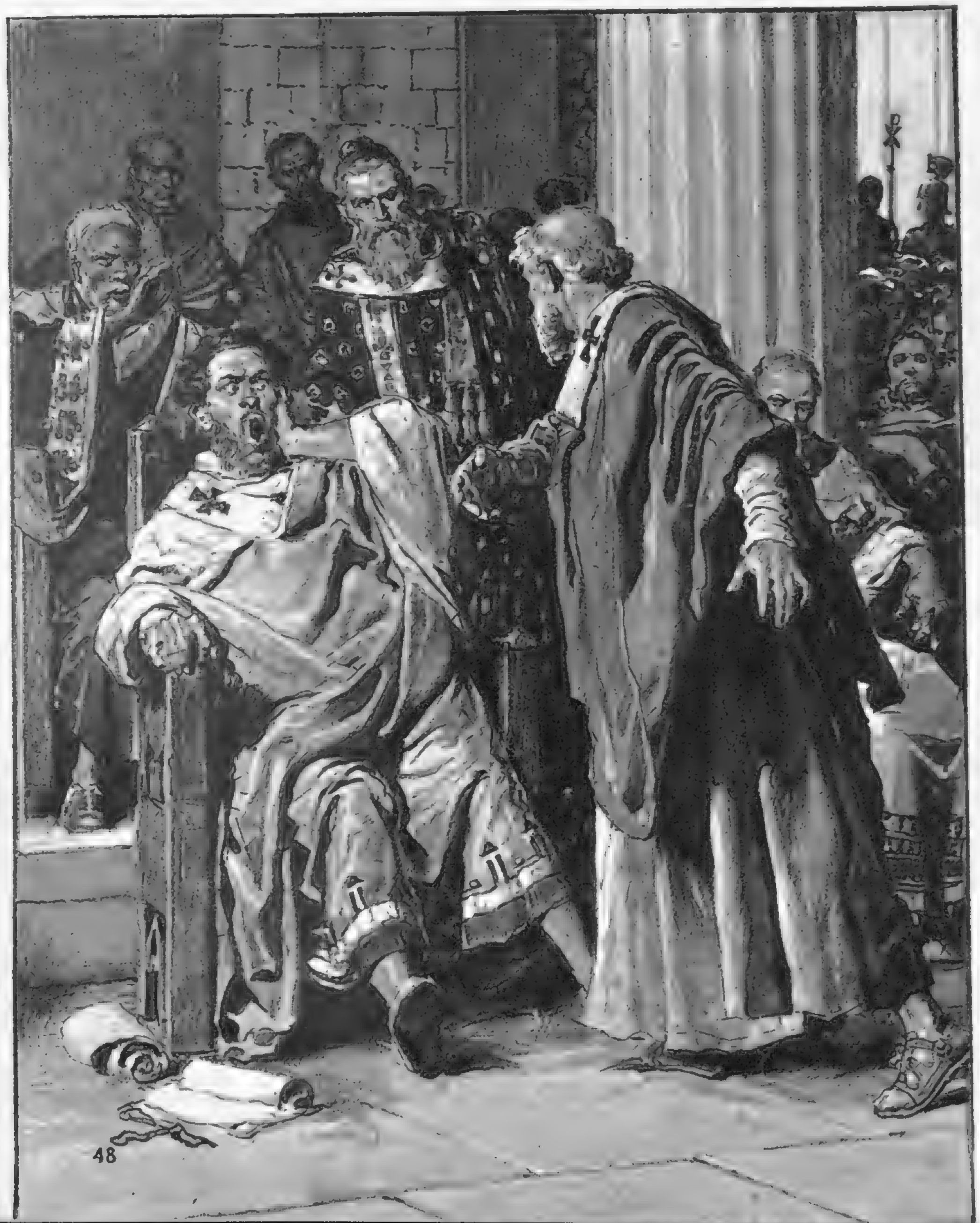
The Christian soon returned and said he was prepared to take the required oath. He handed his staff to the Jew and swore that he was quit of his bond, that he had handed to the Jew every sesterce that he owed him. He took back his staff and went on his way, leaving the Jew aghast that a Christian should be not only so perfidious but so bold.

But, as the Christian went, he was run over. The wheel of the cart crushed the staff—a hollow cane filled with gold pieces to the exact tally of his debt. He had, in sooth, handed to the Jew every sesterce he owed!

But the story does not end there. St. Nicholas intervened. He restored the Christian to life and bade him not only by a trick, but in good earnest, pay his debt. And the Jew, impressed by the miracle, accepted the Faith.

Nicholas was a jesting saint. Once he entertained a wealthy Nabob from the East and sat him down to a bare table. When the guest enquired for the servants, Nicholas smiled, clapped his hands, and a banquet appeared miraculously upon his board.

The Nabob, returning the hospitality, constructed a hidden table in the wall. He told his servants that when he should clap his hands, this should be pushed into the room. No Christian bishop should outdo him in ingenuity.



Nicholas, unable to roar down his adversary, went over to him and smote him on the ear

Unhappily for his plan, Nicholas struck the servants momentarily deaf, so that they did not hear the Nabob's order. Whereupon Nicholas himself went to the wall and produced the hidden fare.

This, then, is the third ancestor of Santa Claus, this jesting, laughing, kindly Bishop of Myra.

He went to attend the Council of Nicea, at which the Mystery of the Trinity was established for the Western world in the formula of the Athanasian Creed.

To that Council also went the Bishop Spyridian, driving his famous team of mules, one black and one white, a matter for jest among his fellow prelates, many of whom were distinguished less for their Christian charity than for their malice.

A group of them caught up Spyridian at a wayside inn, and would fain delay him lest his influence mar their dubious authority. During the night, therefore, they stole into the stable and slew Spyridian's transport by decapitation.

But the following day there was another miracle. The beasts were restored to life—but the head of the black mule was put on the body of the white mule and the white on the black—matter at once for ridicule among the cynical bishops: matter for wonder and awe among the people who could not, if they would, deny the evidence of miracle.

At the Council itself, Nicholas created a sensation. Arius, a choleric, burly bishop, was defending the Arian heresy against the Athanasians, among whom Nicholas was prominent.

Arius's tactic in debate was to give an opponent no opportunity to answer him. He roared and thundered, interrupting period after period. Nicholas, the gentle-voiced, unable to roar down his adversary, went over to him and smote him on the ear—for all that the Council was held in the august presence of Constantine Imperator.

The outburst was natural—and effective. But it is said that as penalty Nicholas was temporarily deprived of his mitre. It has, however, endeared him almost personally to millions of devotees, also oppressed by brutality and overbearing, to thousands of schoolboys writhing under the verbal stultification of an intolerant and voluble dominie.

Santa Claus, in his modern form, is a composite. Like many such products, he was " made in America," the melting-pot of the modern world.

The pagan sailors, harrying the coasts, took to the Americas the legend of Odin. The Christian sailors bore in their painted ships a painted icon of their patron, before which burned an undying lamp. The old legend, explaining every kindly miracle, especially those connected with inexplicable gifts, with the phrase " St. Nicholas did it," persisted.

When Protestantism rose like a rock in the North, a bleak rock its arid surface supporting no pabulum to support the existence of saints, Nicholas also came under the ban. Only the Godhead had the power of miracle, they said. Only the Christ-Child was the giver of good.

Luther might storm in the Germanies and John Knox thunder from his presbyter's place, but the Babe, the Christ-Child, was not acceptable *by* children as the prototype of a giver of gifts *to* children.

Those tiny mites scorned one of their own as a donor. They were themselves children: they well knew children had no gifts to give, not even the Holy Child. And the laughter of a million children turned to futility the anathemas of the Protestant iconoclasts.

And to-day? Santa Claus comes from America: Russian in dress, with his huge snow-boots; Laplander by his team of reindeer galloping on the night. He is Odin, the wise man, who filled not the stockings but the shoes of children with his gifts. He is, by his white beard, Melchior, who laid his tribute to Christmas's Founder on Christmas Day; he is Nicholas, the jocund bishop, full of pranks and kindly miracle, brought by the sailors of France and Spain.

There is in him, too, a touch of the one eternal figure of lay legend: Father Time, with a happier hour-glass in his hands. For he, like Time, was and is and ever shall be. Unlike Time, he is joy, not sorrow.

Russian by dress, Lapp by transport, Norse-cum-Orient-cum-Greek by composite race, he is Dutch by name: Sinter Klaas, so easily corrupted to Santa Claus.

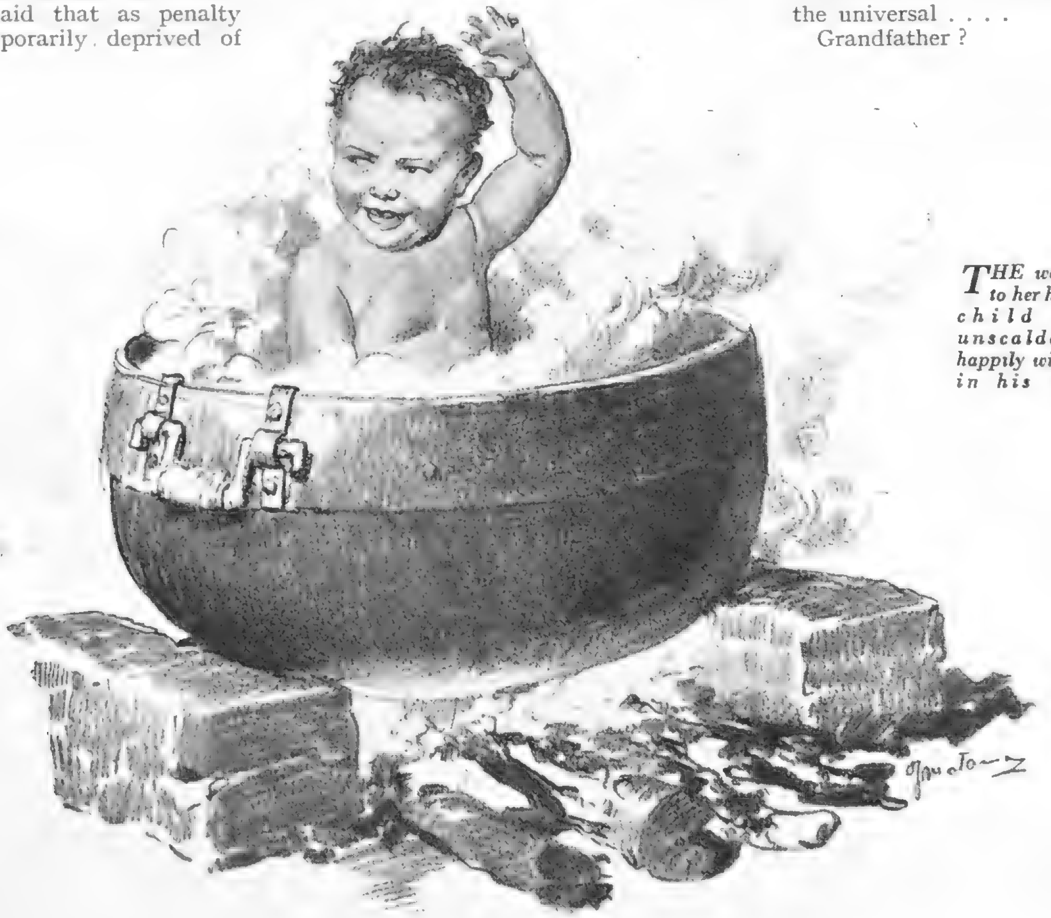
But though these may be the origins historical of this beloved figure, reaching back for a Christian emblem to a time before Christmas Day was known, is there no human explanation, no psychological origin for this legendary being so universally adored?

I have searched record after record, and in the face of so much accumulated wisdom, am almost hesitant to advance my own opinion. Yet of all those who have written, doctrinally or devotionally of Nicholas; mythologically or academically of Odin; historically or geographically of Melchior; treating the modern Santa as a product of composite or comparative religion, there is not one who has, apparently, hit on what I am convinced is the real, human, psychological explanation of the form this being takes.

Is not Santa—I advance the thought with all diffidence—not only Odin or Nicholas but something more universal? Something that transcends in affection for childhood, even parenthood? Something that exists in every family as a beloved jest, a tender source of gifts? Something that existed before Odin was evolved from the misty mid-regions of race-consciousness?

Is, when all is said and done, Santa Clause, Father Christmas, not the incarnation—it is not too strong a word—of the universal . . . .

Grandfather?



THE woman returned to her home, to find her child unscathed, unscalded, playing happily with the bubbles in his boiling bath

If the simplicity of modern schemes appeals to you, yet you would like to avoid austerity, study the room pictured on the left

A Furnishing Consultation

This admits you to a conference between one who is about to assemble a new home and . . .

Winifred Lewis

MEET Mrs. "A." She lives in one of London's nicest suburbs. You couldn't call her rich—she'd be the first to deny it—on the other hand, she isn't poor.

She has her fingers firmly on the reins of her own household. She's capable. She has taste. She knows what she wants, but she's not so sure of herself when it comes to getting it.

She and her husband have an attractive little house. It has suited them exactly since their marriage, but now they want to expand. They have more money. They need extra bedrooms. Mr. "A" fancies a study of his own, and together they plan to make room for a brother for their small daughter.

It's not an imposing house they want, but beautiful in a small way. "We shall live in it for the rest of our lives, perhaps, so we want to be sure we'll like it in fifteen years as much as we do to-day."

Well, that's Mrs. "A," and here's a consultation we had together:

MRS. "A": We're spending a lot of money on this house. We don't want to waste a penny of it; on the other hand, we intend to spend generously where it seems wise.

MYSELF: That's a sensible start, anyway.

MRS. "A": Tell me, shall we have an architect or go to a builder? You see, we know *exactly* what we want. We've been studying houses, and we've collected all the nicest features of each. It's simply a matter of getting someone to put them together, as it were.

MYSELF: Go to an architect, unless you have great confidence in your builder. Even then, remember that an architect is in a position to bargain for estimates. He'll probably save his own fees in this way, and you still have the advantage of expert supervision in every stage of construction. Only an expert can judge the quality of the materials that are put into your house.

MRS. "A": I suppose so, but if I employ an architect, I'm afraid of getting what *he* wants and not what I want.

MYSELF: Not if you *really* know what you want. An architect's job is to give his clients what they ask for. If he fails, it's often because they change their minds so much that at last he's obliged to strike a

Landings CAN *be made attractive. The arches lend architectural interest to this landing and thus simplify the problem of decorating. A carved wood radiator cover occupies the recess on the left* line of his own. But that won't happen to you.

Mrs. "A": I want the house to be modern, but I hate eccentricity. I'm afraid of architectural features which may tie me down in decorating. We shall be living there a long time, and I shall want some changes. Is that asking too much, do you think?

Myself: No. Modern design isn't eccentric any more. That was just a phase. Your house can be simple without being austere. Good designers know the difference.

Simplicity of background will enable you to vary decorative schemes from time to time. A house should have character, but not so definite that you cannot remould it to your taste.

Mrs. "A": That's what I want. A pliable house: a house with character that will change its character when I wish.

Myself: Easy. Keep the design simple. Rely on a charming window, a well-balanced recess for architectural interest. Steer away from dramatic effects—they pall after a while—and have comfort always first in your mind.

Mrs. "A": Well, of course.

Myself: People don't, you know. They strive for effect and often sacrifice comfort. The same applies to furniture.

Mrs. "A": I shall need a lot of new furniture, but I'm in doubt again about that. I want modern designs. I like clean lines and woods that rely on quality for beauty, but I don't want a modern room. Do you understand?

Myself: Yes, perfectly. Choose the furniture you like and soften the effect with lovely fabrics. Period designs, if you wish. Introduce a period piece here and there. Avoid eccentric colour combinations—you can do it without sacrificing originality—and choose pictures and accessories with the same end in view.

Mrs. "A": I want every corner of the house to be comfortable. I hate cheerless halls and ugly landings.

Myself: Simple enough, if they are architecturally interesting. Have them well lit. Good lighting can make the dimmest corridor interesting, and costs less if done at the time of building. They'll have windows. An unusual window is a great asset on a landing or in an entrance hall.

And get your architect to design some interesting doors.

Mrs. "A": I want a comfortable bathroom and attractive, too. Small bathrooms seldom are.

Myself: Put the bath into a tiled recess. It keeps off draughts. Fit a shower overhead and a glass screen. Heat the room with a radiator and cover the floor with cork. It's warm.

Mrs. "A": There are going to be cupboards and shelves everywhere in the kitchen. A teak sink and a fitted cabinet. Have I forgotten anything?

Myself.—Yes. Don't have shelves. They collect dust. Be careful about cupboards. It's possible to have too many, and unless they are easily "get-at-able" they can be a nuisance.

Mrs. "A": Shall I have different colour schemes throughout the house?

Myself: Yes; but keep the backgrounds similar. The house takes a more restful tone if contrasts are not too sharp.

Mrs. "A": It's a responsibility spending so much money.

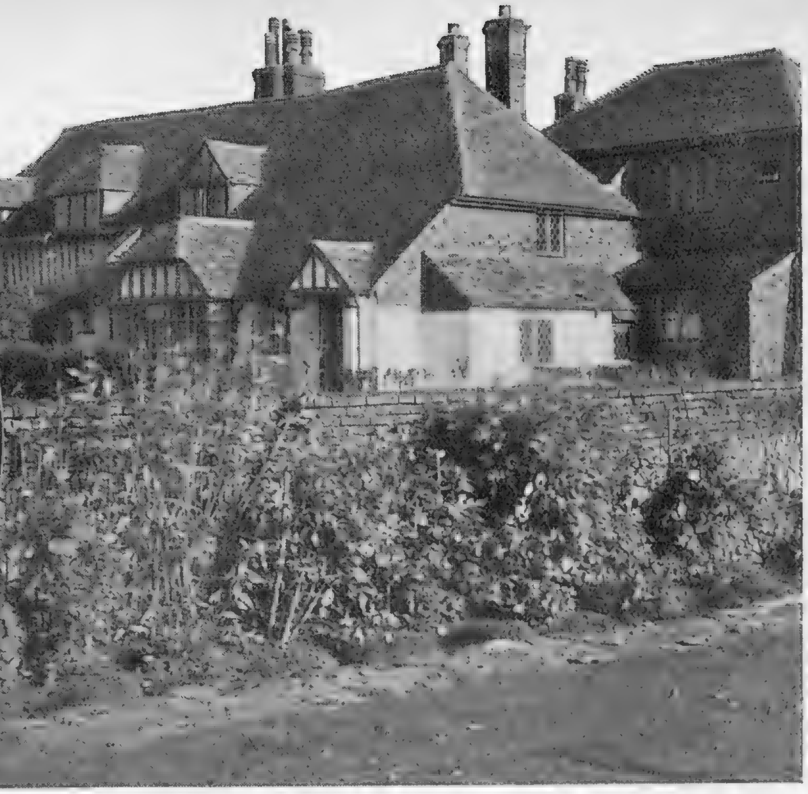
Myself: Don't worry. Begin with a clear plan of what you want. Make every choice with a view to the things it has to live with. Your house will be a success if you bear this in mind.

Venetian blinds are back, bringing with them full marks for practicability. They keep out the sun without excluding air, and, painted in colour, they're attractive

The smallest bathrooms are luxurious now. Here you see the bath set into a tiled recess. It is compact, and you can take a shower behind the glass screen without swamping the house

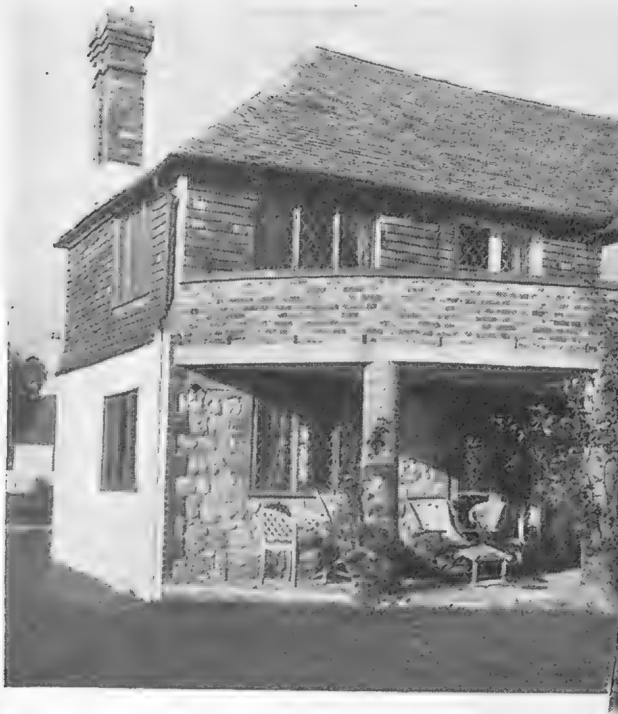
A playroom or nursery costs very little in the modern villa. These built-in cupboards are painted yellow. The walls are cream and the room has a washable black dado. Effective

NOEL COWARD faces the camera with two favourite dogs: Drake, a red setter: and Coco, a dachshund

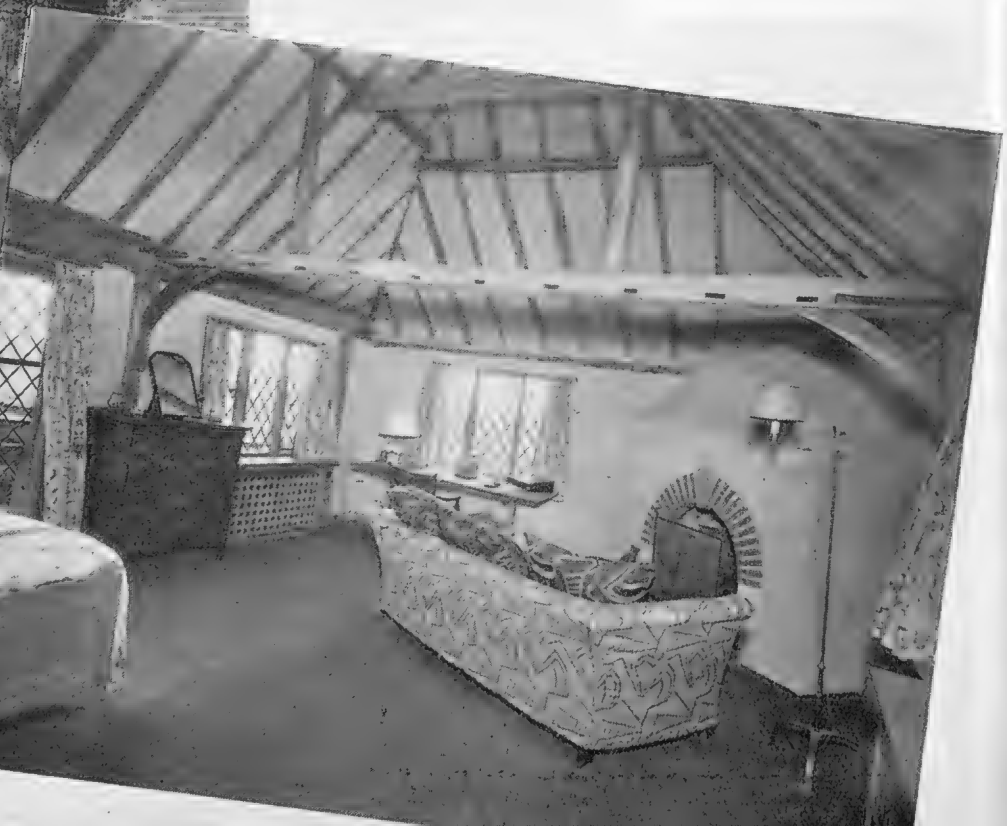


Other People's Houses

Goldenhurst Farm, Alding- home of smugglers and now Noel Coward, Britain's wright - composer - producer -

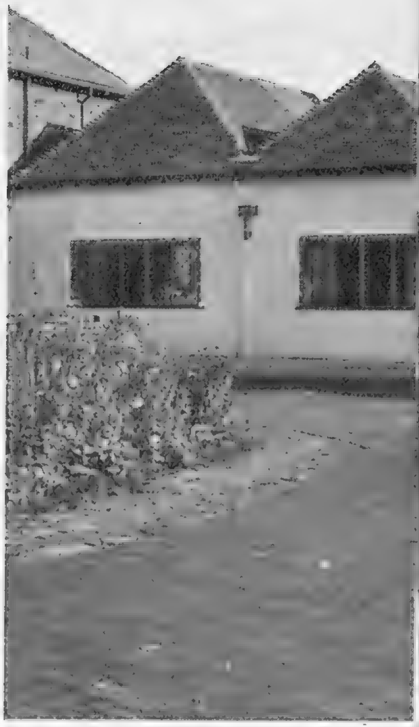


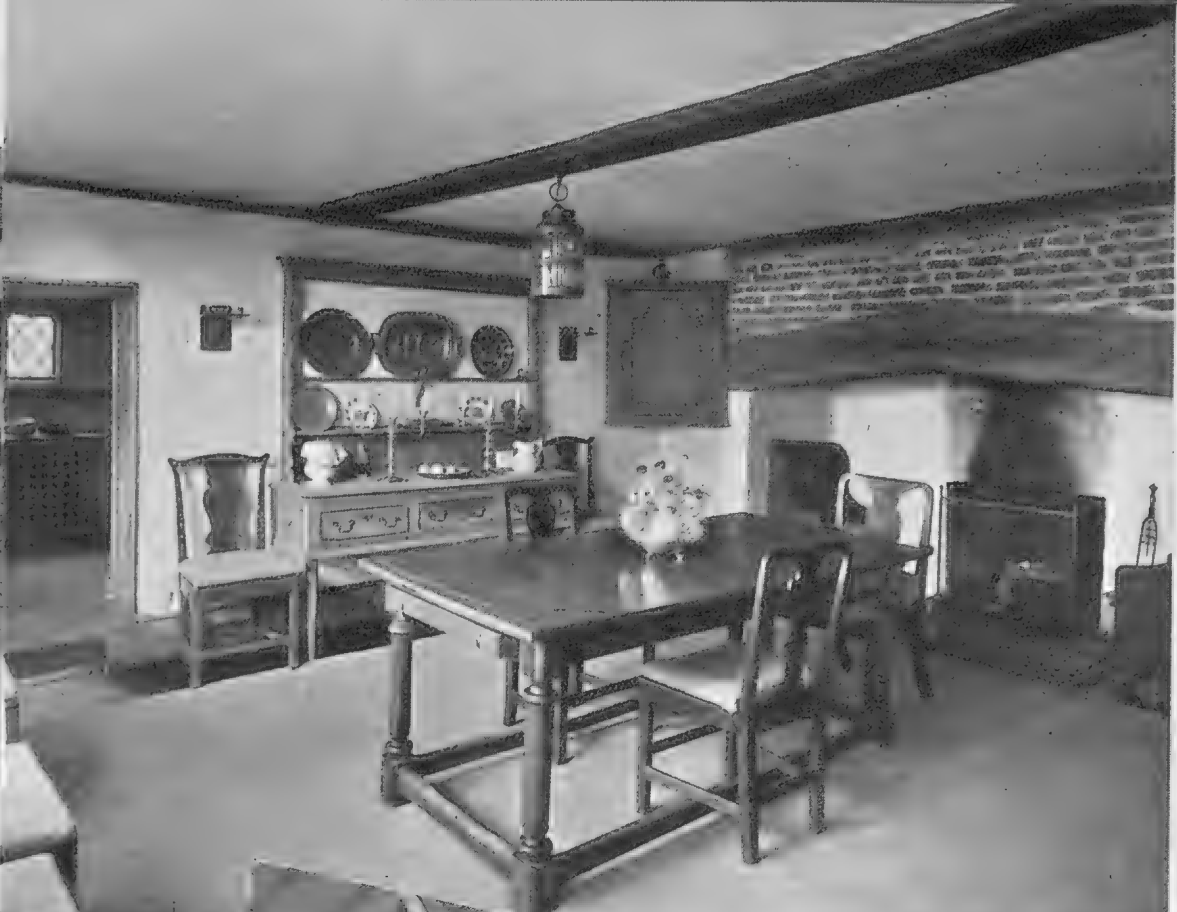
THE sun porch, in which many informal meals are eaten, is, in the summer, gay with rambler roses. Leaded French windows lead from Noel Coward's bedroom to the balcony above



Right :

A CHARMING corner of the owner's bedroom, which has windows on three sides looking over hundreds of acres of marshland to the sea. A canopied bed, a luxurious settee, a lovely tallboy and a business-like table equipped with writing materials and books are the characteristic furnishings of this room





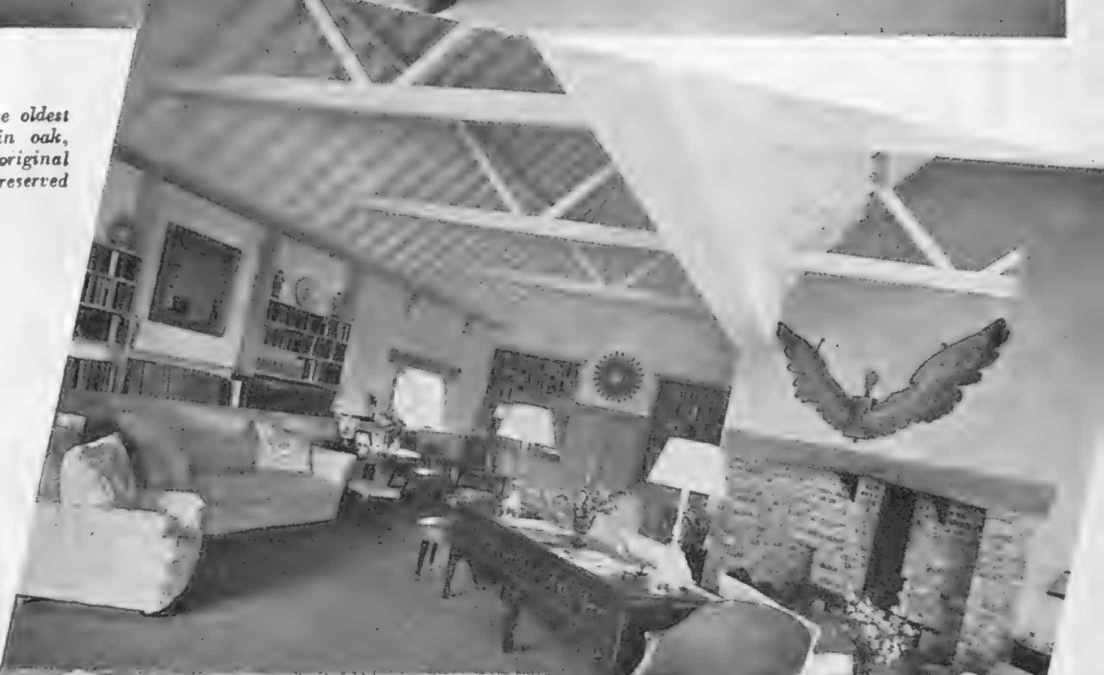
A GENERAL view of the 16th-century farmhouse, to which new wings have been added from time to time. The grounds boast a tennis court, croquet lawn, lily pool, orchards and a delightful lavender walk

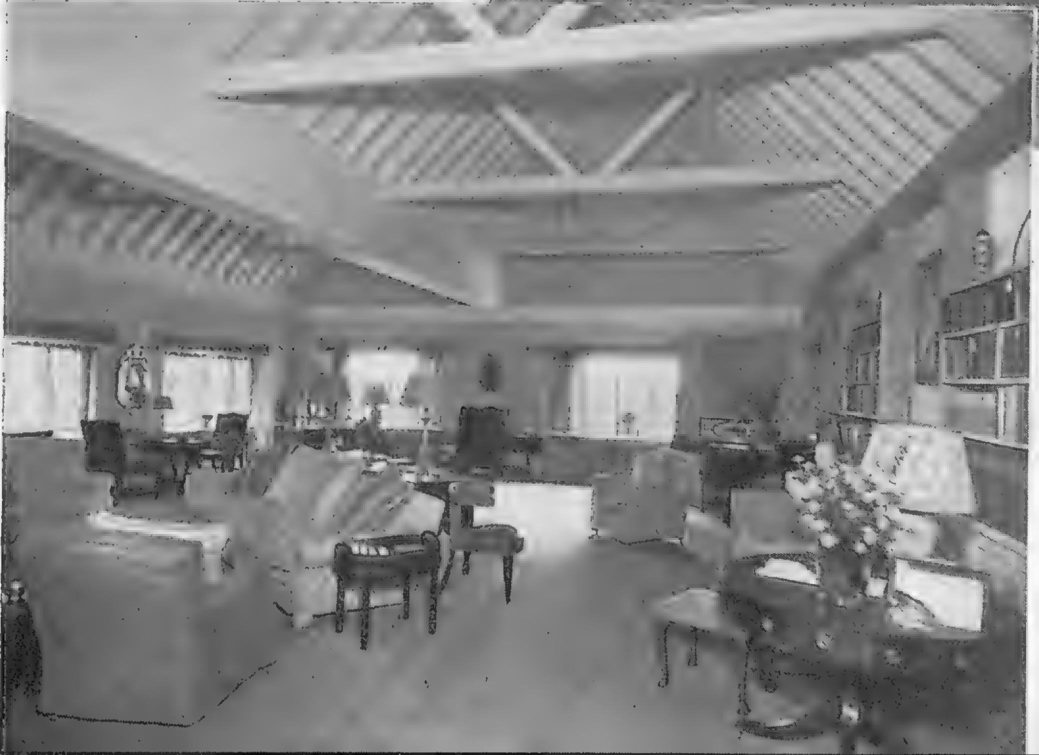
Above Right :

THE dining-room, which is in the oldest part of the house, is furnished in oak, and an interesting feature is the original baking oven which has been carefully preserved

ton, Kent, once the
the country retreat of
most versatile play-
actor - manager

Photographed for
"Britannia and Eve"
By "Sasha"





Above :

THE studio living-room, a converted garage which joins the old building and the new, has walls of natural rough-cast stone and a high ceiling with whitewashed rafters. The gilt spread eagle's wings over the fireplace came originally from Hurstminster Castle. Noel Coward calls them "The Flight of Time"

Left :

ANOTHER view of the studio which, with its comfortable, deep-seated armchairs and settees, booklined walls, two grand pianos and general atmosphere of warmth and comfort, has undoubtedly been "designed for living in"

This landing, in a Queen Anne house, was once full of dark corners, but the shadows have been banished by concealed lighting

A beautiful way of utilising a Georgian structural feature is seen in this entrance hall in a Mayfair flat, where lamps are concealed behind glass panels in the soffit of the arched recess, which is backed with looking-glass

Lamps hidden above a doorway architrave and in a square recess backed with looking-glass illuminate this entrance hall in a London house which has recently been modernised

Ideas *for* Lighting *the* Entrance Hall

Dark corners, and landings too, respond effectively to clever built-in lighting

By Baseden Butt

FEW things are more depressing or more uninviting than a badly lit entrance hall, while a dark staircase or first-floor landing can be not only gloomy in appearance but positively dangerous.

It is, of course, easy to install additional occasional lamps, which may be either pendants, wall-brackets or small table standards, wherever they are needed, and for a dark staircase or a half-landing it is an excellent plan to have a pendant or a wall-light placed so that it illuminates the stairs too. If controlled by a two-way switch, this enables the lamp to be turned on and off from either the head or the foot of the staircase.

But the science of lighting has made such immense strides recently that there are now several alternatives to the ordinary wall-lights, and a variety of very beautiful effects is possible.

The present tendency is for lighting to be operated not only by the indirect or reflected method, but also for it to be built-in as a part of the interior architecture and decoration.

There is a widespread impression that built-in lighting is only really suitable for interiors decorated in ultra-modern style, but the truth is that it is quite as easily adapted to the Georgian or Queen Anne house. When old houses of this kind are modernised, the built-in lighting alone is often sufficient to give definite modern character (as well as comfort) without in any way affecting the period-style architecture.

The illustrations, for example, show entrance halls, a corridor and a landing in a recently modernised eighteenth century house in London.

In one case the lighting has been concealed behind glass panels in the soffit of an arched recess, and the recess itself is backed with mirror glass which also serves to reflect and diffuse the illumination.

In another example the lamps are behind opaque glass spandrels above an archway leading to the hall corridor, and additional lights are hidden behind a glass panel which has been installed above the cloak-room door. These lights illuminate the cloak-room as well as the entrance hall.

IN other instances the lighting is concealed behind dado rails and mouldings, at the top of door and window architraves, around mirrors, in niches and recesses and behind panels of opaque and rimpled glass let into the walls at appropriate points.

The landing illustrated was originally one of the darkest corners of a Queen Anne house which was built in 1712. Although charming in other ways, the house was definitely gloomy after nightfall, but modern lighting has effected a complete transformation without interfering with its Queen Anne character in the least.

On the left of the illustration, and close beside the staircase, is a long tubular strip-light hidden beneath a shallow shelf. This light is so placed that it illuminates not only the landing but the staircase too, which is just beside it.

Other lamps at the same level are concealed inside small reflectors in the angles of the walls.

Another good idea, which is particularly serviceable if it is desired to illuminate a half-landing or a dark bend in the stairs, is for a shallow recess to be made in the wall and then glazed over so that it looks like a casement window.

If orange or flame-sprayed lamps are installed behind the glass, the result, when the lights are switched on, is a wonderful illusion of sunshine streaming through the dummy window.

Luxuries that Need *not* Cost *you* Dear

IF you had a fairly small sum of money to spare, and if you could spend it on your own rooms, what would you buy? It is a game you often play in your mind, and may so easily come true.

It is fun to be sure what you would want. More than that, these days it is increasingly obvious that to have your individual background, you need not spend lavishly—*but you must have your own ideas.* There is the real pride of saying, "I found this myself...."

It is the intelligent and persistent shop sleuth who is the real patron of the arts today. It is the woman in her own home who spends that small margin on a really lovely fabric, a picture, a perfectly designed lamp, suitable flowers, interesting china.

Here are some adventures with "round about a fiver" and a demure enough stroll round the more exclusive showrooms of London, not necessarily the more expensive.

LITTLE trays, which stand on one larger tray, forming "compacts" for the after-dinner coffee, liqueur and cigarette stage

IT is worth simplifying your one particular room in going all out for the rhythm in fabrics and wood that you see here

CENTRAL heating is a delight, but often an eyesore. Here a modern designer brings the radiator beneath the window into harmony with the rest of the room

YOU can hire the best modern pictures for a sub. of ten shillings a year and 2% of their value per month, change them as your fancy dictates. One month a Paul Nash (as here) next month a Laura Knight

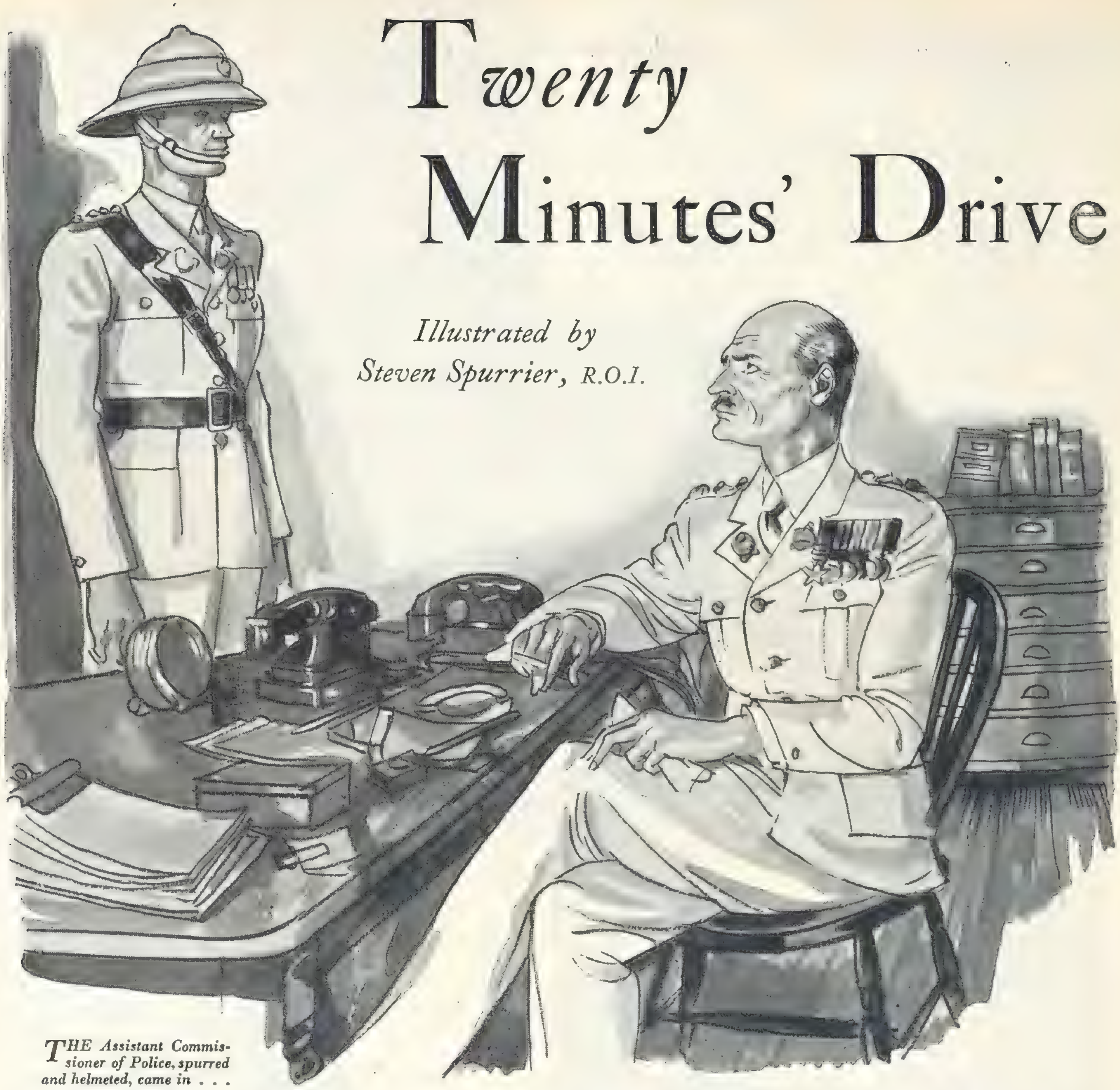
WINTER flower boxes look very expensive, but need not be. You can get them made for you for 6/6 a foot; and keeping them going is a labour of love

FURTHER particulars of anything illustrated on this page will be sent on application to the Editor, Woman's Dept., *Britannia & Eve*, 346, Strand, W.C.2. Please enclose a stamped envelope.

A *LIGHT, fluffy, cosy rug, warm as toast.... for "lying down"*

Twenty Minutes' Drive

Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



THE Assistant Commissioner of Police, spurred and helmeted, came in . . .

Breathless Suspense at Twelve Miles an Hour ! !

By Hilton Young

AT seven-four a.m. the Police Commissioner's private telephone rang loudly ; the Commissioner, in his field uniform with decorations, picked up the receiver. " Cameron speaking."

" Military Secretary here. From the railway station. His Ex's train is signalled in ; in fact, I see it coming in over the bridge now. So that's that."

" That's that. They haven't got the train anyway."

" No. Our railway friends will sleep to-night. I suppose all's well here ? "

The Commissioner's face assumed an expression familiar to those who played poker with him.

" All's well."

" Gupta ? "

" Gupta's in quod."

" You're sure of that ? I mean——"

" Of course he's in quod. Mitchen arrested him in the suburbs two hours ago. Where else would he be ? "

" I just heard a rumour. Some ass said he'd dodged them after all. But, of course, if you say so——"

" I do say so. It's all right."

" Well, then, that's O.K. Damn these state arrivals."

" Yes, damn them. But we don't get a new Governor every day."

" Thank God for that. . . . Well, train's just coming in ; I must flit. So long and keep calm."

Cameron set his telephone down. Keep calm, eh ? Easier said than done when you knew that His Excellency Lord Steeple was arriving in a few minutes to assume office ; when you knew—as even His Excellency didn't know—just how definitely his political views and utterances had marked him out for trouble ; when you knew—as nobody knew—the particularly devilish gang who were out to get him ; when you knew that if they did get him, it was your funeral and no one else's ; when you knew that within a few miles of you there was a fiend of a Bengali called Gupta who had been rounded up only two hours ago . . when you knew, worst of all, that maybe he hadn't been ; when you knew you were taking a most almighty gamble with lives, reputations, futures . . .

The door opened ; the Assistant Commissioner of Police, spurred and helmeted, came in and shut it tight behind him. He saluted with precision.

" It was true, sir. Gupta got away."

The Commissioner allowed himself the luxury of a very bad word.

" Got away ? How the hell could he ? "

" It seems Mitch had the bright idea of taking him up-country in a car. He wanted him in quod thirty miles from here. Well—he got away from the car somehow—jumped while it was going."

" Didn't they shoot ? "

" Yes. They missed. It was still pretty dark."

" How far had they got ? "

" Amalpur—about five miles."

" So it was about six ak emma ? "

" About that."

" Hell. Then he's here now. Or hereabouts."

The Assistant nodded, watching his chief anxiously. " I wouldn't like to be old Mitch," he was thinking, " and I wouldn't like to be Cameron either. He *will* try too much. This state drive ought to have been cancelled." Aloud he said :

" What about it, sir ? "

" What about what ? "

" This procession—this state drive to Government House ; hadn't we better stop it ? "

The room shook suddenly with the crash of an explosion ; involuntarily they both smiled.

" First bomb, sir ! "

" Almost worse." They both knew it was the first gun of the salute. " They've left the station. I don't see us stopping much now, brother. We've just got to get him through."

The Assistant nodded again. " You're right, sir." Suddenly he took fire from his superior's determination ; his young face flushed. " Damn it all, this Gupta's got us into a silly state. If he *is* in the city and a cartload of bombs with him, can't we hold him ? What are we for ? "

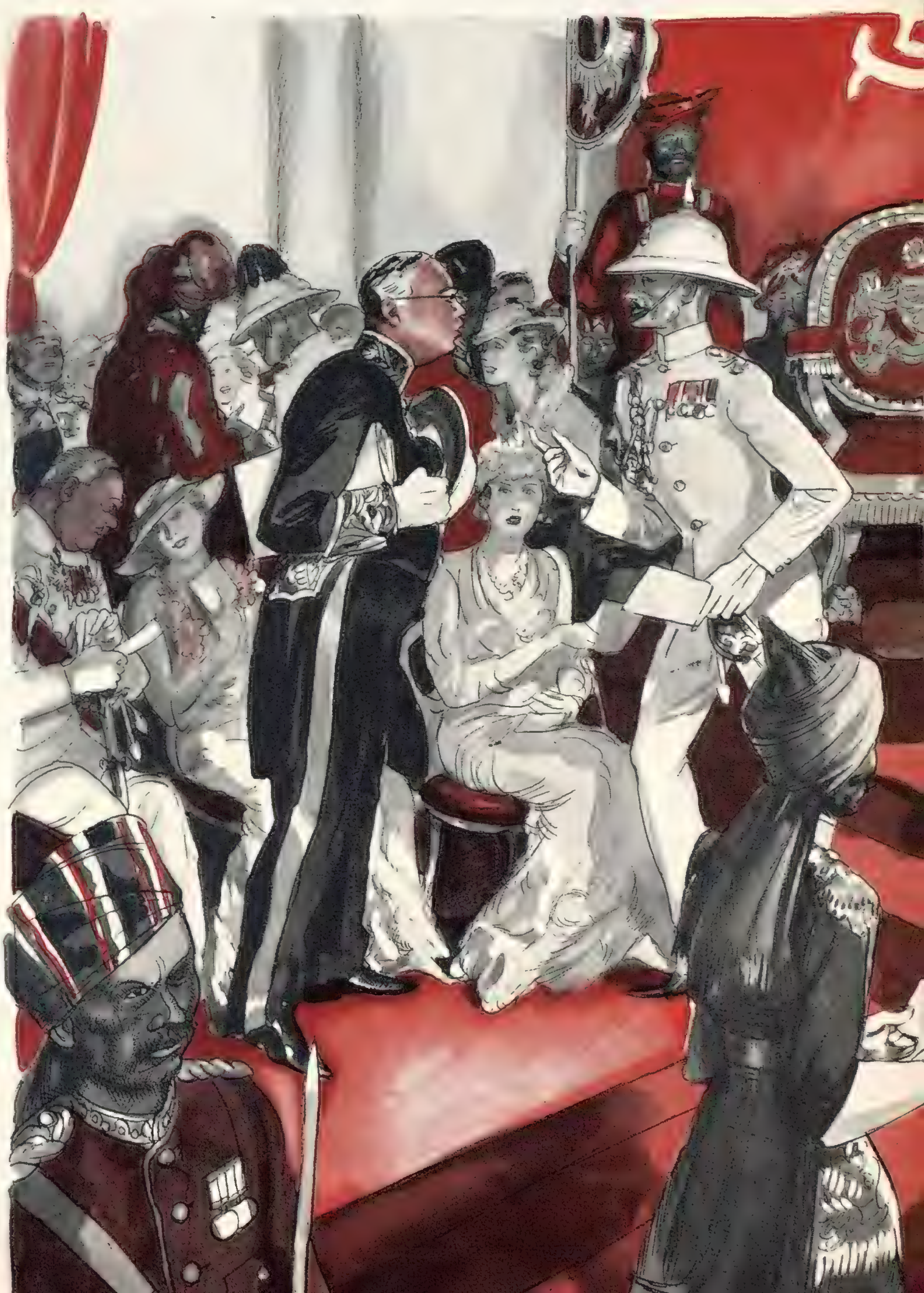
Cameron smiled his celebrated stone - and - iron smile.

" That's what we're for. Let's hope for the best. It's only a twenty-minute drive after all."

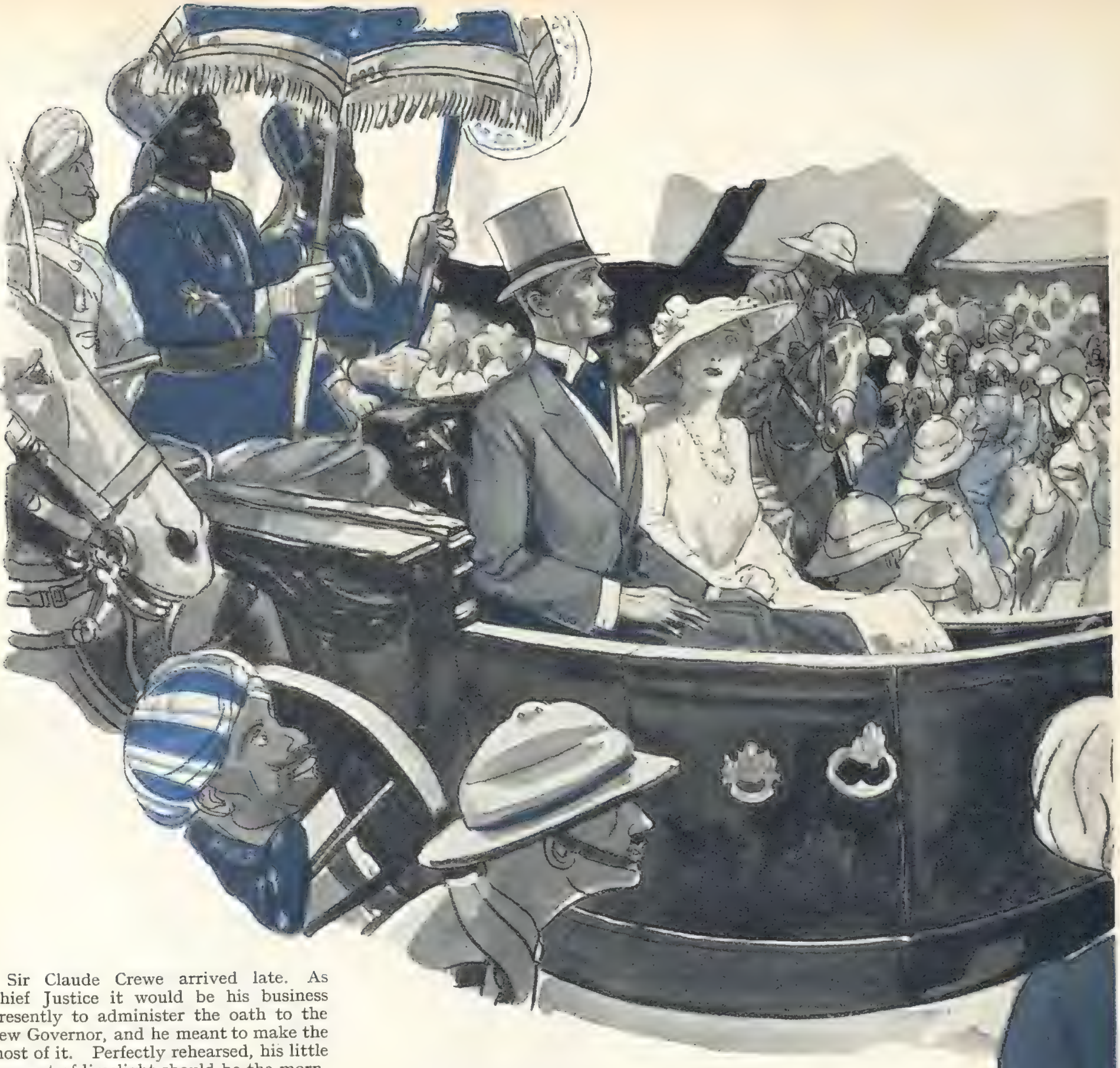
" Only ! " The Assistant's answering smile was a trifle grim. " A lot can happen in twenty minutes. Well—I'd better get down to it."

He saluted and went out. The Commissioner lit a cigarette and stroked his chin. An exciting little gamble so early in the day—too damned exciting. Twenty minutes, eh ?

AT Government House, four miles away on the banks of the river, the early morning sun shone on resplendence. The drive and the sweep of gravel outside the main steps were lined by His Excellency's bodyguard—a spectacular corps running lavishly to blues and vermilions and canary yellows. On the long verandahs on either side of the steps the household servants and peons were massed—a bevy of brilliant white picked out with scarlet belts. Four aides-de-camp in very variegated uniforms vied with one another in splendour. Inside, in the long, dim Audience Hall, the society of the city and province were ranked in descending order of precedence from the dais on which His Excellency would presently take his seat. A few were bored ; a few, at that early hour of the morning, liverish and cross ; but the majority, delighted to find themselves there at any hour at all, perked and peered like eager sparrows. Murmuring, they told one another truths, half-truths, untruths about Lord and Lady Steeple, the women glaring at their rivals' dresses, the men wondering if their best suits smelt altogether too conspicuously of naphtha.



HE was the more annoyed when the A.D.C. on duty eyed him critically from head to foot and said : " You've left your order in the car, Sir Claude "



Sir Claude Crewe arrived late. As Chief Justice it would be his business presently to administer the oath to the new Governor, and he meant to make the most of it. Perfectly rehearsed, his little moment of limelight should be the morning's success if he could manage it. He was a fussy man, as *affairé* and flustered this morning as his tall, thin wife was calm and cool. He was the more annoyed when the A.D.C. on duty eyed him critically from head to foot and said:

" You've left your order in the car, Sir Claude."

The Chief Justice clapped a hand to his breast.

" Good God! My star! And I've left it at home." He turned on his wife. " *Why* didn't you tell me? "

His wife looked at him down her long nose; she was terribly tired of him.

" I never noticed. You'll have to go back and get it."

" I can't. I can't. They won't let me through."

" Of course they'll let you through. The police know your car. They *must* let you through. You can't possibly swear in His Excellency without your star." She walked away up the steps and left him.

Sir Claude turned frantically to the A.D.C.

" My God, Kelvin, d'you think I can do it."

The A.D.C. glanced at his wrist-watch; a distant gun roared.

" That's the first gun. You've about twenty minutes according to time-table. Better let us send a car for you."

But Sir Claude wouldn't have a car sent for him.

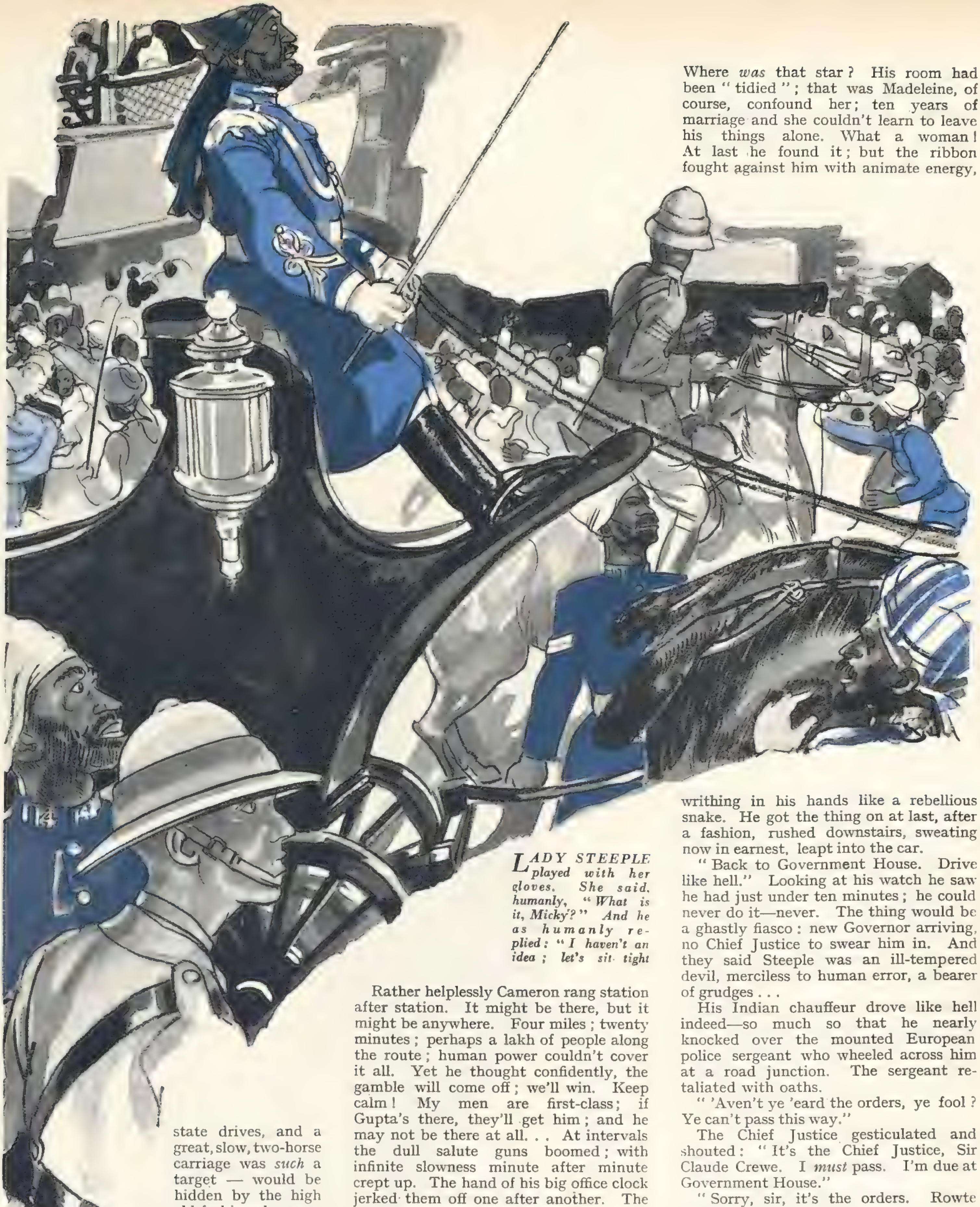
" No, no. I must go myself. What a damnable thing. Why couldn't my wife—— Get my car sent round quick, like a dear good chap. I must fly."

He fled. Twenty minutes.

IN his office Cameron, the Commissioner of Police, sat smoking cigarettes and ringing station after station. With his first cigarette he had thought, " I am this man Gupta; I am going to assassinate Lord Steeple in the course of his state drive to Government House this morning; where shall I take up my stand? " Nowhere, obviously, very far out; somewhere, obviously, where the crowd was thick and a—probably—disguised Bengali could sneak up unnoticed. Immediately the thing was done Gupta would be caught and most probably killed, but that was part of his programme; these fellows didn't care about death. The success of the deed was the only consideration that would weigh with him. Where then would he go?

There were three likely places—leaving out the railway station itself, already safely passed. One—either end of the Ripon Bridge; two—the narrow Rice Bazaar; three—the Swadeshi School. According to time-table, His Excellency would reach the Ripon Bridge in eight minutes and would take a minute to cross it. The Rice Bazaar—a plague of a place—had been cut out of the route as much as possible, but a jutting angle of it had perforce to be traversed, and the eleventh and twelfth minutes of the drive would be occupied in doing it. The Swadeshi School came on about minute number sixteen and lasted a minute and a half.

Cameron began to ring his stations. He hoped—and thought—Gupta would choose the Swadeshi School; if so, it gave them a little longer time. At the Ripon Bridge an assassin's field of fire would be bad because much of His Excellency's carriage—no cars on these infernal



LADY STEEPLE played with her gloves. She said, humanly, "What is it, Micky?" And he as humanly replied: "I haven't an idea; let's sit tight

state drives, and a great, slow, two-horse carriage was *such* a target — would be hidden by the high old-fashioned parapet. The Rice Bazaar was one long series of heaven-devised ambush points; but it was already minutely patrolled and watched, and though the place was stiff with rogues they were a fairly loyal lot; in the Rice Bazaar Gupta might be given away. But the Swadeshi School was almost ideal; it had a long, rather high compound wall by the side of the route, a perfect place from which to fire or throw; moreover, there were many in the School who would help Gupta. It might, it almost should, be there.

Rather helplessly Cameron rang station after station. It might be there, but it might be anywhere. Four miles; twenty minutes; perhaps a lakh of people along the route; human power couldn't cover it all. Yet he thought confidently, the gamble will come off; we'll win. Keep calm! My men are first-class; if Gupta's there, they'll get him; and he may not be there at all. . . At intervals the dull salute guns boomed; with infinite slowness minute after minute crept up. The hand of his big office clock jerked them off one after another. The Ripon Bridge was getting near.

SIR Claude's tyres shrieked as his huge car swung over-fast through the gate of his huge bungalow and droned to a standstill in the shade of his huge porch. Sir Claude leapt out. "Peon!" he shouted. "Boy! Boy! Peon!" But they had all gone out, curse them, to gape at the show; the house, damn them, was empty. And where exactly had that infernal star been put?

He rushed upstairs, conscious of his tight knee-breeches, conscious of perspiration breaking out under his clothes. Where *was* that star? His room had been "tidied"; that was Madeleine, of course, confound her; ten years of marriage and she couldn't learn to leave his things alone. What a woman! At last he found it; but the ribbon fought against him with animate energy, writhing in his hands like a rebellious snake. He got the thing on at last, after a fashion, rushed downstairs, sweating now in earnest, leapt into the car.

"Back to Government House. Drive like hell." Looking at his watch he saw he had just under ten minutes; he could never do it—never. The thing would be a ghastly fiasco: new Governor arriving, no Chief Justice to swear him in. And they said Steeple was an ill-tempered devil, merciless to human error, a bearer of grudges . . .

His Indian chauffeur drove like hell indeed—so much so that he nearly knocked over the mounted European police sergeant who wheeled across him at a road junction. The sergeant retaliated with oaths.

"'Aven't ye 'eard the orders, ye fool? Ye can't pass this way."

The Chief Justice gesticulated and shouted: "It's the Chief Justice, Sir Claude Crewe. I *must* pass. I'm due at Government House."

"Sorry, sir, it's the orders. Rowte clear for 'is Ex. You'll 'ave to go round."

"I can't go round, you fool. I've only eight minutes."

"Sorry, sir."

Sir Claude swore at him. "Sorry? You certainly *will* be sorry for this. I'll see to it."

The sergeant's jaw set. He had been up for hours in an uncomfortable uniform; his youngest child had kept him awake half the night; he was as liverish as anybody that morning.

"Can't 'elp it, sir. Orders."

Sir Claude shrieked at his driver to back and go round.

(*Continued on page 136*)

Melody Lingers on...

Illustration by S. Tresilian

THERE was the door bell ringing. So Lizzie Perkins, knowing what it meant, went down the staircase and opened the door herself. She had done it once a year regularly, for ten years or more.

She went down and opened the door and, after saying "Merry Christmas, dear," to the shortish old figure in front of her, spoke to the man behind. "That'll do, Johnson," she said. "Come back about ten." And then, putting her arm around the figure, when briefly their lips had met, she led it carefully up the stairs.

"I'll guide you, dear," she said.

"I'm getting frail," said the old man, clinging to her arm. "Not so young as I was, you know."

Thus, always, does Age jest about its ever-growing greyness, and its ever-waning strength.

"But you know these stairs by heart now," she jested back. And together they went up the long staircase and into the drawing-room.

"It's our Christmas Day together again," she said.

ALTHOUGH she was really Lizzie Perkins, the old man never called her that. "Signorina," he said. Years ago, an Italian dresser had used the words naturally, and it had stuck.

So Lizzie Perkins became "Signorina" to everyone when they spoke to her. On the bills and programmes, of course, she was Larola Carietti. For Lizzie Perkins would not do for that.

"Larola Carietti" had been seen on the walls of all the opera houses and concert halls in the world—from Buenos Aires to St. Petersburg and from London to Sydney.

Her hair was whitish now and her cheeks wrinkled, in spite of all those modern ways of keeping young, ways that make girls and their grandmothers look more or less alike. She looked, in fact, nearly as old as the man beside her.

Except for one break twenty years before, they had grown old together. Singer and impresario, they had lived their lives almost as one, right round the world, yes, round the world many times.

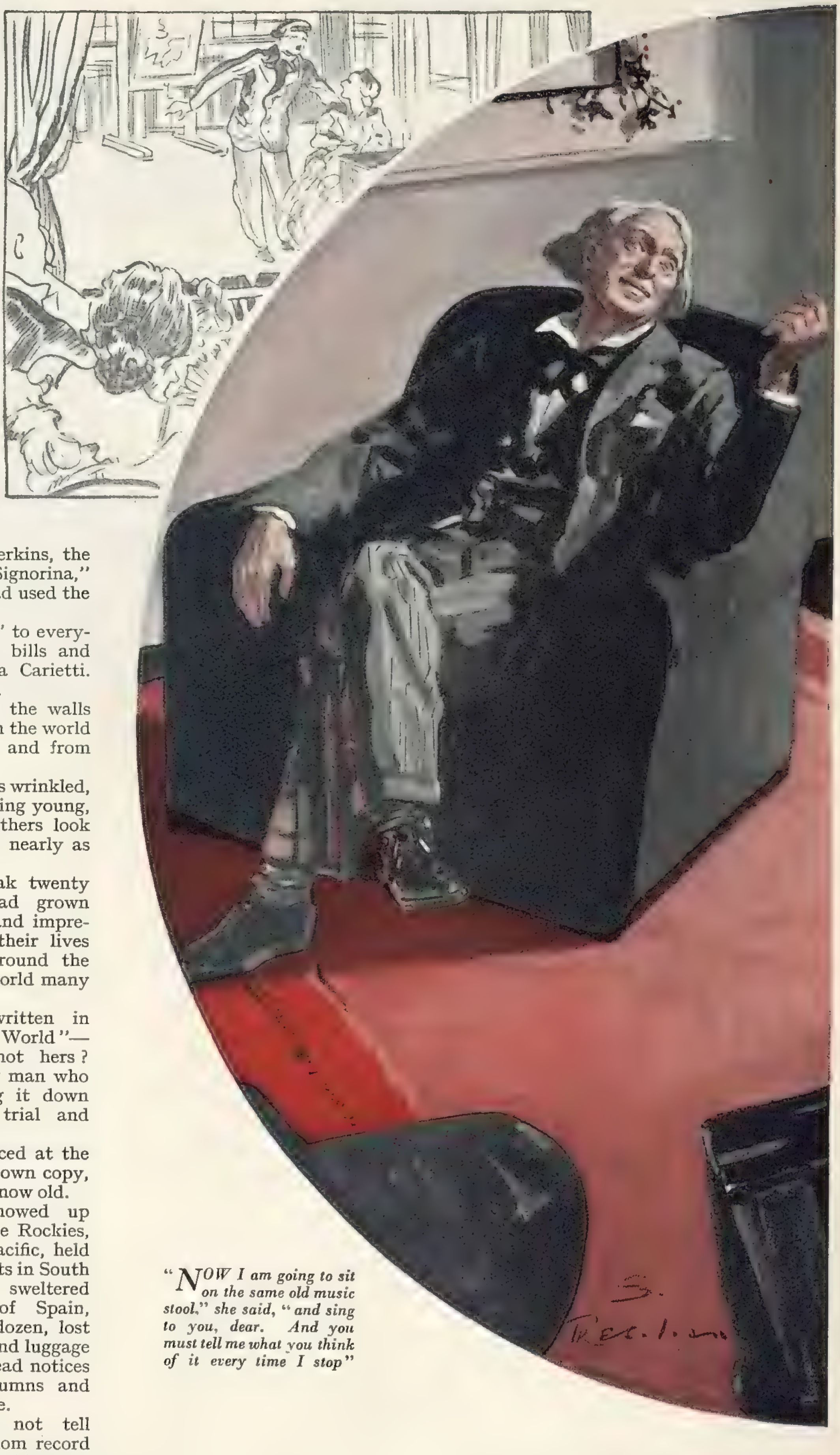
Was it not all written in Lizzie's book, "Opera World"—her book and yet not hers? For it was some young man who had written it, taking it down from her stories of trial and triumph.

Every time she glanced at the well-worn pages of her own copy, she thought of the man now old.

They had been snowed up together for days in the Rockies, wrecked once in the Pacific, held up for ransom by bandits in South America . . . They had sweltered through the heats of Spain, missed trains by the dozen, lost music and band parts and luggage a score of times, and read notices by the thousand, columns and columns of hectic praise.

But the book did not tell all. For "Lives" seldom record the incidents that would make

AROLA
RIETTI
EME



"NOW I am going to sit on the same old music stool," she said, "and sing to you, dear. And you must tell me what you think of it every time I stop"

"Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory"

By

Hannen Swaffer

them sell. It did not speak of the quarrels in which she and the old man had taken part. It spoke of their friendship, and was quite frank about how he had found her unknown and raised her to world prominence. It printed no record of how, time after time, he had knelt down and begged her to marry him.

Familiarity does not always breed contempt. Nor does it always breed familiarity.

Her book told of her retirement in spite of her manager's pleas that her voice was still good enough. It did not tell of their parting, nor of their coming together again.

But, alas, when he came back penitent because of their quarrel, he greeted her with unseeing eyes. He was blind . . . .

And then, year after year, every Christmas, he had come to visit her. No matter where she was, he always returned to her on Christmas Day.

This was a Christmas Day like all the others. For long she had been busy, making her apartment spruce and gay. Always she would describe to him the room and the decorations, where she had put the mistletoe, and how the holly adorned the pictures.

And, taking them one by one from the mantelpiece, where they were stacked, she would describe the Christmas cards and the greetings. All that would lead to story after story, of the people who had sent them. They came from all over the world, from old admirers, stage-door keepers in some of the great cities, young singers, not so young now, whom she had helped.

LIZZIE PERKINS, as such, was long forgotten, except by Lizzie. But Larola Carietti remained a memory in half the world's capitals.

"I've heard from Margaret," she said. "It's just the same sort of card. She always liked robins. We never seem to see snow nowadays, but her card always reminds us of what it used to be like."

"She's still in Hollywood, I suppose?" mutters the old man.

"Yes, my dear, and earning as much in a day as I got in a week, even at my best," answers Lizzie. "We could not make money like they do nowadays. But anyway, we did see the people. We did really sing to them. And we heard their applause."

Lizzie always spoke of the "we" when she talked of her singing. After all, it may have been *her* voice, but it was the old man's training and counsel through the years. And she never forgot.

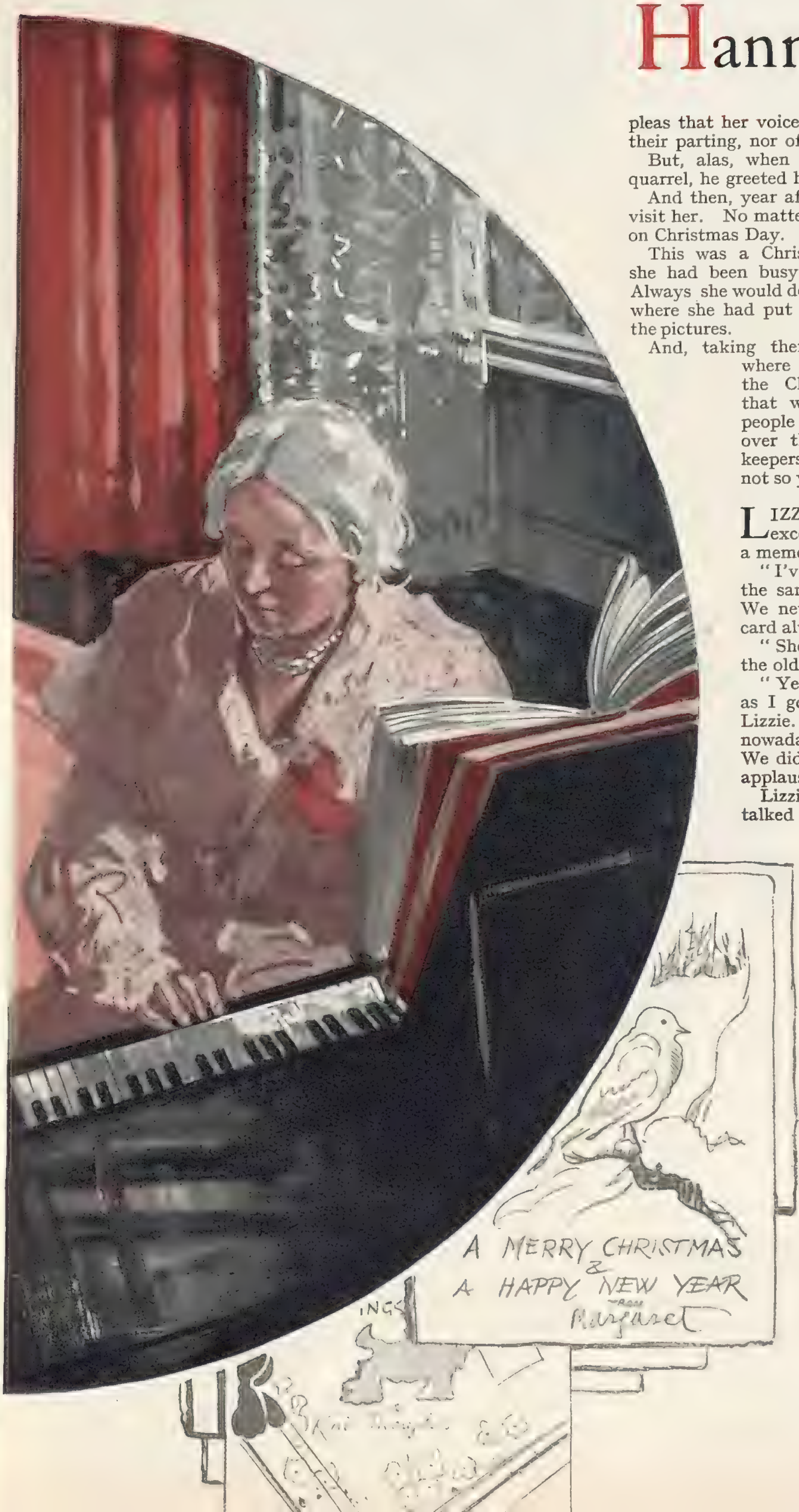
"Brown's still the stage door keeper in Sydney," went on Lizzie. "His isn't much of a card. Then, he was a funny card himself. It's a cinema now, but he's still got some sort of a job, counting the tin cans as they come in, I suppose. And to think that once he kissed Melba's hand.

"And do you know Marie's doing marvellously now."

There was nearly a tragedy in that. She remembered. So did the old man. They did not speak of it, but in both their memories there was conjured up the day on which he had rushed her to Basle, to sing by a death-bed. Her friend Marie, beautiful and talented—she still remembered when, quite young, she had been Irving's leading lady—was ill, dying, they said.

And so she had rushed off with her faithful manager to sing "Home, Sweet Home," always her last encore in the concert halls, and, old-fashioned though it seemed nowadays, hers, and Marie's, favourite song.

She remembered how, that day, she had to keep back more than ever the tears that always welled to her eyes when she sang (*Continued on page* 114)



The Widow's Cruise

A tale of Deception, Contrition, Confession and Possession

By

Princess Paul Troubetskoy

GARTH HOLMES leaned over the side of the pleasure ship s.s. *Anchusa* watching the lacy foam of her wake frothing and widening behind him while a heavy frown grooved itself between his somewhat strongly marked brows.

The sea was very blue; so was the sky. The seagulls above swooped and screamed, raucously, but as if filled with the joy of existence in the weather of a perfect world. Through the slight humming of the breeze came bursts of cheerful, human morning greetings, a girl's laughter, screams in the fun of some clattering deck game, mixed with the rattle of cups as smiling stewards handed beef tea to the idling passengers.

Of the ship's company only Garth seemed dissatisfied with his surroundings. He leaned, looking exactly what he was, a man to whom incredible success had come too early, who through easy achievement had grown, despite the sweetness of his disposition, wary and cynical.

He lighted, pulled at, and threw away cigarette after cigarette, watching each curve in its downward flight before it reached the swirling water.

"What a fool he had been!" he was thinking. "Why on earth had he allowed her to think that he would marry her?"

Yet perhaps it had been understandable. The night before there had been moonlight; velvet shadows from romantic palms cutting across flower-bordered paths; creepers, emitting a heady perfume, had touched him as he walked below with delicate, caressing tendrils. There had been the steady wash of the sea against the rocks below, from the ballroom of the hotel above the crooning of a sentimental waltz.

It had been Madeira with all the stage setting for glamorous romance!

He moved irritably. To think that with his experience he should have been carried away with it! He had, it was true, dined well, and she—she had looked so childishly pretty and appealing in her enjoyment of the gala dinner ashore. Usually her face was pale and her heavy blue eyes wistful, but, after a glass of champagne and the first dance, suddenly colour had seemed to flow into her. She became a stranger to him, imbued with a vitality which had intrigued him more than ever.

And then they had walked in the alluring garden because he had wanted suddenly to kiss her.

He admitted to himself, through his irritation, that he had half hoped that the matter might go further than a kiss. He was a man of thirty-six, and she was, after all, a widow. Experience had taught him years before what experience might mean!

And he had kissed her. It had been a most satisfactory kiss! But, instead of a widow's pliant yielding with a hint of accustomed favours, she had burst into tears, and, sobbing against his shoulder, murmured incoherently of her loneliness and the wonder of finding someone, at last, to care for her!

She had appeared almost distraught as she begged him for assurance that that unlucky kiss had meant to him all that it had meant to her.

So male vanity had dictated reassurance to discover with horror that in consequence she assumed his love meant marriage.

She had seemed so overwhelmed and so unutterably glad that he had not had the heart to disillusion her. In the morning, he had thought, rapidly, he could get out of it! He would chaff her upon the gaiety the wine had conferred upon them both. "What a lot of nonsense we talked!" he imagined himself saying.

But, in the morning had come the little note from her, telling him that she had not been able to sleep for happiness and that life was now so wonderful for her!

GARTH could have kicked himself for embarking upon the *Anchusa's* cruise. He should have known better, he told himself. He had felt stale and overworked after the production of his last play; he had thought of warm sunshine and long dreaming hours in a deck chair, of early hours and little conversation. He should have known that a cruise meant so often the opportunity for a predatory female to take advantage of propinquity and a man's undistracted idleness to fasten herself to him! "Caught!" he smiled wryly. He could not escape from the ship, and there were nearly three more days of the voyage. Solitary confinement in his cabin as a means of avoiding her would drive him mad, he felt.

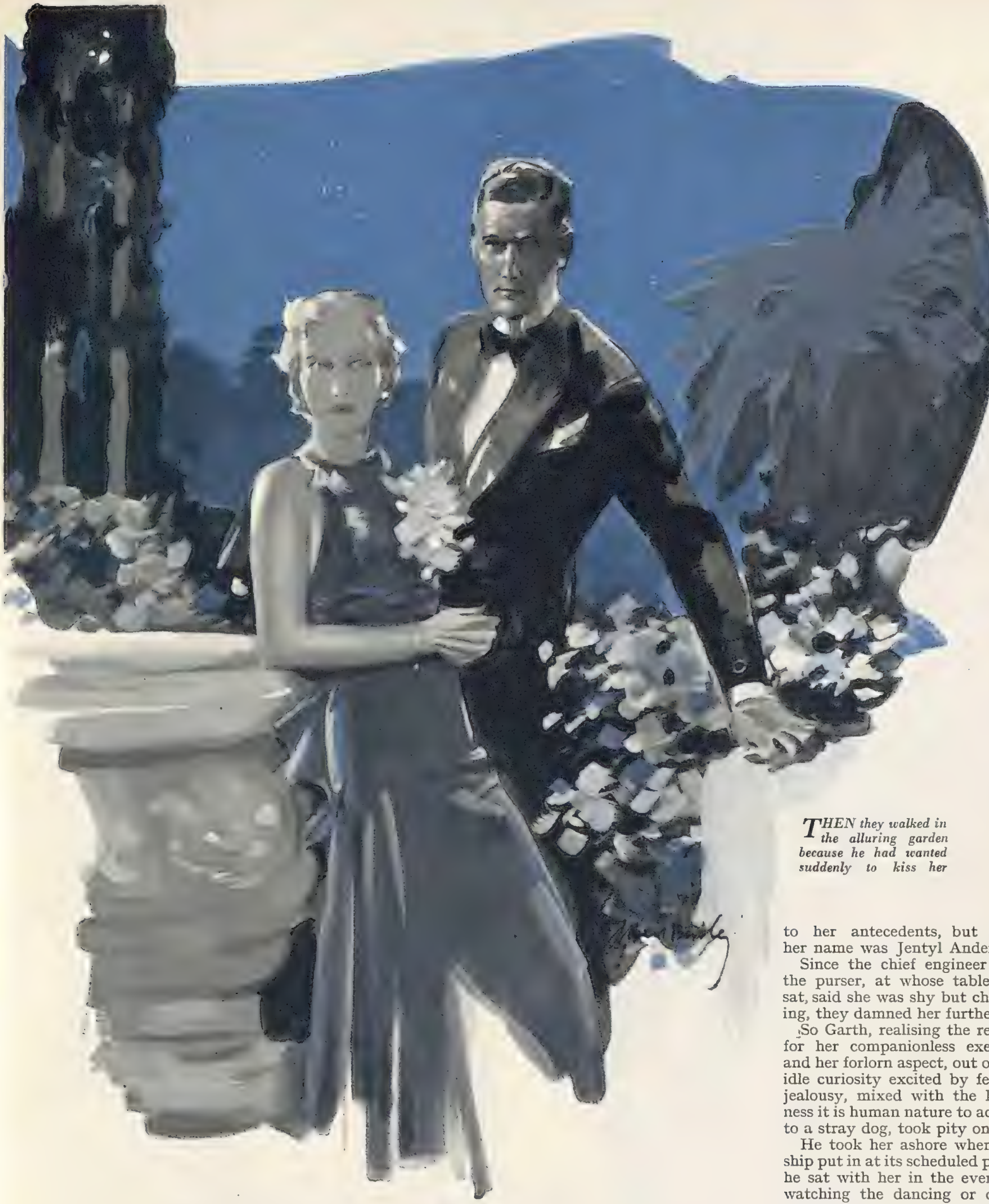
"How could he escape her?" he bitterly wondered, as he visualised an action for breach of promise, the amused sympathy of his friends, the smugness of wilfully misunderstanding lawyers and their unpredictable decisions.

It amazed him that he should have fallen into this feminine snare. It was not as if she were pretty or smart, or in other ways desirable. He remembered that his first impression of her had been quite negative. It had been when, after his first week's restful seclusion on the voyage he had emerged for the first time, considering the advisability of a cocktail before dinner.

He had caught a glimpse of a slim black-clad girl, walking with some swiftness alone. There had been a faint air of elegance about her, but he had, at the time, reflected that mourning lent mystery as well as conveying a suggestion of smartness and restraint to the plainest woman.

The following day he had seen her curled in her deck chair with a slightly forlorn air and again alone. As he commenced to mix with his fellow passengers, he discovered that she was usually alone.

The widow, quiet though she was, was disapproved of by the other women. She was not ostracised, but she was unmistakably



THEN they walked in the alluring garden because he had wanted suddenly to kiss her

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

"left out" of their amusements and gossiping. They implied that she was "deep."

"Widows," they said, "were dangerous, and in unspoken understanding they had banded themselves together to ignore her. Doubtless she was husband-hunting, they hinted, and each vied in co-operation with the other to keep the husbands safe.

Besides, despite all the polite methods adopted by those anxious to assure themselves that the person whose acquaintance has been forced upon them is worthy of it and will prove no later embarrassment, they had discovered no information as to her antecedents, but that her name was Jentyl Anderson.

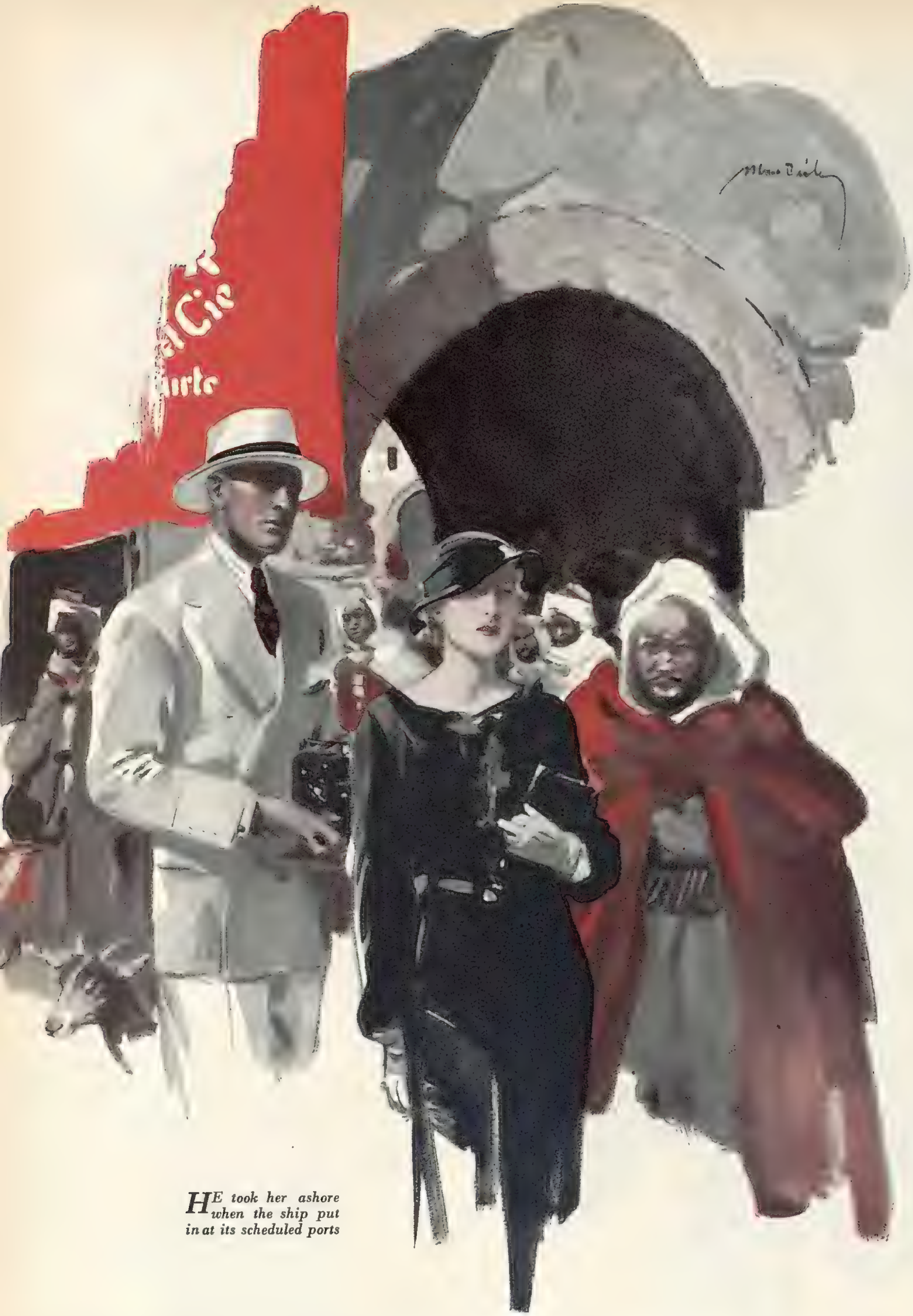
Since the chief engineer and the purser, at whose table she sat, said she was shy but charming, they damned her further.

So Garth, realising the reason for her companionless exercise and her forlorn aspect, out of the idle curiosity excited by female jealousy, mixed with the kindness it is human nature to accord to a stray dog, took pity on her.

He took her ashore when the ship put in at its scheduled ports, he sat with her in the evenings watching the dancing or other amusements of shipboard life. He found that she had a charm which increased as their friendship progressed and that she was very sweet and grateful.

To him she was somewhat of an enigma. Had she not seemed so well-bred he would have imagined that before her marriage she had been a clever lady's maid who lived below grand stairs and knew much of the affairs above; she so obviously knew of many distinguished people, but had no acquaintance with them! In the same way she knew London but not the life of London.

Had she been more unsophisticated he might have agreed that it was a pose; as it was she seemed delightful and he had laughed at the hint that she was an adventuress, until he found



HE took her ashore when the ship put in at its scheduled ports

himself committed to marrying her and realised that he knew nothing about her!

"What a fool!" he thought again, and at that moment she came up and touched his arm timidly. She looked up at him and smiled with the same radiance which had so charmed him the night before.

"Do you know?" she asked him confidingly. "I was saying to myself as I came along the deck that I'd dreamed you. And there you were—I saw you. And you're real after all!"

He looked at her and in that moment almost disliked her. It was rather awful, he was thinking, that a man was able, with a little worthless love-making, to give a woman such happiness. And if he did so, how could he have the heart to take it away? He felt that he could not rebuff her.

He was irritated by the sense that he must protect her while knowing that somehow he must break it to her that marriage was impossible.

Angrily aware of his weakness, as a distraction he took her to the sun-lounge, suggesting that she should buy a ticket in the last auction pool of the ship's voyage. Gaily, despite her almost noticeable hesitancy, he insisted on bidding for her, telling her that she would have "beginner's luck." During luncheon he teased her, for he said the ticket she had obtained for fifteen pounds was the best buy of the auction, most of the others having fetched twenty and thirty guineas. There would be at least a hundred pounds in the pool!

Her eyes opened widely at that.

"Fifteen pounds and I might win a hundred? If I only could!" she sighed under her breath.

He had looked at her quickly with some astonishment. He had gained an impression that she was almost feverishly anxious to win the money and he remembered her strange reluctance to join in the customary light-hearted gamble. Then he dismissed it. He could not imagine what his impression had been, but the winning of a hundred pounds could not be of any importance to anyone who could afford the cruise on the *Anchusa*.

"Women were funny about money," he thought. Later that day again he remembered the swift impression the meaning of which eluded him. It had been when the auctioneer's clerk had come up to collect the money for the pool tickets.

"Pay up, please!" he said jocularly.

Garth handed over the money for the ticket he had bought for himself and then caught a strange expression on the widow's face. She looked to him in that instant as if she were some wild creature caught in a trap. She paused hesitantly, her bag clutched in her hand.

"And fifteen pounds from you, Mrs. Anderson. . . ."

She stood up.

"Will you excuse me? My money is in the purser's office. . . . I'll get it. . . ."

Garth stopped her movement upon an impulse he did not understand.

"Don't bother. I think I've got enough on me for both. . . ."

Jentyl Anderson looked at him for a moment and flushed painfully.

"Please . . . after all. . . . I mean, it's my ticket, isn't it?"

From where they had been sitting he could see the door of the purser's office, but she did not go into it. Instead, she went below as if to her cabin.

"Funny," thought Garth. "Why tell such a silly little lie—why?"

He did not know why he felt a curious relief that she appeared the next minute carrying the notes in her hand, but he noticed that as she counted them out she said "Fifteen" almost as if she were thankful.

That evening during dinner there seemed some form of distress in her mind, which was only increased by Garth's tentative questioning. He himself did not know why he had an urgency to break down her reserve. He felt that she was on her guard and that he wanted to reassure himself against the vague prejudice against her which had clung to him like a shadow and at which he had formerly laughed.

There was something mysterious about her; there was something she wished to hide, and when she suddenly rose, as if to change the subject of conversation, he felt more certain of it.

" I'd like to go up on the boat deck, just for the last time," she told him. " I want to feel the wind on my face and hear the rush of the sea."

He agreed uncomfortably. In any other woman he would have construed the remark as an unmistakable invitation, yet he was not sure. To himself he admitted that he had been foolish enough to continue the pretence that he was an ardent lover to spare her feelings, so he had no one but himself to blame for his embarrassment.

He followed her up the companion-way, steadily climbing until the windswept deck was reached and they found shelter behind a lifeboat.

And then she was in his arms. He could feel her light body pressing close to his while her lips sought his almost greedily.

Once her hand passed in a lingering caress over his blown hair, delicately, as if her fingers were like those of the blind searching to know sight by sensation. Then she held him closer in the urgency of embrace.

As suddenly as she had slid into his arms so she let him go. For a long moment she was poised staring out over the glistening waters before she spoke to him.

" It's so lovely to think," she said softly, " that though the voyage has ended I've something lovely to take back with me . . . you ! "

While he searched to find a reply her voice changed abruptly. She sounded imperious for the first time. There was still clear moonlight, although the ship had reached colder waters in its swift passage, and he could see her face. Her eyes seemed dancing with a mood she hid from him, the set of her chin held determination.

" Tell me all about us," she ordered. " How much money shall we have to spend when we are married, where we'll live . . . what can I spend on clothes ? Can we have a motor-car—a nice big one with a liveried chauffeur ? And would you give me a big emerald for my ring ? "

He stood back from her, sickened.

She wasn't taking long to show her hand! he thought. He could see that she was quite serious.

"You're a successful playwright," she went on. " I suppose you make a lot one year and not so much the next. Or have you got lots invested ? I'd like a really nice cottage on the river too . . . could we afford that ? "

The difficulty of explaining that he could afford anything in reason was beyond him, and he was possessed with rage to realise the impossibility of disclaiming his possessions. A woman who was making such blatant inquiries was fully competent to have discovered too much already about him, and was, in all probability, merely warning him that he should not leave her without ample compensation.

" The widow and her cruise ! " he thought ironically. She intended to make him aware that his resources could be dipped into lavishly. And he was so well known in his achieved success it was no use to plead !

" I want so badly to know exactly how we'll live," she said through his silence, and then again her warm lips were upon his.

" I love you . . . I love you . . . if I didn't think you loved me I'd die ! "

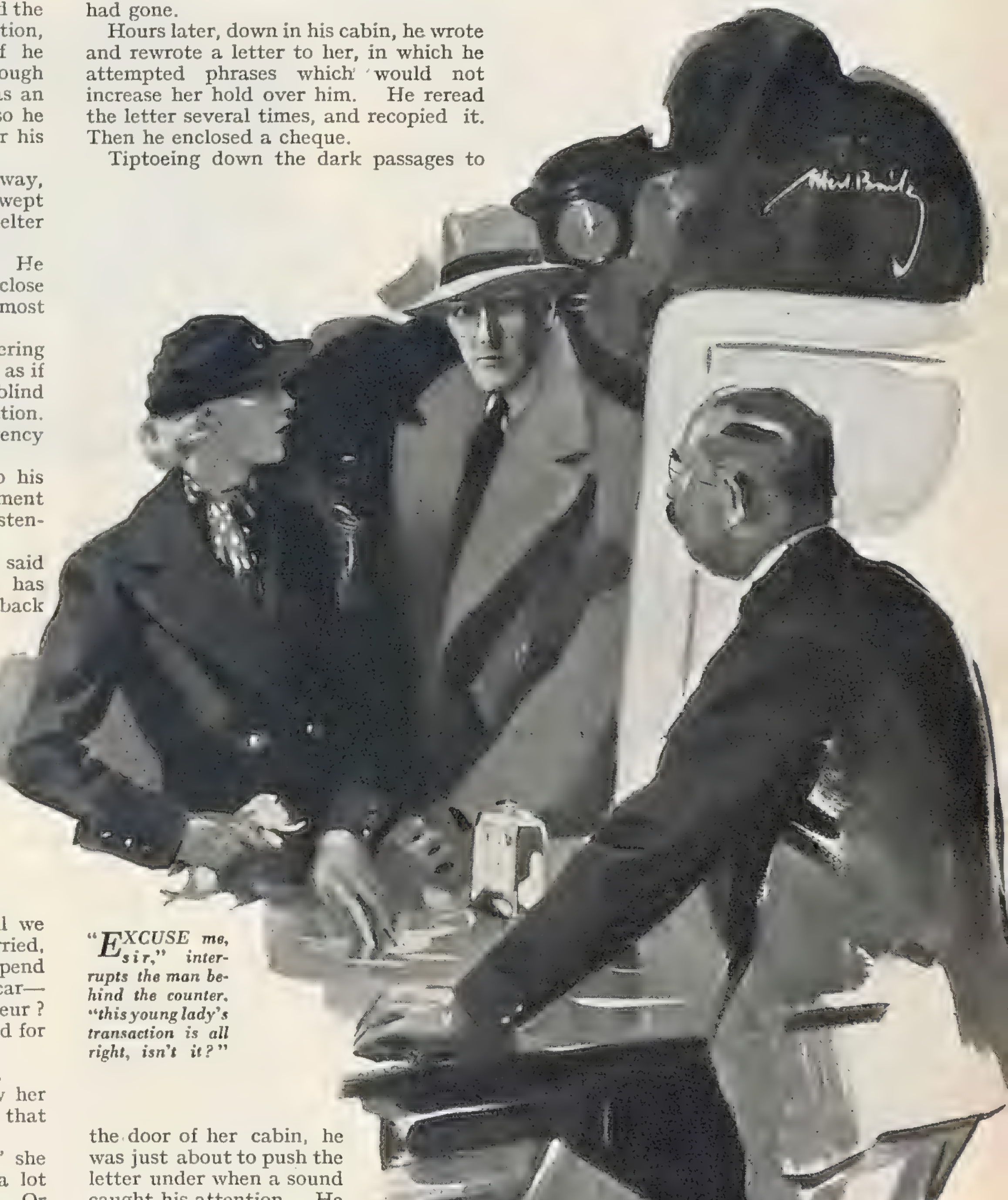
With an abrupt movement she had twisted away from him to an arm's length, then, in her dark clothes, he did not see her go, he only knew that she had gone.

Hours later, down in his cabin, he wrote and rewrote a letter to her, in which he attempted phrases which would not increase her hold over him. He reread the letter several times, and recopied it. Then he enclosed a cheque.

Tiptoeing down the dark passages to the door of her cabin, he was just about to push the letter under when a sound caught his attention. He listened again. He could not be mistaken.

On the other side of the door there was a woman sobbing. Quiet, muffled sobs, but dragging, tearing, as if she was breaking her body to pieces in the intensity of her grief.

He paused for a moment. Again the thought of her small, pale, heart-shaped face with its deep blue eyes wistfully seeking his came before him. He felt that he could not bear to add to that terrible suffering. Angry with himself for what he termed weakness, he turned away, telling himself that there would be time in the morning to send her the letter over which he had taken so much trouble.


"*EXCUSE me, sir," interrupts the man behind the counter. "this young lady's transaction is all right, isn't it?"*

Back in his cabin he threw himself down on the bed, angrily wondering why he should consider the feelings of a woman who had fooled him into believing that she was not the adventuress she had so clearly proved herself. The male desire for flattery, he explained to himself, had caused him to be gentle with her expressed affection for him and it was his vanity which was doubly wounded by the exposure of its real motive.

(*Continued on page* 140)

BOOKS

Reviewed by *ARNOLD PALMER*

SACHA GUITRY, the famous French actor, as Franz Hals, the Dutch painter. His book "If I Remember Right" is reviewed in this article

JOHN GIBBONS, author of "Roll on, Next War." In this book the author has set out to recall such memories and reconstruct such experiences of the last war as will help his son through the next

"Or you might give these . . ."

I HAVE been reading a book which set me wondering, all over again, what makes a good book—and, still more, what makes a popular book. The work in question is *I Walked by Night* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 15s.). It is edited by Lilias Rider Haggard, and illustrated by Edward Seago; but it was written with a blunt pencil in penny exercise books by an anonymous old man who is content to use the title given him by his neighbours. They call him "The King of the Norfolk Poachers." Norfolk, save along the coast, is not a well-known county, and one would have supposed that the people interested in poaching were a small and dwindling band. Yet here is this book, with the most unpromising credentials, delighting thousands of readers as it has delighted me, and establishing itself as one of the successes of the season.

It is full of local history, superstitions, charms, old ballads, and knowledge of the ways of Nature. But it would not be a best-seller, even in Norfolk, for those reasons only. The book succeeds because it reveals, with extraordinary vividness and completeness, the man who wrote it, and because he is a man whom no reader will be able to resist. Tough, kindly, humorous, highly intelligent in his broad outlook and, in the details of his daily life, clever as a cartload of monkeys, this Norfolk poacher has claims to be considered a great man. Or, if that seems too much, he is at least the kind of man, independent and courageous, whom we like to consider a typical English peasant. He never was typical, no doubt. But many readers (excluding, of course, the magistrates and the rearers of game) will ask themselves uneasily whether he is not a disappearing type, and whether the board schools are producing men as good, and essentially as well educated, as he. Well, those considerations are outside my province here, and I am glad of it, for I ask nothing better than to be allowed to admire, and recommend, this unique autobiography. I know some of the country of which the poacher writes, but I find him just as enthralling when he describes unfamiliar scenes, and I believe that all English readers, wherever they

Four Novels

"The Road to Glory": *by F. Britten Austin*

(Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is the story of Napoleon's first command when, tearing himself from the side of Josephine, his bride, he hurried southwards to lead a starving, discouraged and half-naked army into the snowy mountains of North Italy. Mr. Austin's impressive knowledge of his subject and the competence and speed with which he handles his narrative make this indisputably the best of all his books. Entertaining as those other volumes were, Mr. Austin's truest admirers, having seen what he is capable of, will never again be content with mere entertainment.

"War Paint": *by F. V. Morley*

(Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.)

Anybody, certainly any male reader above the age of fourteen, will enjoy this well-written story of fur-trading, a hundred years ago, on the north-west coast of North America. It manages to be highly exciting without being "steep"—quite an achievement—and it introduces us to people in whom we can believe, ordinary men doing their best.

"Noah's Ark": *by S. W. Powell*

(Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Powell has written many books, the best being perhaps the last but one, *Autobiography of a Rascal*. The scene of his new tale is laid on board a liner bound from Australia to England. He gets a lot of fun, and a good deal of excitement, out of the passengers; and the story, if not as memorable as the *Autobiography*, is readable and entertaining in the extreme.

"One Unknown": *by Reinhold Conrad Muschler*

(Putnam. 3s. 6d.)

Herr Muschler's first interest in life, we are told, was botany; and one wonders

London in Fiction

"Chicanery": *by Vivian Ellis*

(Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

To most people, Mr. Vivian Ellis is best known as a composer and recorder of light and delightful music; but he has also found time during his not yet very lengthy career to array four novels beneath his name. The latest of these deals, with a curious blend of sympathy and humour, with the makeshift existences of two old ladies in reduced circumstances. Humour and sympathy are not the only qualities in the mixture, and the book has a good many flavours, so that at times the reader hardly knows what he is eating. But he will not push the plate away, for Mr. Ellis, whatever his mood, is never a bore. He has written an original and entertaining novel.

VIVIAN ELLIS

"Portrait in Pastel": *by Marjorie Booth*

(Murray. 7s. 6d.)

In her new novel Miss Booth tells the story of an orphaned girl—her arrival in London, her struggles, her achievement of independence. Intentionally simple in outline and low in tone, it holds the attention by gentle but genuine methods which will bring the author many new friends.

MARJORIE BOOTH

"Night-Pieces": *by Thomas Burke*

(Constable. 7s. 6d.)

Eighteen short stories, rather merciless stories of murders and mean streets, constitute Mr. Burke's new volume. The longing to escape from the endless battle for existence, the sudden yielding to crime, the haunting suspense which follows crime—these are the three chords which Mr. Burke sounds in story after story, key after key. The book as a whole thus creates an effect greater than that of any one of the tales it contains, for it represents the sum of these tales, and not the average; they are variations on a theme, not a haphazard collection of themes. The very successful dust cover is the work of Mr. Hookway Cowles.

if the bees found, anywhere, flowers sweeter than those which he grew. His little story, based on the well-known death mask of the *noyée de la Seine*, can only be recommended to those with a very sweet tooth indeed. Nazis, it seems, possess the necessary craving. In Germany, 100,000 copies of the book have been sold in eighteen months.

F. V. MORLEY

live, will love his book. Miss Rider Haggard has done her work with fine discretion. Everything she says is just right, and there is not too much of it.

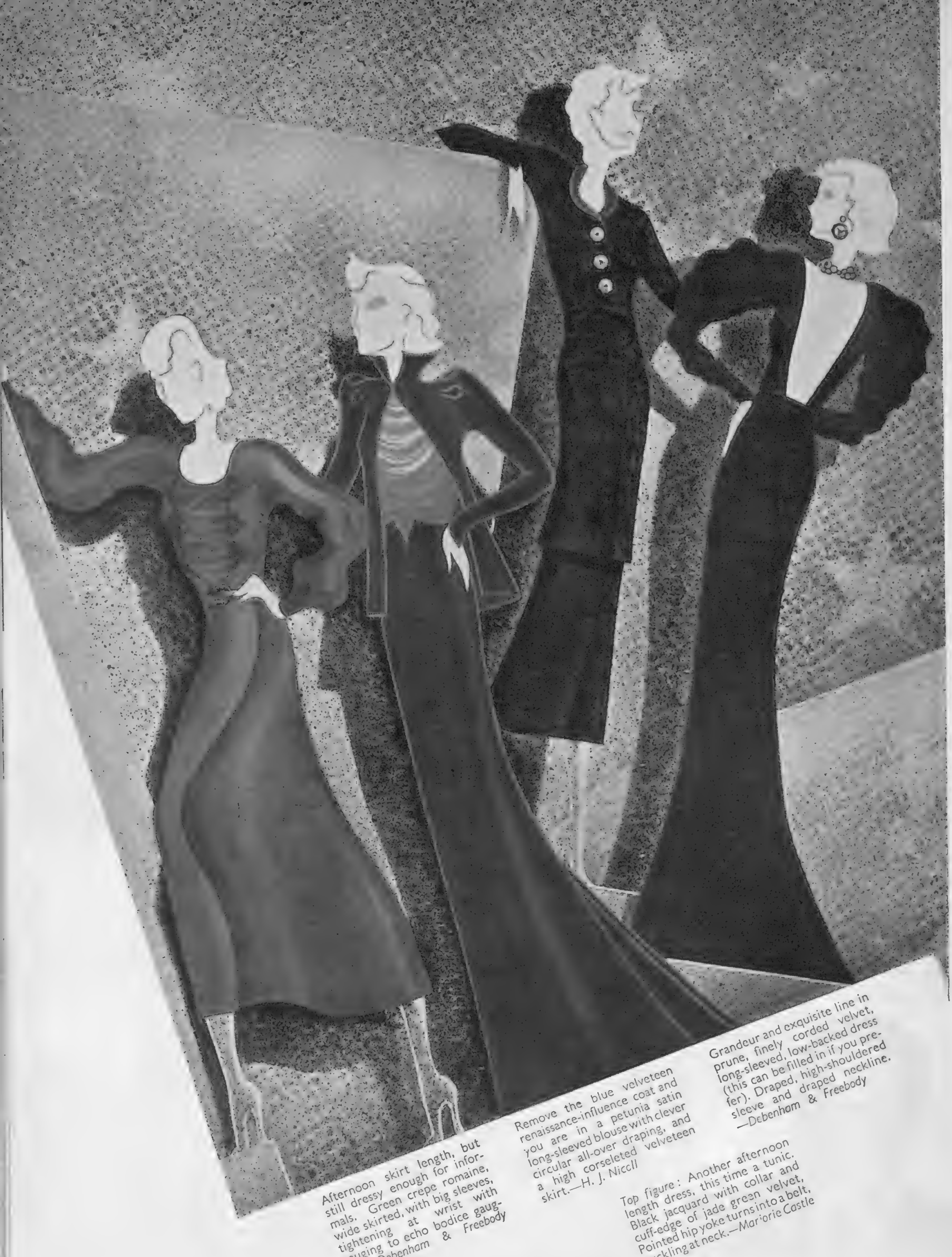
The Way of a Transgressor (Gollancz, 10s.) might well have been the title of the poacher's autobiography; instead, it is that of Mr. Negley Farson's. I don't know why he calls himself a transgressor, except that his way has, at times, been hard. But one doubts whether he would willingly have had it otherwise. A brave, resourceful, adventurous man, he has lived a crowded, active life, and the story of it reads more like a novel than an autobiography. He spent his youth in America, his young manhood in Russia, and after that he went everywhere, and nowhere for long. Most readers, I think, will be chiefly interested in the very full account he gives of the appalling mismanagement of the Russian war machine. He went to Russia to sell war material, and found himself engaged in dealings reminiscent of an oriental bazaar, a second-hand motor shop, and a night club. Somewhere in his book he expresses the opinion that a man with money in his pocket had a better time in Tsarist Russia than in any other place in history or the world. His pages, nevertheless, will cure most readers of their regrets for the Revolution.

I REMEMBER being told that, in the old days, it was difficult to buy a railway ticket from St. Petersburg to Moscow unless you got your hotel concierge to pull the strings. But I confess that, until I read Mr. Farson's book, I had no real idea of the extent to which "graft" prevailed in Russia. Nobody could have any real idea. Mr. Farson's sense of humour allowed him to be amused, but he never ceased to be horrified and, even to the end, slightly incredulous. I have dwelt upon his Russian experiences because they have, for me, the fascination of a nightmare. But this long book moves throughout with wonderful swiftness, and carries one along without even a moment's hesitation.

NEGLEY FARSON, whose book "The Way of a Transgressor" is an autobiography of the author's adventurous life

Adventures came to Mr. Farson and the poacher. Mr. Norman Lewis went to look for his, and so they have been less sensational. His *Spanish Adventure* (Gollancz, 15s.) is an account of a holiday, well off the beaten track, in Portugal and Spain. Mr. Lewis writes well; he has an observant eye and an appreciation of the charm of truthfulness. As far as my own experience allows me to judge, his pages are unusually free from exaggeration, just as they are uniformly lively and picturesque. Some two dozen very lovely photographs provide the illustrations.

W. L. Wyllie, in addition to being a famous marine painter, was a grand old gentleman. Shortly before his death, four years ago, at the age of eighty, I had the honour of meeting him. He told me that he was building a bigger and better studio, as he felt cramped in his old one; and then, before my surprise and admiration had found expression, he went on to invite me to accompany him, at five or six (*Continued on page 161*)



Afternoon skirt length, but still dressy enough for informals. Green crepe romaine, wide skirted, with big sleeves, tightening at wrist with gauging to echo bodice gauging.—*Debenham & Freebody*

Remove the blue velveteen renaissance-influence coat and you are in a petunia satin long-sleeved blouse with clever circular all-over draping, and a high corseleted velveteen skirt.—*H. J. Nicoll*

Grandeur and exquisite line in prune, finely corded velvet, long-sleeved, low-backed dress (this can be filled in if you prefer). Draped, high-shouldered sleeve and draped neckline. —*Debenham & Freebody*

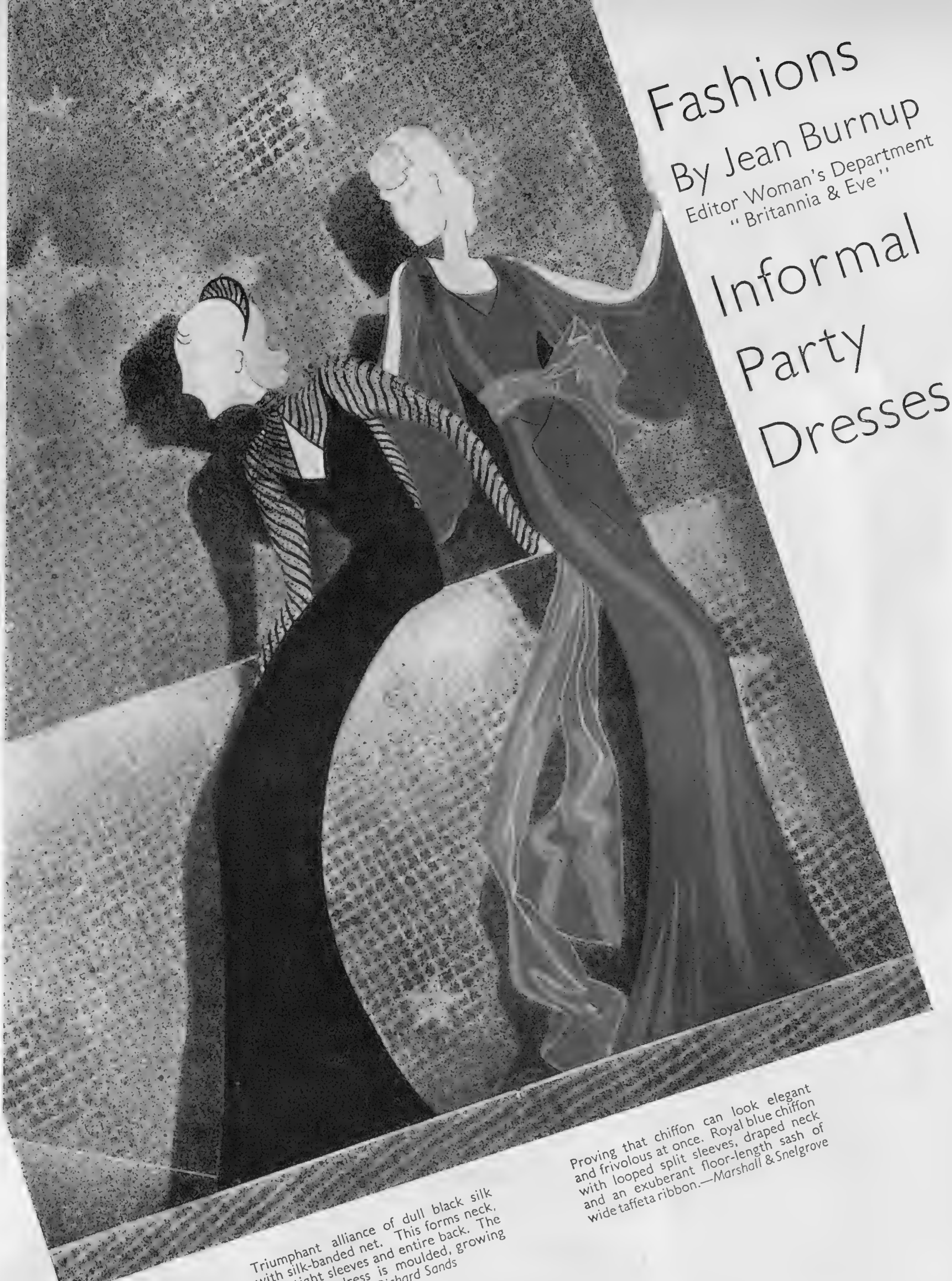
Top figure: Another afternoon length dress, this time a tunic. Black jacquard with collar and cuff-edge of jade green velvet. Pointed hip yoke turns into a belt, buckling at neck.—*Marjorie Castle*

Fashions

By Jean Burnup

Editor Woman's Department
"Britannia & Eve"

Informal Party Dresses



Triumphant alliance of dull black silk with silk-banded net. This forms neck, long, tight sleeves and entire back. The rest of the dress is moulded, growing full in the skirt.—*Richard Sands*

Proving that chiffon can look elegant and frivolous at once. Royal blue chiffon with looped split sleeves, draped neck and an exuberant floor-length sash of wide taffeta ribbon.—*Marshall & Snelgrove*

Country Week-End Wardrobe

COUNTRY week-ending, you don't want a clutter of clothes. Just tweed and wool essentials, a good travel coat that is not too dressy for country-laneing, a silky dress for the lazy talk around the fire evening, and, in case you're asked to dine and dance up at the Big House, a well-thought-out affair of the sort that reflects the spirit of its background, looking grand if its fellows do, looking quiet if that is the way of it. Not too fluffy or bitty please, because you may have to take a long, cold motor drive to the scene.

The dress at the extreme left is the one we have in mind.

Next to it is your silky frock, afternoon length, black again.

At the right is your travel and all-day uniform, your tweeds.

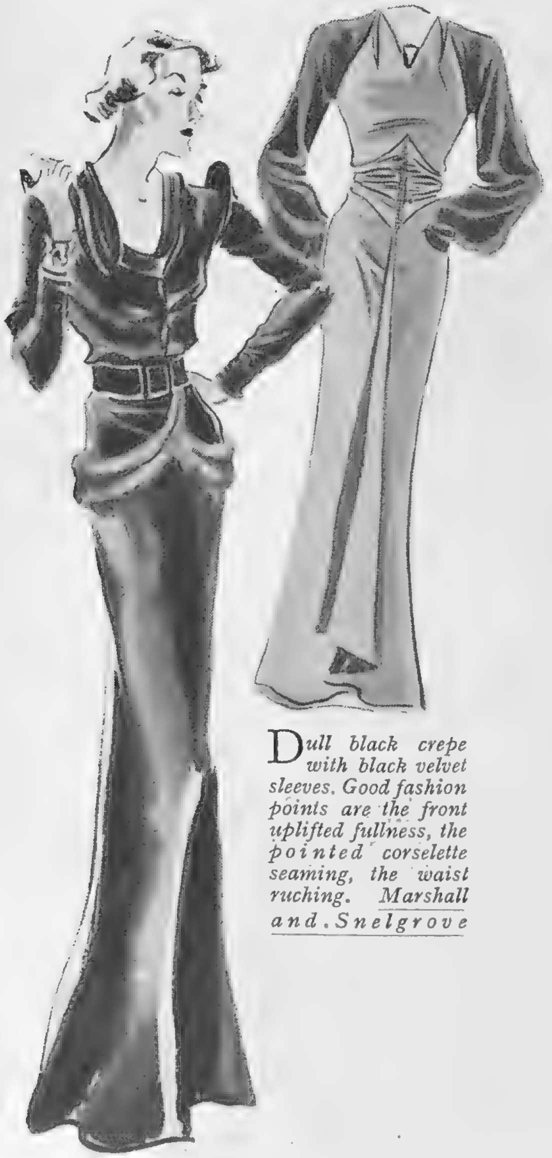
Beneath it are your indispensable shirt and your woolly

The big coat up at the top right has everything it should have, warmth, cosiness, line, smartness, adaptability. And how it will wear!

Down in the left corner is a thick silk dressing-gown, a lovely packer and a good looker.

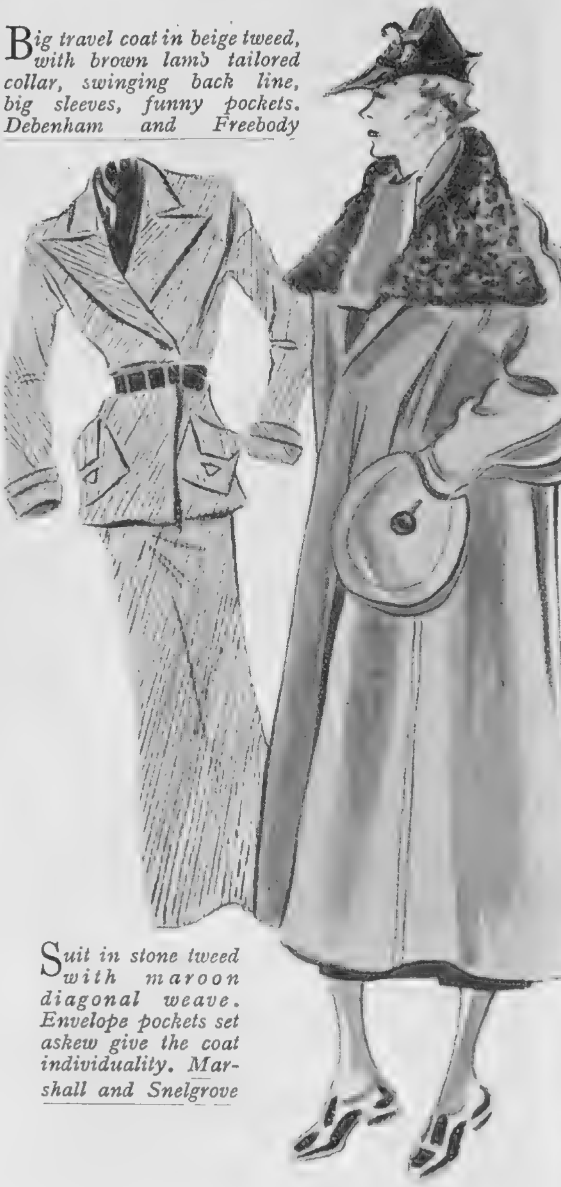
The smart and comfortable country shoe (brown suède with calf stitching) will take you through the day. The black satin strapped shoe goes both with afternoon and dinner dress. And the mules, gold or silver kid, flatter your toenails.

Pull on the dyed brown, tailored hogskin gloves and you are on your way.



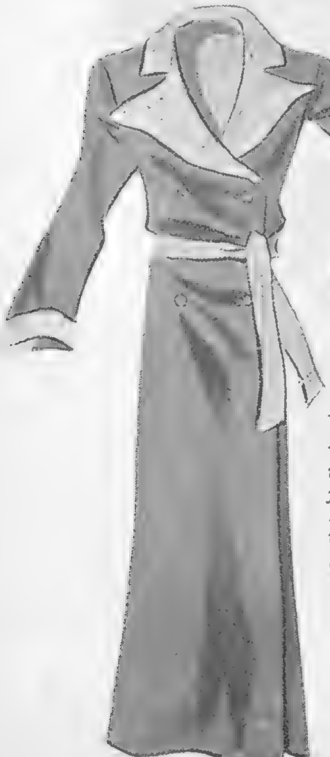
Dull black crepe with black velvet sleeves. Good fashion points are the front uplifted fullness, the pointed corselette seaming, the waist ruching. Marshall and Snelgrove

A tight-sleeved coat with a shaped basque edged with sable squirrel tops a suave evening dress, low backed, front neck drapery. Black uncrushable velvet. Debenham and Freebody



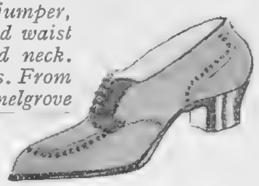
Big travel coat in beige tweed, with brown lamb tailored collar, swinging back line, big sleeves, funny pockets. Debenham and Freebody

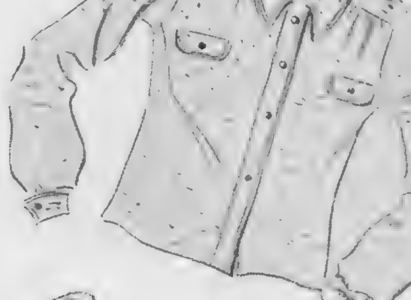
Suit in stone tweed with maroon diagonal weave. Envelope pockets set askew give the coat individuality. Marshall and Snelgrove

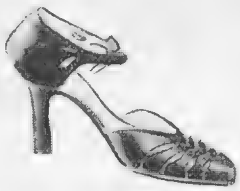


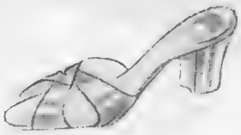
Black with green facings, or green with black facings, just how you feel. Material itself is reversible. Marshall and Snelgrove

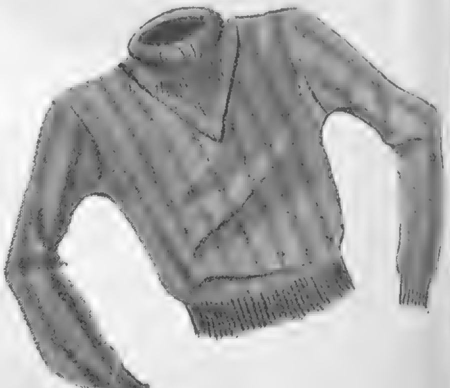
At the right, a flecked silk linen shirt, yoked, tailored. All colours. And a pure cashmere wool jumper, ribbing at cuffs and waist and a new pointed neck. Also in many shades. From Marshall and Snelgrove

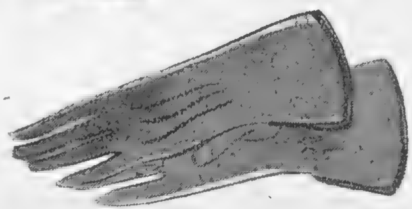












Shoes from Abbott's. Gloves from Debenham and Freebody

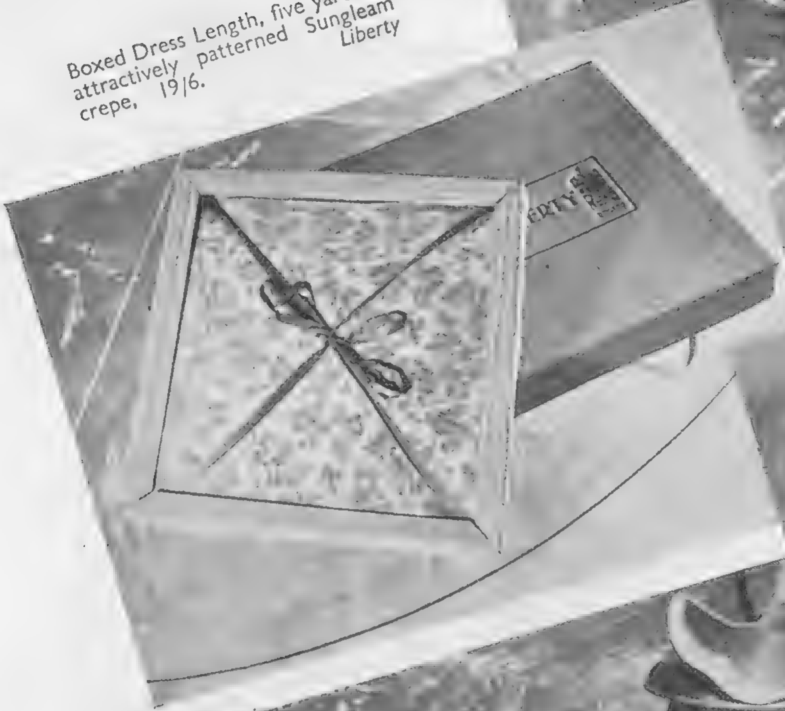
GOOD-LOOKING GIFTS

Whose inexpensiveness will surprise you

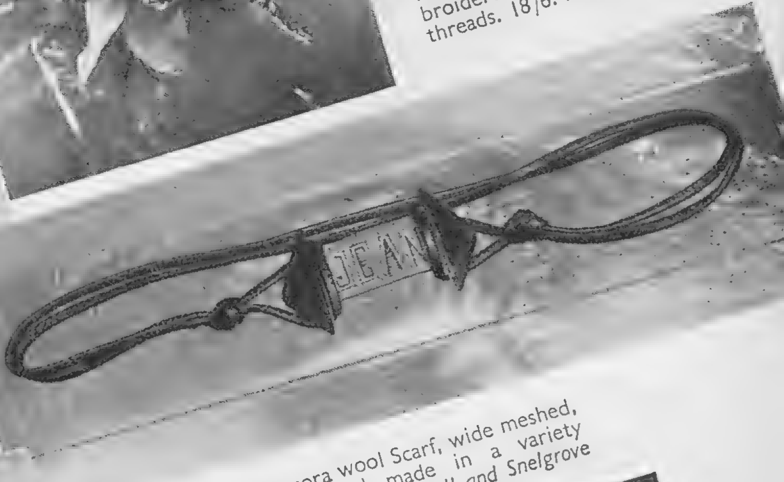
Pure satin bias cut Nightgown, in all good lingerie shades. Lace appliquéd on bodice, net edging armholes and hem. 20/-. *Debenham and Freebody*

(Left) The closer you regard these silken orchids, the more real they look. One of the flower marvels from the Mayfair Flowers Department at *Marshall and Snelgrove.* 25/-

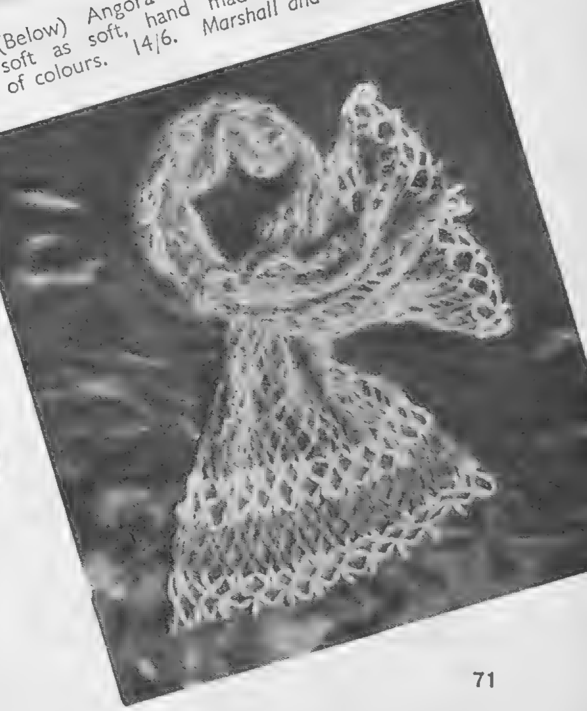
Boxed Dress Length, five yards of attractively patterned Sungleam crepe, 19/6. *Liberty*

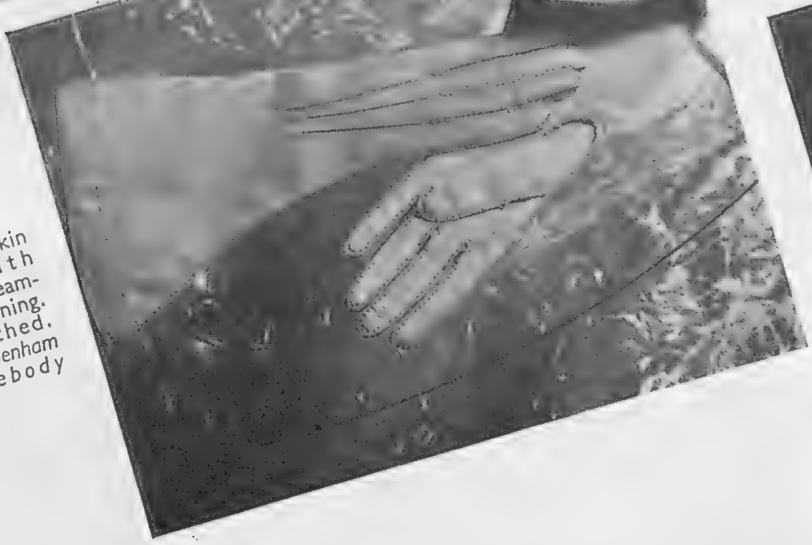


(Below) Navy leather double strap Belt with chromium mesh buckle, name embroidered in three coloured threads. 18/6. *Richard Sands*



(Below) Angora wool Scarf, wide meshed, soft as soft, hand made in a variety of colours. 14/6. *Marshall and Snelgrove*





Washable goatskin Gloves with detachable seamless woollen lining. Hand stitched. 14/9. *Debenham and Freebody*

Famous Parties

And people who made them so

GEORGIANA, Countess of Dudley. Who, among older people, cannot recall this glamorous beauty and almost legendary hostess of the "nineties"?

(Left)

MRS. JAMES CORRIGAN was the first to introduce the Cabaret entertainment at a private house in this country

FRANCES, Countess of Warwick, one of the great beauties of her day and, as a hostess, equally noted for the splendour of her entertaining

ALMOST any of the older generation will tell you that the art of entertaining went out with the bustle.

If you've never seen a bustle or attended one of the parties that gave them a setting you're at a disadvantage on these occasions. You can only paint, with enthusiasm, the colourful exploits of the modern hostess and hope you've gained your point.

But have you? Have we really put aside with the bustle the great traditions of hospitality? Shall we ever again see hostesses who can compare for brilliance, wit and authority with those regal creatures the political hostesses of the late nineteenth century?

A smile from one of these great ladies was enough to set an ambitious man on the road to fame. Their influence operated behind the scenes in little intimate conversations; dinner parties where covers were laid for only twelve (but these probably the greatest dozen of their day) were such as to shape the destiny of nations.

Glamorous days.

It is said that only one woman in London to-day has created and maintains a salon in the old sense of the word. That woman is Lady Cunard—an American.

The most distinguished men and women in England gather at the parties which have established Lady Cunard as one of the most influential hostesses of her day. Her gatherings have a brilliance, a dignity which links them with

those great and memorable entertainments of the past.

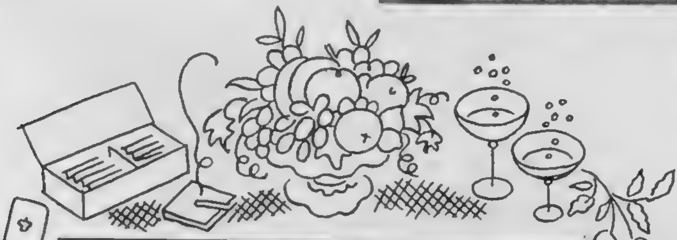
Truly, entertainment flourished between 1840 and 1850.

The display of wealth and fashion during King Edward's reign can hardly ever have been equalled.

Lovely old family seats were, as yet, untouched by the blight of taxation; money went a good deal farther than it does to-day; the servant problem was not a problem at all. Is it any wonder that hospitality was lavish?

Picture those occasions at Warwick Castle, presided over by the lovely Francis, Countess of Warwick. What a setting for the woman herself. What a stage for her activities.

Mrs. Cunningham-Reid upholds the tradition of wealth and splendid entertaining in modern society. A very lovely exponent of the art



This is Mrs. Wolley Hart in a costume devised for one of her own splendid parties

In her own book of reminiscences the Countess describes a Louis XV. Ball at Warwick in 1895: "The Castle was overflowing with guests. The principal colour scheme for the occasion was white and gold, and, as it was winter, masses of arum lilies and lilies of the valley were got from the Riviera. The gold drawing-room was lit by wax candles and electric light. Guests brought parties with them by special train, and the effect of the throng of splendidly gowned and costumed men and women in the setting of the noble rooms of the Castle seemed, at the time, to make the gathering worth while."

The Countess herself was dressed for the occasion in a robe of turquoise velvet brocade, embroidered with genuine gold thread in fleur-de-lis and roses. Diamond tiaras clasped the shoulders, and her head-dress was made of tissue of gold with a rivière of diamonds, while plumes of pink, white and blue were fastened by star sapphires set with diamonds.

Contemporaries of the Countess of Warwick were the lovely Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, Lady Dorothy Nevill, at whose parties all the celebrities in London used to gather.

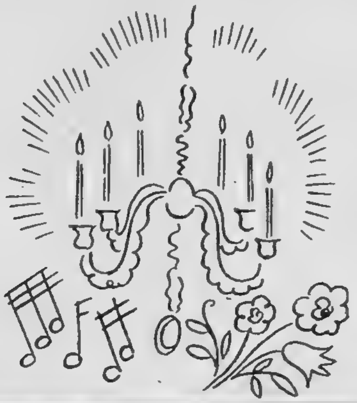
Another memorable Edwardian hostess, Mrs. Willie James, is said to have entertained more Royalty at West Dean, Chichester, than anyone outside the peerage.

This brilliant person was an accomplished amateur actress, a gift which she used to the great delight of her guests. The perfection of her clothes was as much admired as her wit, and the inexhaustible splendour of the entertainments she devised, both in London and the country, have never been forgotten.

Money, indeed, seemed to have little significance in those days.

A story is told of a certain hostess of that time, married to a fabulously rich man, who was anxious to improve upon the efforts of her friends by engaging both Caruso and Melba to sing at one of her parties.

At this time, both these great artists were receiving fantastic fees, and the lady's husband, feeling that the matter had gone a little beyond reason, refused his permission for such extravagance. But as he was to be out of town on the night of the party, the lady engaged them without.



Edwardian heydays, as they are sometimes called, owed some of their glamour to Mrs. Willie James, a gifted and indefatigable hostess

"But won't he be furious when he sees the bill?" asked a friend.

"No," was the answer. "I've put Melba down as quails!"

This at a time when the item referred to would have been several hundred pounds.

Yet money is still freely spent by modern hostesses.

Mrs. James Corrigan ("pearls and parties") is said to spend at least £6000 on each of the entertainments which she gives to her friends.

She was the first to introduce the cabaret into a private house in this country, and made a sensation with the party at which she first sprang this surprise upon her guests.

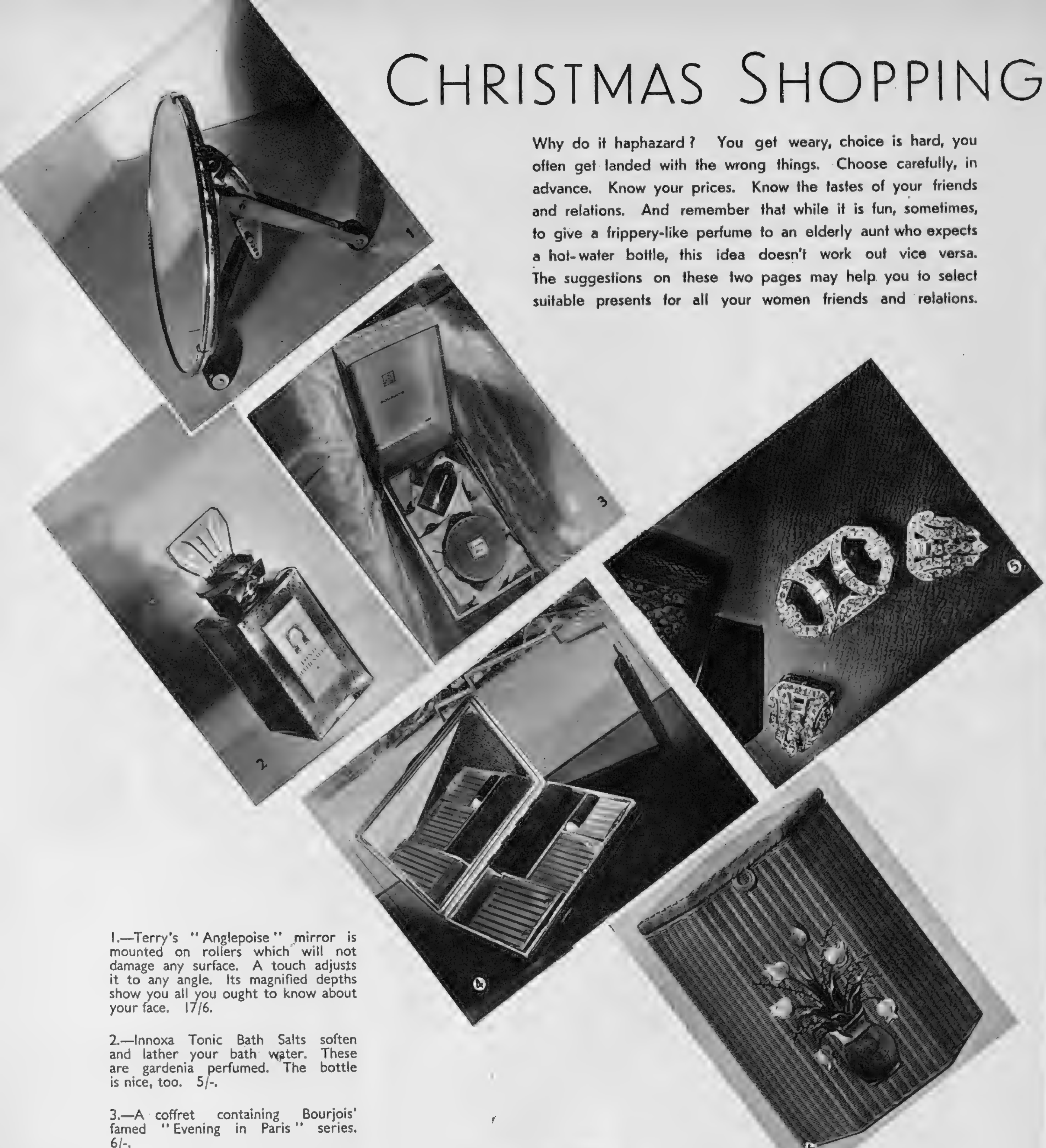
Mrs. Corrigan, an American, is an astute business woman and plans her parties in the strictest financial detail—alone.

On one occasion the hall and stairway of her house were covered with trellis work, luxuriant with bunches of grapes and vine leaves. Orange trees, palms and rambler roses were placed at intervals about the room. A dais with a table for thirty guests was at one end of the room, and others were grouped about a clear space in which classical and acrobatic dancers performed.

Mrs. Corrigan's present to her guests have included gold and silver cigar lighters for the men and golden garters for the women. (*Continued on p. 150*)

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Why do it haphazard? You get weary, choice is hard, you often get landed with the wrong things. Choose carefully, in advance. Know your prices. Know the tastes of your friends and relations. And remember that while it is fun, sometimes, to give a frippery-like perfume to an elderly aunt who expects a hot-water bottle, this idea doesn't work out vice versa. The suggestions on these two pages may help you to select suitable presents for all your women friends and relations.



1.—Terry's "Anglepoise" mirror is mounted on rollers which will not damage any surface. A touch adjusts it to any angle. Its magnified depths show you all you ought to know about your face. 17/6.

2.—Innoxa Tonic Bath Salts soften and lather your bath water. These are gardenia perfumed. The bottle is nice, too. 5/-.

3.—A coffret containing Bourjois' famed "Evening in Paris" series. 6/-.

4.—A luxurious slickly outfitted day or evening bag, the Vanitière. Oroton gilt metal fittings are contained in a black lacquer and gilt case, which has a detachable black velvet holder, gilt handled. 95/- from The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

5.—Ciro's ingenious "Four-in-One" is made of Ciro diamonds set in platinette. Take the sides off the large brooch and you have two clips and a smaller brooch. 21/-.

6.—Barbola work decorating a useful Lloyd Loom woven fibre linen basket. 27/6.

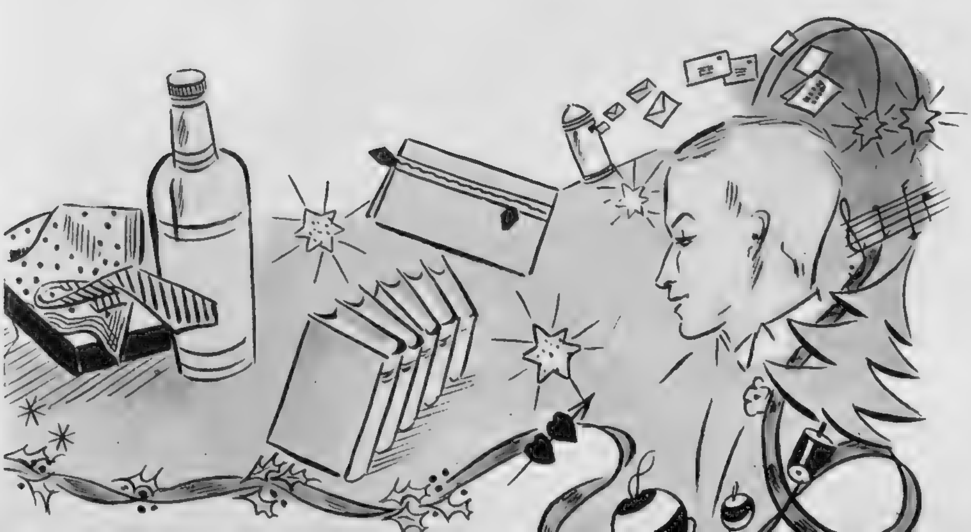
10

7

8

9

Your christmas stocking
12



7.—Travelling clock in Morocco leather case with a jewelled movement, luminous dial and alarm. It comes out of its nest and decorates your bed-table or desk. 35/- from Mappin and Webb.

8.—This decorative gold lacquered powder bowl costs 21/-. Floris, whence it comes, has many other gift suggestions.

9.—You can get Atkinson's true flower perfumes in eight varieties, in attractive presentation bottles, from 2/6.

10.—All the high life beauties swear, rightly, by Pond's. Their green and gold casket contains the five essentials for a clean, young skin. 3/-.

11.—A little gift box, useful and pretty, too. Contains a selection of Cash's washing lingerie ribbons, various colours and designs. They're the best. 1/2.

12.—The cartonette which Aristoc supply with their stockings saves packing materials, time, enhances your gift. The stocking shown is sheer crêpe with picot top: 4/11 a pair.

SOME PRESENTS TO GIVE YOUR MENFOLK

BLACK & WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKY

2

BOOTHS
BOOTHS

3

4

De Reszke
De Reszke

1. . . . I know his weakness for "Black and White." To ensure his undying respect and gratitude I'll give him a bottle of "Buchanan's Finest Old Liqueur Scotch Whisky as well."

2. . . . handkerchiefs ? Of course, he always needs new ones. "Pyramids," I think, 4/6 the half-dozen. Let's be generous and give him a Tootal's crease-resisting sports scarf as well.

3. . . . he never could mix a decent cocktail so Booth's bottled cocktails will do it beautifully for him. The Tantalus cases contain three bottles for 32/-.

4. . . . he's got no switch by his bed, so I thought that Ever Ready "Candle-lite" idea a grand idea. It lights when you pick it up or you can fix it if you want to read in bed. 5/-.

5. . . . you see there's a De Reszke for every one. Plain tipped, cork tipped, and if there's only time for a few puffs, the "Minors" are grand. Satisfying, and no waste.

6. . . . when I saw the new depressor made of unbreakable, unstainable crystal clear material, so that you could see at once when a refill was necessary, I decided on a Swan "Visofil" pen, 25/-.

7. . . . at the end of a tiring day he'll bless you when he puts his feet into the cosy warmth of these sheepskin slippers . . . light navy, zulu brown and maroon, 10/6 a pair. Austin Reed

8. . . . I'm longing to see the way he smiles when he sees it's Haig's "Dimple Scots."

9. . . . he smokes, of course, but what? Play for safety with Player's, and get them in their nice Christmas presentation jacket.

10. . . . well, that's easy, if he's a motorist give him a set of Lodge plugs. He'll know there's thought behind *that* gift.

11. . . . I think a camera, and if it's an Ensign Double—8, he can carry it in his vest pocket and get a complete record of his Winter Sports holiday. One film takes 16 pictures, and the whole outfit with leather case complete £3 12s. 6d.

12. . . . being a thought reader I've decided on a Christmas carton with two bottles of Dewar's "White Label."

6

7

8

CIGARETTES
"MEDIUM"
50
9

ENSIGN
DOUBLE-8
11

White Label
Dewar's
12

Here is a Housewife, thinking out loud . . . Why shouldn't I give the Home a present too?

1.—I always meant to get something special for tea in bed Sunday mornings when I want to pretend I'm a luxurious lady. And here it is. Shelley china morning tea set in palest green and white, delicately patterned. 21/-

2.—And while I am about it I'll push the spare-room bed up to Annie's room—you can't expect a good general to sleep on a bad bed—and get the S.R. something really luxurious from the Vi-Spring people. Their Vitoflex divan, I think, with a detachable headboard, and a Vito cushion mattress. My guests will sleep so well they'll never want to go home.

3.—Our Thermos was part of our lives, and then we lost it out picnicing. A Thermos jug would be a change. It is the same principle, keeping drinks hot for twenty-four hours. This one, ebony, with a chrome-pleated handle, pint size, costs 10/6.

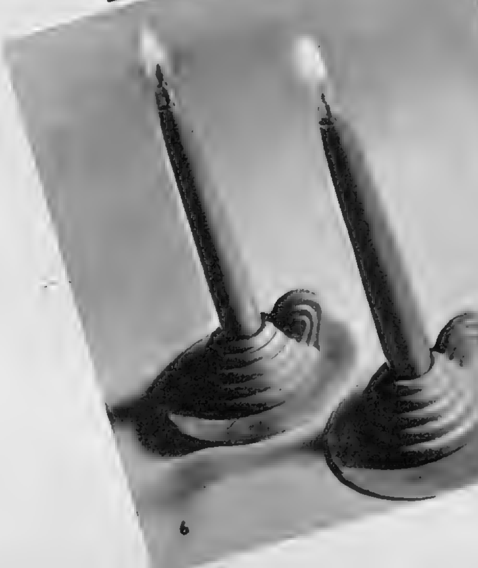
4.—Those spare-room blankets are definitely passe. I want to try some of those Moderna Moth-proof ones. Pale green, I think, to match the paint. They tell me they're pure lambs wool, unshrinkable, have no new blankety smell, and that I can get them from 17/6 a pair.

5.—I never want to grow out of enjoying musical boxes. The kids think they're fun, too. So what about this likely looking tankard? The words of Widdicombe Fair are printed on one side and directly you lift it up it plays the rollicking tune. Dad will play with it for hours. 13/9.

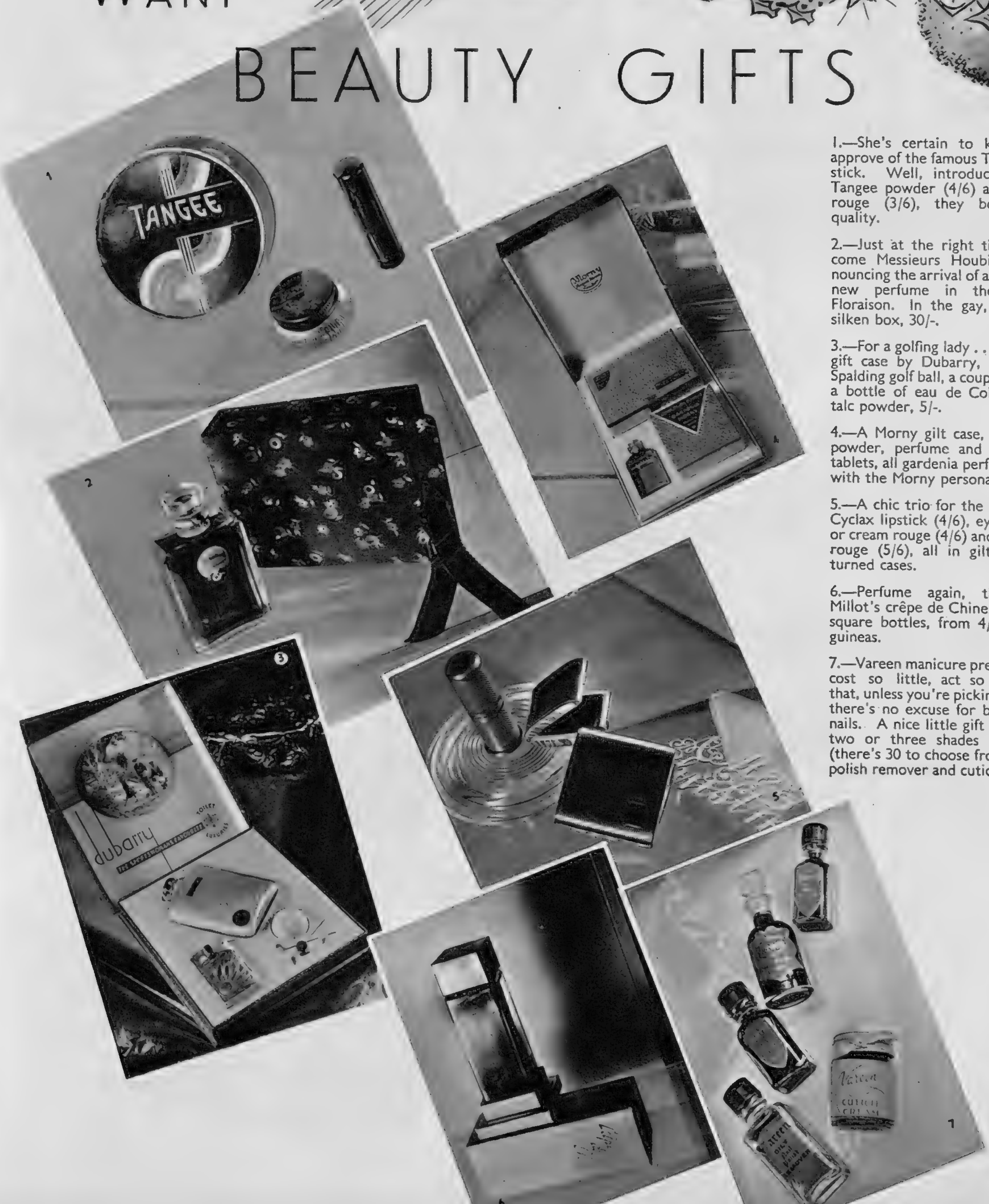
6.—Those candles are simply asking to decorate the empty space on my sitting-room mantel . . Good . . I see they're Field's Nell Gwynn candles and that they've matching porcelain candlesticks, in green, organge, rose and old gold. 2/- a box.

7.—Could badly do with a new armchair. We want something different that'll go with the sitting-room and dining-room chairs. This looks like it. Minty's latest, the Neo Craft Fireside Chair. It's double sprung, and you can get it in walnut, oak or mahogany. Nice. 67/6.

WIDDICOMBE FAIR
5



ALL WOMEN ALWAYS WANT BEAUTY GIFTS



1.—She's certain to know and approve of the famous Tangee lipstick. Well, introduce her to Tangee powder (4/6) and crême rouge (3/6), they both have quality.

2.—Just at the right time along come Messieurs Houbigant, announcing the arrival of a seductive new perfume in the family, Floraison. In the gay, flowered silken box, 30/-.

3.—For a golfing lady . . . a special gift case by Dubarry, holding a Spalding golf ball, a couple of tees, a bottle of eau de Cologne and talc powder, 5/-.

4.—A Morny gilt case, with face powder, perfume and bath salt tablets, all gardenia perfumed and with the Morny personality, 7/-.

5.—A chic trio for the handbag: Cyclax lipstick (4/6), eye shadow or cream rouge (4/6) and compact rouge (5/6), all in gilt, engine-turned cases.

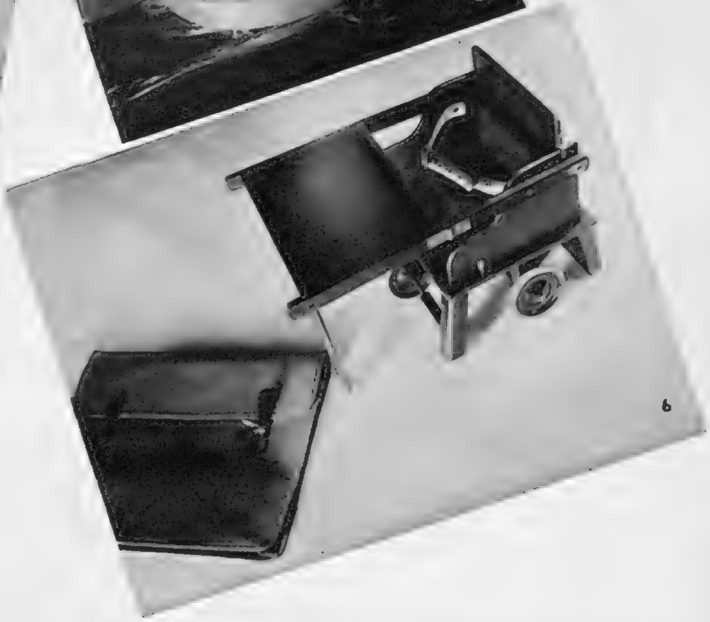
6.—Perfume again, this time Millot's crêpe de Chine, in grand square bottles, from 4/6 to five guineas.

7.—Vareen manicure preparations cost so little, act so effective, that, unless you're picking oakum, there's no excuse for badly kept nails. A nice little gift would be two or three shades of polish (there's 30 to choose from), some polish remover and cuticle cream.

PRESENTS FOR THE KIDS

TUCK'S ANNUAL

ORIGINAL
CHINESE FIGS.
BATGER & Co. LTD
LONDON, E.
BATGER & Co.
LONDON
FIGS
⑤



1.—A Bassett-Lowke clockwork or electric model train is fantastically like the real thing. A super present for sons or train-playing fathers.

2.—"Dapadart," an exciting new dart blowing game. Made by the manufacturers of Harbutt's Plasticine. 2/6.

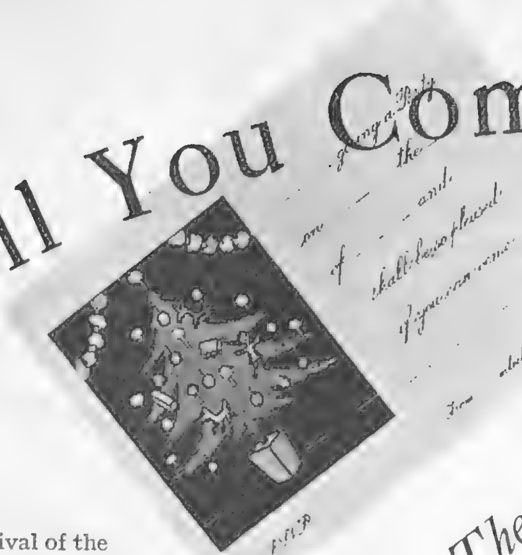
3.—Mackintosh's Staffordshire pottery, "Dick Whittington" flower jug. Is filled with 1 lb. of excellent assorted chocolates. 4/6.

4.—Tuck's Annual, perennial favourite, contains many thrilling stories by well-known authors. Value for 3/6.

5.—Batgers' Chinese Figs are a delicious and wholesome Christmas goodie. Price 1/5½ per drum.

6.—In a "Little Buffer" your two-year-old can propel himself around the room. The food tray detaches and the whole can be packed flat into the canvas carrying-case. Chair and tray 22/6 ; Case 6/-.

Will You Come to My Party?



There is more to children's parties than the good times they enjoy

IF the arrival of the gay little invitation cards produces delight for the young recipients, mothers and nannies are apt to sigh at the beginning of the party season, which seems to them so often to be responsible for many subsequent nursery complications.

But it is not quite fair to blame parties for all the junior troubles of the next three months. Parties actually are the useful red lights which show us where troubles exist. They do not create them, while they do give us a chance to discover and mend matters.

At practically any children's party you will find the shy child who has been most enthusiastic about the party until he actually gets there, when he becomes terribly shy and unable to take his share in the fun.

You will find also the showing-off child, who is constantly pushing himself into the limelight.

Both benefit by going to parties, for both are in need of contemporary companionship to modify their self-consciousness. Their troubles are similar in this respect that, whereas the shy one presently finds, to his great relief, that he is inconspicuous in a large crowd, the showing-off one also learns that he has to take his turn and find his level.

IN a big gathering the shy child does not suffer so much from being noticed as in a small one. An understanding hostess will watch her time and draw him tactfully into the smaller circle by degrees.

The nervous, excitable child who wears himself and his relations to a shred in his excitement before the party, and looks pale and dark-eyed for at least two days after, is only showing us that he needs a different and broader routine.

He should not be "kept back" as he so often unfortunately is. He needs an open-air and physically active life. He should meet plenty of people, particularly children, of course, but in a quite informal way, without fuss, so that he grows to take such events as parties more placidly and for granted. To "keep him back" is only to centre him more than ever on to himself and his own emotions.

Occupational toys and interests should be provided for him to share with other children, while a preparation of glucose is found very helpful to many of these children who burn up their energies rapidly.

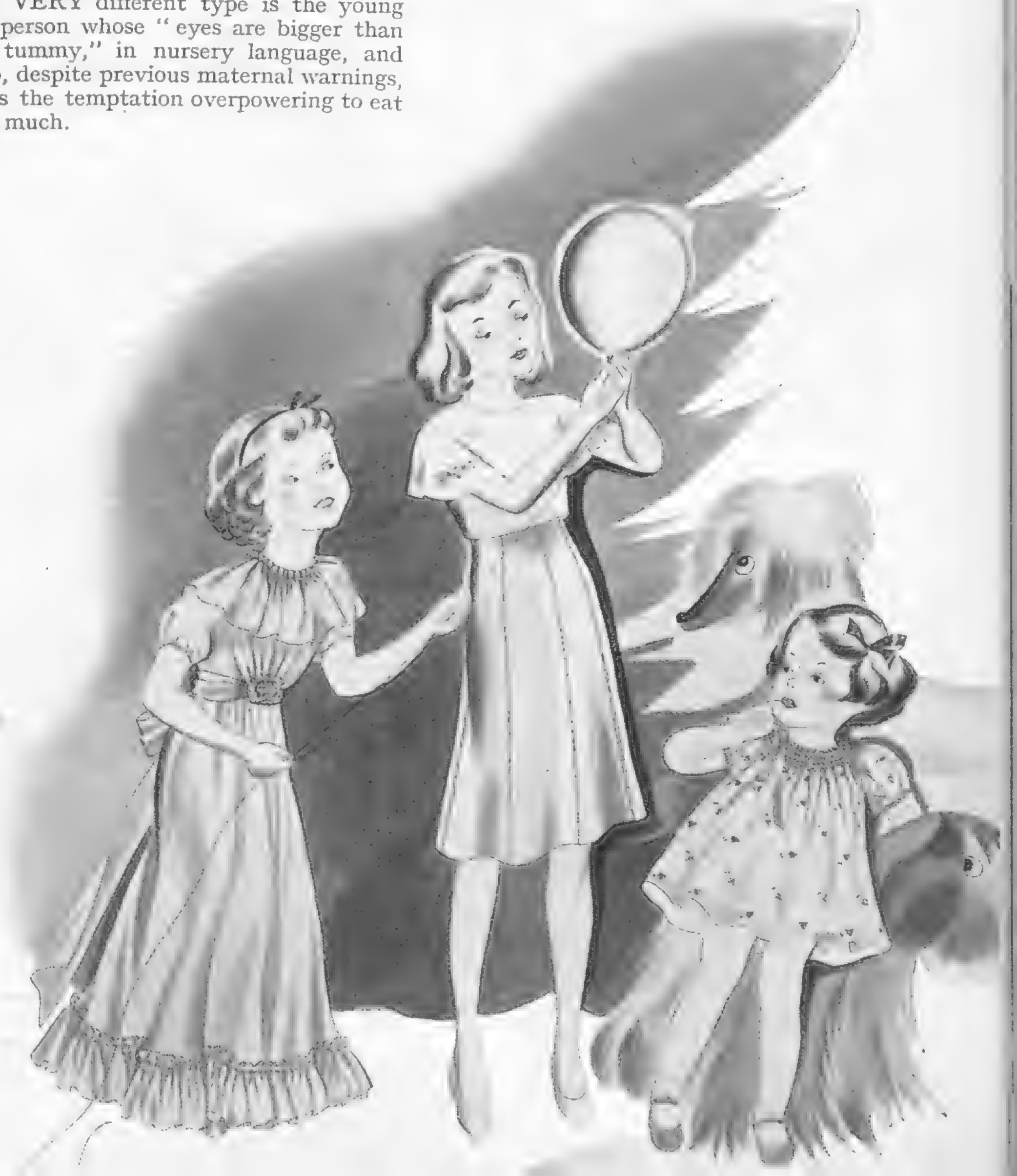
A VERY different type is the young person whose "eyes are bigger than his tummy," in nursery language, and who, despite previous maternal warnings, finds the temptation overpowering to eat too much.

The wise hostess plans her menus carefully on these occasions to include all sorts of tomato, egg and cress, apple, and kindred sandwiches, besides plenty of fruit jelly to balance the cakes and sweets.

Nevertheless the child who is overcome with these fleshpots is only too often one whose home menu is of a needlessly monotonous rice-pudding and stewed-apple character, with a more or less official taboo on sweets.

For the healthy young person sweets at the proper time, ices, home-made cakes, iced or otherwise, and even a limited amount of home-made pastry are perfectly suitable, provided the balance of greens, fruit, vegetables, butter milk, fish, meat and egg are maintained.

Restrictions will achieve nothing. It is better to (*Continued on page 168*)



(First of group): Pale green georgette, gathered frill at the neck and hem, sash at the waist with a wreath of tiny flowers at the centre front. Slip of green crêpe de Chine

(Centre): Pale blue crêpe de Chine skirt and top with large cape collar embroidered with tiny bunches of flowers. Collar of cream georgette

(Extreme right): Dress of blue organdie embroidered with tiny flowers of deeper blue and pale yellow. Smocking round the neck and sleeves in pale and deep blue. Tied on either shoulder with blue ribbon.

All from Liberty's, Regent Street

Little Things I have *Learned* from *Other* Countries

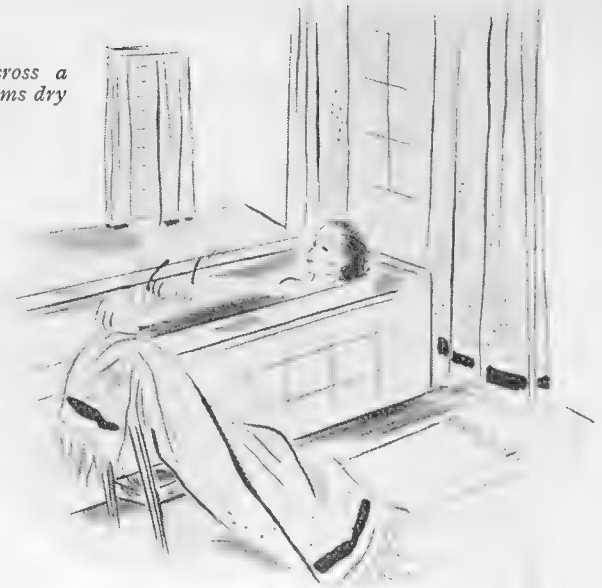
By Wulfred Pryke

EVERY country you set foot in has new ideas of interest to women, if only you are sufficiently curious to probe into its domesticity.

Germany, of course, is the home of extreme cleanliness. Their bathrooms are a delight.

In a tiny Bavarian hotel in the mountains I came across a most excellent idea for keeping bathrooms dry.

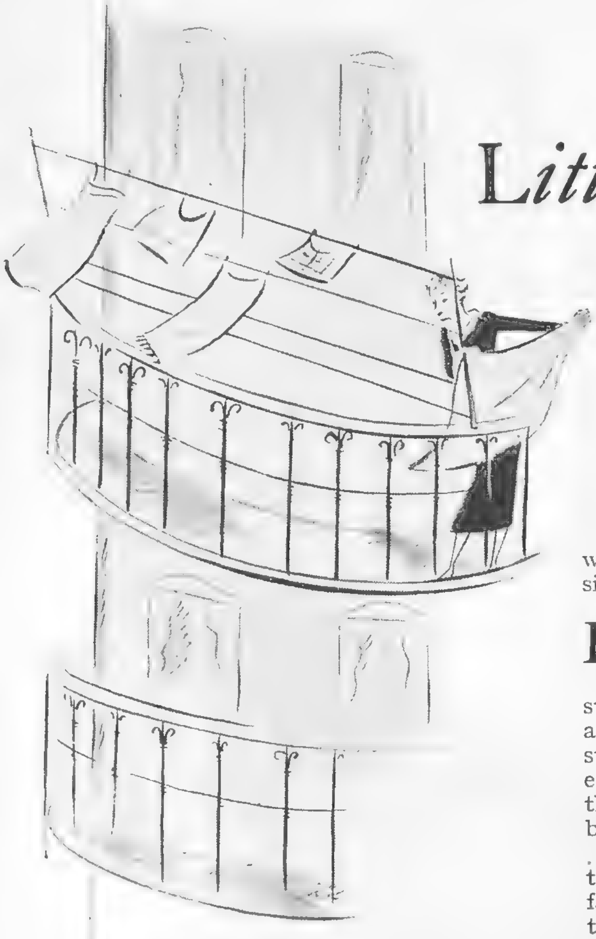
At the large windows they had lightweight white towelling curtains reaching from ceiling to floor. A low ottoman (for massage or for drying small children) was also covered in white towelling. The towelling had a narrow coloured border.



In a tiny Bavarian hotel I came across a most excellent idea for keeping bathrooms dry

The whole bathroom looked delightfully clean, and there was no steam whatsoever on the walls or windows, as the towelling had absorbed it all.

The bathroom was, of course, properly heated.



In all the large blocks of flats in Barcelona there are the most excellent home washing arrangements

IN all the large blocks of flats in Barcelona there are the most excellent home washing arrangements which could quite easily be adopted here.

From the back balcony are fixed four lines of rustless wires on a strong frame which slopes outwards and upwards from the balcony rail. It looks like a neat arrangement of wireless aerial fittings.

All small articles can be dried here, and when not in use there is nothing unsightly.

The Spanish architects do excellent things with their balcony space. At the ends of each individual balcony there are two small rooms, built as part of the main design.

One room houses a very large sink, fed with hot and cold water, and a rubber mangle. The other balcony room has ironing board, electric iron, etc.

All small household articles are washed in these balcony rooms and immediately hung out on the wires. There is no tramping through the flat with wet clothes and no need to use the kitchen sink for woollies.

FRANCE has many things to teach us, both practical and frivolous.

I like their way in the south with a steak that may not be quite as tender as the breast of a dove. Long, narrow strips of fat are cut from the outside edge and tiny cuts are made in the lean, the strips inserted, and then removed before the steak comes to table.

If you didn't realise it before, one of the main reasons for tender meat is that fat and lean should alternate closely as the fat melts in cooking and softens the tissues of the lean.

A Frenchwoman is rarely seen—even in the sea—without a lovely, smooth, red mouth. This is the way she achieves it. She dries her mouth very carefully first—often powdering it as well. Then she applies the lipstick very thickly and rubs it well in with a finger tip. Then she powders her mouth lightly again.

After that it will stay on all day, despite large meals or nervous nibblings! The whole secret is to keep the lipstick absolutely dry when applying.

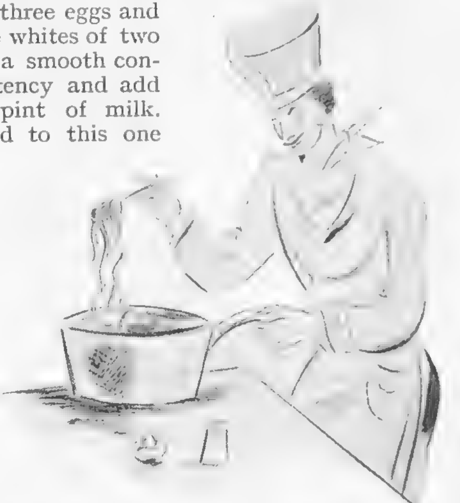
A Frenchwoman is rarely seen—even in the sea—without a lovely, smooth, red mouth

Also from France comes a sweet that needs beautiful cooking—coffee custard. It is delicious cold, with whipped cream, or quite lovely if eaten hot.

I was invited into the kitchens of an old hotel in the south of France to see it being done like this. Mix one tablespoonful of strong black coffee with a dessertspoonful of thick cream.

Then one pint of good raw milk, the yolks of three eggs and the whites of two.

Beat the yolks of three eggs and the whites of two to a smooth consistency and add a pint of milk. Add to this one tablespoonful of good, strong black coffee mixed with a dessertspoonful of thick cream.



The Italians can give us sufficient hints on cooking vegetables and cereals to keep us busy for all time

Pour into china or fireproof glass dishes (individual ones are prettiest) and stand in a pan of cold water which should come halfway up the outside of the dishes.

Then cook in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes until the custard has just set.

THE Italians can give us sufficient hints on cooking vegetables and cereals to keep us busy for all time.

Rice first of all. (*Continued on page* 112)

I'll Tell *you* *all* I K*now*

By Mary Young

"What about my vitamin C?"

CHIEF rave this month goes to a beauty woman, new to me, but with nearly thirty years of successful Dover Street beauty culture experience behind her.

I was reasonably satisfied with my make-up until she came into my life with her criticisms, giving her orders. "Take off that make-up. Your rouge is placed wrongly. Wrong colour powder." And so on and so on.

Under her expert direction, the assistant worked on me. First as a powder foundation, a thin, faintly greasy liquid, specially for dry, sensitive skins. Excess wiped off, paste rouge put on in triangles, worked in just where the faint natural colour showed itself. On nose sides, a touch of open pore lotion. On the nose only, a nose shine preventative. Over all, a few fluffs of peachy velvety powder, lipstick to match the rouge, mascara and *voilà*, Madame is pleased? Madame was, very.

Madame went home with the whole box of tricks in a parcel. The smooth, suave make-up applied each morning has stood the strain of heated rooms and rushings about, and lasts throughout the day, with slight re-powdering. *It does not go puddingy.*

So much for the cosmetic side. I have also found the cleansing, nourishing and toning methods equally effective.

But, at this beauty salon, they go deeper down. They look for skin defects and help you out with them.

Acne, red noses, red veins are skilfully treated, cured.

In severe cases of acne, each spot is treated separately, carefully pressed open, the damage inside removed, antiseptic is applied, and the place hermetically closed. Less severe cases can be effectively home-cured with their acne cream and a gritty paste used instead of soap.

Red veins (the bad kind) are caused by the blood vessels breaking and dying under a thin skin—the rhinoceros, you know, never suffers from red veins. They can be removed by a special hot-air process.

Small red veins can, like acne, be home-cured with red vein lotion, medicated cream, and a special liquid powder foundation.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope.

Mary Young

NEXT time you feel bored with the man who *will* do tricks with matches, bring out your own little packet of book matches and say: "Have you seen me strike one on my mouth?" Strip off a match, moisten your lips and apply it. They will glow a warm red.

Lipstick matches are original, convenient, and fun. They are red tipped, same as real matches, but each tip is a midget lipstick, to be used once (it is truly indelible, lasts all day) and thrown away. Obviously hygienic, and especially useful to keep in your bag against the girl-pest, worse than the comb borrower, who always comes out without her lipstick.

At the place where you get these lipsticklets they have plenty more original and excellent beauty and cosmetic tricks.

I hear very good reports of a new day cream (one and ninepence a handbag tube) which vanishes immediately, and provides a protective film either to hold your powder or to be left alone without powder, as its effect is really beautifying and rejuvenating.

GOING back to matches for a moment, real ones this time, I've found some most attractive little book matches (why "book"?) made in gay, frivolous colours, with coloured matches and tops. You can have your initials put on, and buy them, a dozen neatly packed in a box, for two-and-threepence.

An idea here to give to those people to whom you want to send just something more than a Christmas card.

BABY talk now. Not the goo-goo, itsy-bitsy talk, but real baby-to-baby-when-do-we-eat-and-what sort of talk.

Well, baby, this is what. Make sure that mother is listening.

Something really new and good in food has arrived for you. Tell your mother, who has her anxious moments in your difficult first year when you are changing over from liquid to solid foods, that she can stop worrying.

A world-famous firm of food producers has brought out homogenised baby foods which provide a perfectly balanced blend of essential food values for your every day.

They have taken solid foods, prepared and combined them in a new, easily digestible way that does not overtax your delicate system.

You won't need to say reproachfully: "What about my vitamin C, mother?" Because every vitamin you need is accounted for in these combinations (three vegetable, one fruit, one cereal one soup) prepared by skilled chemists and technicians, vacuum packed into sealed, enamel-lined tins.

WHY it should be considered a good-form crime to sing in your bath is just another of the hundred and one things I'll never understand. Why shouldn't a man wear made ties if he's in a hurry? Why is every attractive non-Englishman considered, by Englishmen, a dago? And so on.

For myself, I am a hearty bath singer these mornings.

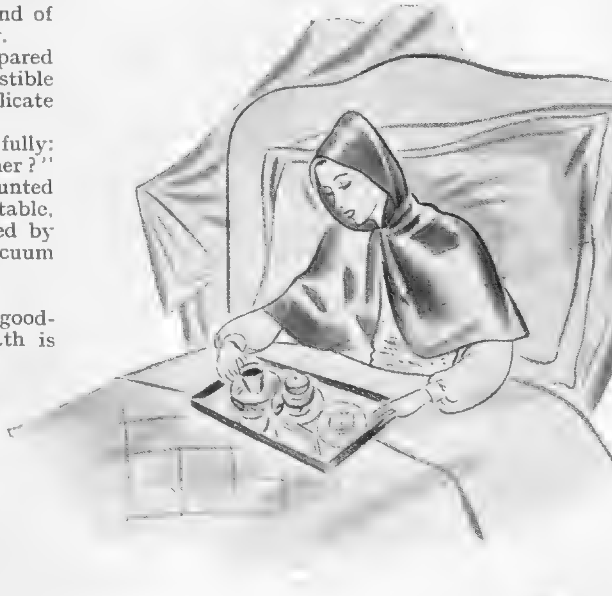
Possibly because my bath is so extra pleasant nowadays. I put it down to some new, surprising bath salts. They have no prickly corners, they are small and fine grained. And directly they touch the water, they form a glorious bubbly lather.

The water is softened instantly, you are cleaned more effectively and beneficially. So why shouldn't you sing? Perfumes to choice. Mine is gardenia. The same maker sells a nifty bath powder with a sifter top.

A YOUNG woman who designs and makes the most attractive lingerie I have seen for a long while seems to have thought of everything except a new word to take the place of the hideous "undies."

Never mind what her things are called. They are original, pretty, chic, full of ideas. Little Abyssinian hooded capes, for instance, which you wear instead of a bed jacket. The hood (which suits practically every face) covers up early morning hair, which is either untidy or else tucked in a net. In any case, not sightly.

She gives long bishop sleeves and pockets to one lovely satin nightgown, makes a man-tailored dressing-gown of chintz, lined with velvet, and, final glory, offers you a boudoir wrap, a romantic cavalry cloak of parchment satin, lined with deep blue velvet, fastening with diamanté frogs. If you don't happen to have a boudoir, you might wear it, very well indeed, to the theatre.



A Glass of Something . . .

In other words a drink, and we don't mean soft. We mean real Christmas drinks — wines, cups and hot punches

Christmas punch is a grand drink for an informal fancy dress party. Put a quart of still dry cider into a saucepan with three oranges stuck with cloves. Bring to the boil, adding sugar. Stirring well, pour contents into a punch bowl with a port-glassful of whisky in it. The cut crystal bowl comes from Hamptons, 59/6. Punch glasses, 2/6 each

YOU must not forget, when laying in your Christmas stocks, that the cellar as well as the store cupboard probably needs replenishing.

A good meal deserves to be accompanied by a good bottle.

First plan a Christmas dinner and see what would best go with it, supposing this to be your menu:

Clear Soup

Stuffed Turkey
Potato Croquettes
Poached Celery

Christmas Pudding
Mince Pies

Dessert

With this meal I should serve red wine (claret or burgundy; a 1924 Chateau Gruaud Larose, or a 1929 Volnay for example), until the pudding, when a glass of port or old madeira should take the place of the wine, which, of course, does not go at all well with sweets.

If the dinner party is to be a very grand affair, including a fish course and a savoury, the menu might be more like this:

Consommé Madrilène

Filets de Sole à la Crème

Stuffed Turkey
Pommes Duchesse
Salsify

Christmas Pudding
Mince Pies

Angels on Horseback

Dessert

Here you would want two wines—white wine, a burgundy, a hock or a moselle with the soup, and red wine with the bird, again followed by a glass of dessert wine with the sweets.

In either case there is another solution, and that is to serve champagne (1926 is an excellent year) only, and all through the meal. This, of course, depends on how much you want to spend, but there are plenty of good brands which are not at all expensive.

With the coffee, a glass of good brandy, or a sweet liqueur for those who prefer it, will put everybody into a state of perfect peace and contentment for the rest of the evening.

FOR a Christmas or New Year, or just any sort of winter party, your drinks are very important. Give them good cocktails, good cups and punches. And don't forget that there are always guests who prefer plain whisky and soda, or ginger ale, plain gin and tonic. Here are a few suggested cocktails, cups and punches for your Christmas drinking.

Moonraker

Put into the shaker one-third of brandy, one-third of Dubonnet, and one third of peach brandy. Add a few drops of absinthe, ice and shake well. This is one of my own inventions, and, if I may say so, a very popular one. Rather potent.

Whisky Cocktail

Put half whisky, a quarter French vermouth, and a quarter of strained orange juice into the shaker with ice. Shake well and serve with a stone olive in each glass.

Martini Cocktail

A general favourite at all times, the dry Martini is very simply made with half gin and half French vermouth. Have ready some little pieces of lemon peel which you squeeze over each glass, letting the piece of peel drop into the glass afterwards.

You can vary your Martinis by using a mixture of French and Italian vermouth and adding a few drops of angostura bitters. Or make a special one of your own with the addition of a little orange essence, or, better still, orange blossom water.

Rum Cocktail

Half rum, the other half orange curaçao and strained lemon juice in equal proportions. Put these in the shaker with ice, shake well and serve while still frothy

Champagne or Hock Cup

Put two tablespoonfuls of soft sugar into a large glass jug with a few slices of orange, of lemon, and of pineapple. Add a port-glassful of brandy and a bottle of champagne or hock. Just before serving, splash in half a syphon of soda water, stir well, see if the cup is sweet enough, and put in a few lumps of ice.

Cider Cup

Cider Cup can be made in more or less the same way. I should use some cucumber rind as well as the fruit and dry ginger ale instead of soda water. If you do not wish the drink to be too strong, omit the brandy.

Rum Punch

For each person put into the punch bowl a good portion of rum, the juice of half a lemon, sugar and, if possible, a sprig of rosemary. Add a few pieces of lemon, cutting up those you have used for the juice and sufficient boiling water. Stir well and see that the punch is hot enough before serving.

Good Cooking in Glass

Labour-saving, time-saving and very decorative

By A. H. Adair

I AM not attempting to claim that I have discovered glass oven ware, for it has been used in really modern kitchens for years, but I must confess that looking through the list of Phœnix dishes was a revelation.

I had no idea that such a very complete collection of clear glass cooking utensils existed, nor that they had been improved to such an amazing degree. So for me, at any rate, there is a feeling of having discovered something new, and here are some of the points which I find particularly thrilling.

There is one dish called "the three-purpose dish," which solves many a problem. First of all, you have a dish with a close-fitting lid indispensable for certain types of recipes (I will give some of these later) in which you can cook one complete course and take it straight from the oven to the table.

For other occasions you have two dishes: the base of the dish which you use for an entrée and the lid in which you make and serve a pudding or a savoury. Think of the washing-up saved and, when you put the dish away, of the small amount of space required.

Another thing about Phœnix oven ware is the wide range of dishes of every size and shape, and for every conceivable purpose from breakfast dishes to cakes and pastry, and for every course of the most elaborate dinner party, each course arriving piping hot, and served straight from the dish in which it was cooked.

But much as I appreciate the labour-saving qualities and the actual good looks of Phœnix oven glass, good cooking is what I am really interested in, so I hope you will try these recipes, so easy to carry out in these glass utensils.

Soupe à l'oignon

Peel and clean one pound of onions, cut them into very small pieces and fry in bacon fat (in a saucepan) until well cooked and browned. Now add twice as much of boiling water as you will require of soup; salt and pepper.

Simmer the soup until it has evaporated by about a half, then pour it into individual glass soup pots, seeing that each person has his fair share of onions. Sprinkle the top of each bowl with grated cheese and brown in the oven.

This famous French peasant soup is almost universally popular, especially for a gay supper party. There are one or two places in Paris where people go at four or five in the morning to restore themselves with *soupe à l'oignon* in much the same way as we fall upon eggs and bacon in the early hours, after a really late night.

Oeufs Bressane

Prepare a mince of chicken meat (or remnant of roast pheasant), mix it with a little Béchamel sauce. Put into the ramekins, break an egg in each, pour a little melted butter over each yolk, and cook in a moderate oven for about ten minutes. Sprinkle with red pepper before serving.

Poulet en Cocotte

First prepare the chicken as for roasting, sprinkle it with salt and pepper and rub it outside with butter or dripping. Now take a Phœnix covered roasting dish, grease the bottom very slightly with butter or dripping, put in the chicken and start roasting it without the lid for twenty minutes.

(*Continued on p.* 118)

Oeufs Bressane served in attractive Phœnix Ramekins

The Sweet and Savoury uses of Mincemeat

CHRISTMAS *Canapé, warmed mincemeat on sponge cake topped with cream—delicious*

By

A. H. Adair

HOUSEKEEPERS all over the country are busy making their Christmas arrangements, planning meals and parties, going over shopping lists and wondering how on earth they can think of something new and amusing to serve during the big week.

The Christmas dinner itself is quite easy, for with the exception of a few little personal touches, nobody wants to revolutionise this, the best of all meals. But you can make use of some of the special Christmas ingredients in such a way that they will have all the charm of novelty.

Take mincemeat, for example. Mince-pies are delicious and must, of course, appear just as they are; but they are by no means the beginning and the end of uses of mincemeat, out of which all sorts of intriguing surprise dishes can be made.

I should not recommend experiments with mincemeat if you had to make the mince yourself; you would have quite enough to do, just to provide a sufficient quantity for your mince-pies. But as everybody nowadays buys Robertson's perfectly prepared mincemeat, there is no end to its possibilities.

Here are a few of my ideas. I am sure that you will think of many more yourselves.

Mincemeat Flambé

After you have been to everybody else's party and eaten quantities of ordinary mince-pies, give your party later in the season and serve the mincemeat in this way.

Make the contents of one jar of mincemeat thoroughly hot, put it in a hot serving dish of metal or fireproof material, and garnish with fingers of puff pastry already baked.

Have ready some rum, slightly warmed —a tablespoonful of rum to a one-pound jar of mincemeat—pour it over the mincemeat and set it alight, letting it burn until the flames die out naturally. Hand separately an extra supply of pastry fingers.

Christmas Canapés

Have ready some rounds or squares (about four inches and half an inch thick) of already baked sponge cake, spread these thickly with some mincemeat, slightly warmed. Put on the top a decoration of sweetened whipped cream very cold, and sprinkle the cream with grated orange peel.

The cream should be really cold and only put on at the last minute, otherwise it will begin to melt. The contrast between the warm mincemeat and the chilled cream is a very happy one.

Gâteau d'Or

Beat two eggs well in a bowl and stir in slowly, mixing well three ounces of soft sugar, two ounces of self-raising flour, and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir till quite smooth and then add a one-pound jar of mincemeat. Mix thoroughly, pour the mixture into a well-buttered soufflé dish and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen to twenty minutes.

About five minutes before you finish baking, sprinkle the top with sugar, and increase the heat to glaze the sugar. Serve with a coffee-flavoured custard.

Liqueur Dates

Here is something to add to the little collection of dessert dishes which flank your pretty arrangement of fruit on the dinner table.

Choose large, ripe but not too squashy dates. Slit them lengthways down the middle and remove the stones.

Take a jar of mincemeat, turn it out into a bowl and sprinkle it with a few drops of rum or brandy, or, better still, a little of each. Work the spirit well into the mincemeat and use this to stuff the dates.

Mincemeat Mould

Put one pound of mincemeat into a saucepan with a tumblerful of water, two ounces of soft sugar and the strained juice of a lemon. Dissolve in a little water one ounce of gelatine sheets and stir this into the mixture.

Bring to the boil very slowly, stirring all the time, after which let the mixture become tepid before pouring into a mould. When cold turn out and serve with a decoration of whipped cream.

Savoury Uses of Mincemeat

Many dishes, especially those of a very spicy and exotic nature such as curries, *pilaffs*, require a certain amount of sweetness to " take off " the effect of the spices. Sugar is sometimes added, but in the case of a curry you want something with more body.

As the best curries are made by first frying the vegetables and then adding the spice, I would recommend the addition of a good tablespoonful of mincemeat after you have added the curry powder.

For a *pilaff* (which is a dish of freshly boiled rice, well drained, and then put in a frying-pan with cubes of meat or pieces of fish, spices, tomatoes, butter, salt and pepper) add also a tablespoonful of mincemeat. After all you eat red currant jelly with mutton, so why not try other combinations of sweet and savoury ?

A sauce made with mincemeat seasoned with salt and pepper and a little vinegar would go very well with roast pork or roast goose. A change from our old friend, apple sauce.

Cocktail Specialities
HEINZ
ATORA
Foster Clark's CREAM CUSTARD
Libby's
BIRDS BLANC MANGE
ROSE'S LIME DELIGHT

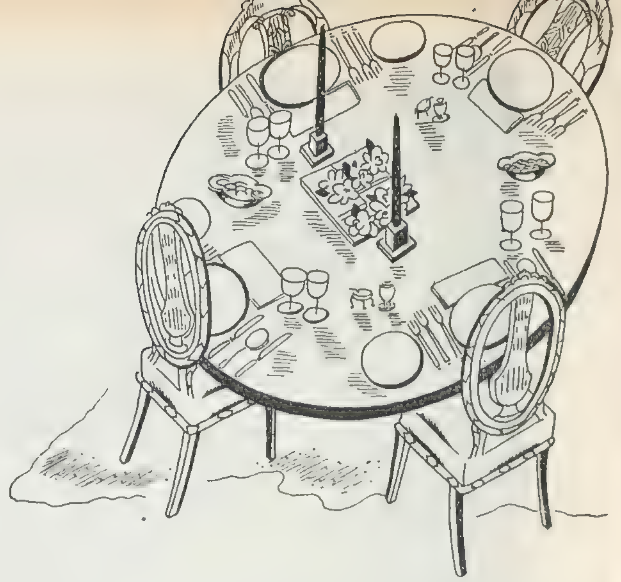
Helen Macgregor

Grand Eating *and Drinking*

A medley, in box, tin, jar and bottle, which, brought out at the right time and in the right place, will make them say of you "She's a marvellous housewife" . . . .

GIN and lime will be a popular drink at grown-up Christmas parties, but don't forget the children. Rose's Lemon Squash for them, and a box of Lime Delight . . . Smedley's Home Grown Fruits will help to make the most tempting fruit jellies, fruit salads and fruit trifles . . . Foster Clark's Cream Custard is indispensable for the store cupboard; their Golden Pudding is a nursery favourite . . . Invalid friends who cannot share your Christmas dinner will appreciate and derive benefit from a jar of Brand's Beef Essence . . . Schweppes Soda Water needs no introduction, but give your special friends a half-and-half mixture of Schweppes Green Ginger Wine and whisky . . . Hugon's Shredded "Atora" Beef Suet will make your Christmas puddings light and appetising . . . Maconochie's tempting presentation case of Cocktail Specialities includes pearl onions, cherries, olives and gherkins . . . Libby's Natural Fruit Juices are refreshing and health-promoting, and each is an excellent basis for cocktails . . . The Laughing Cavalier enamelled casket contains a fancy assortment of Peek Frean's chocolate biscuits. Price 5/- . . . Carr's Tea Caddy biscuit tin is filled with Emblem Assorted, and will be useful and decorative after the contents are eaten. Price 2/- . . . Bird's Blancmange in individual moulds makes a lovely party sweet for both nursery and dining-room . . . Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy is the ideal liqueur with which to end a Christmas dinner . . . Chicken Noodle, Cream of Mushroom and Cream of Spinach are three of Heinz delicious soups, of which there are eighteen varieties . . . Send your friends overseas one of Chivers' delectable Plum Puddings. They are supplied in special hermetically sealed tins for this purpose.

The One Maid Dinner Party



A DINNER party is a form of entertainment which many hostesses with a limited staff are reluctant to tackle. But it need be no problem to give a successful meal, with the help of only one maid, if your menu is carefully planned and timed.

Chestnut Soup

Scalloped Oysters

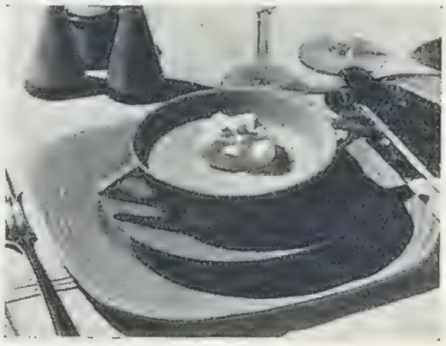
Casserole of Chicken

Mushrooms à la Princesse

Milanaise Soufflé

Prune Savoury

Details on page 144



Chestnut Soup

Prune Savoury

It must not be too pretentious, and must be one that can be managed well ahead of time. This allows you to sit down with your guests, without being over anxious about kitchen affairs. And for the sake of the maid, who has to appear immaculate at table, it is only fair to cut out anything which requires last-minute touches.

The number of courses should be limited to a few choice dishes, which can be comfortably prepared without over-taxing either maid or mistress.

For ease of service, the prelude to the meal may consist of appetisers ready with the sherry or cocktails, and eaten in the lounge.

Some hostesses, however, prefer to have the introductory course arranged individually on the table. Hors-d'œuvre nicely garnished, oysters served in their deeper shell, prawn cocktails, grape-fruit, iced cantaloupe, or the versatile avocado pear are ideas for the first course.

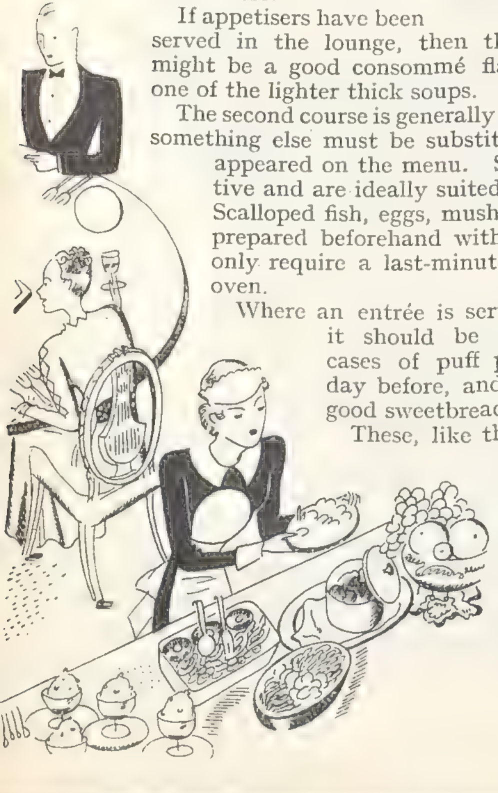
If appetisers have been served in the lounge, then the introductory course might be a good consommé flavoured with sherry, or one of the lighter thick soups.

The second course is generally a fish dish, but obviously something else must be substituted if fish has already appeared on the menu. Scallop shells are attractive and are ideally suited for individual portions. Scalloped fish, eggs, mushrooms or oysters can be prepared beforehand without loss of flavour, and only require a last-minute heating in a moderate oven.

Where an entrée is served as the main course it should be a simple one. Patty cases of puff pastry can be made the day before, and filled next day with a good sweetbread or chicken mixture.

These, like the scallops, only require gentle heating through. The maid can do this while the meal is beginning.

This course can be served quickly from the side table and, if a double vegetable dish is used, waiting is a simple matter.



Where more solid fare is required, chicken, done in a variety of ways, or game simply roasted, garnished with watercress, and served with little green salads, is always good. Browned crumbs and potato chips are necessary accompaniments which might prove troublesome, but if these are fried beforehand they keep hot and crisp on their draining tray if put in the oven uncovered. It is a simple matter to turn these quickly on to their separate dishes, while gravy can be re-heated in a small pan before serving in the sauce-boat.

The carving is done at the side table.

An individual sweet can look most inviting and a great variety can be simply put together with ice cream, which is generally delivered in the freezer ready for use. Meringues, fruits in jelly and brandy scrolls all have their uses and are simplicity itself when serving.

A savoury, however, is sometimes preferred, and a cold rather than a hot one should end the meal, as many savouries lose all their flavour from lack of attention in the oven.

Dessert may follow if wished, in which case finger-bowls are necessary. These should be in readiness on the sideboard, the bowl placed on the dessert-plate with a mat, and the fruit knife and fork alongside.

Coffee may be served in the dining room, but with one maid it simplifies matters greatly to have it in the drawing room, in this way clearing and washing up can be tackled straight away. Throughout the meal the host should make himself responsible for serving the wines, as it is too much to expect one maid to take this in hand.

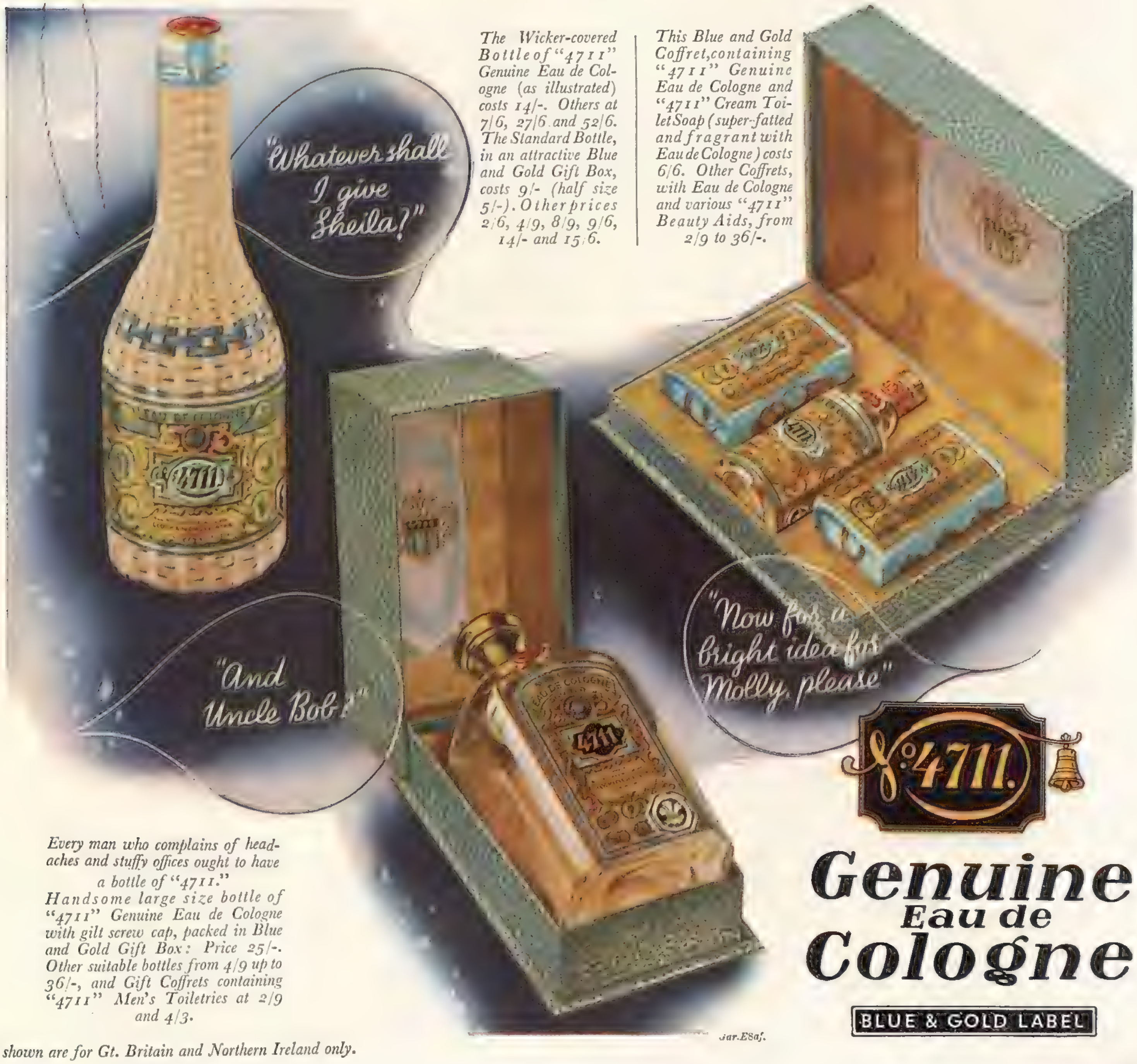
Coming to the important point of service, there are many little labour-saving touches which can be used to simplify this. Individual dishes are a distinct advantage. The ever-adaptable dinner-wagon is invaluable, and a double tray cuts out many an unnecessary step in table work.

(*Continued on page* 144)

Do you know Santa Claus' telephone number ? It's '4711,' of course !

Even the woman who would choose a large bottle of cheap Eau de Cologne if she were buying for herself, will hate to be given anything but *"4711"* Genuine Eau de Cologne as a Christmas gift. She, like everyone else, will delight in the message *"4711"* always conveys — that 'only Genuine Eau de Cologne is good enough for you.' You know yourself that it is the spirit behind the gift that matters !

PERFUMERS
TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
BY APPOINTMENT


"Whatever shall I give Sheila?"
"And Uncle Bob?"
"Now for a bright idea for Molly, please"
4711
No. 4711
Jar.Esaf.

The Wicker-covered Bottle of "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne (as illustrated) costs 14/-. Others at 7/6, 27/6 and 52/6. The Standard Bottle, in an attractive Blue and Gold Gift Box, costs 9/- (half size 5/-). Other prices 2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 9/6, 14/- and 15/6.

This Blue and Gold Coffret, containing "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne and "4711" Cream Toilet Soap (super-fatted and fragrant with Eau de Cologne) costs 6/6. Other Coffrets, with Eau de Cologne and various "4711" Beauty Aids, from 2/9 to 36/-.

Every man who complains of headaches and stuffy offices ought to have a bottle of "4711." Handsome large size bottle of "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne with gilt screw cap, packed in Blue and Gold Gift Box: Price 25/-. Other suitable bottles from 4/9 up to 36/-, and Gift Coffrets containing "4711" Men's Toiletries at 2/9 and 4/3.

Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

Prices shown are for Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland only.

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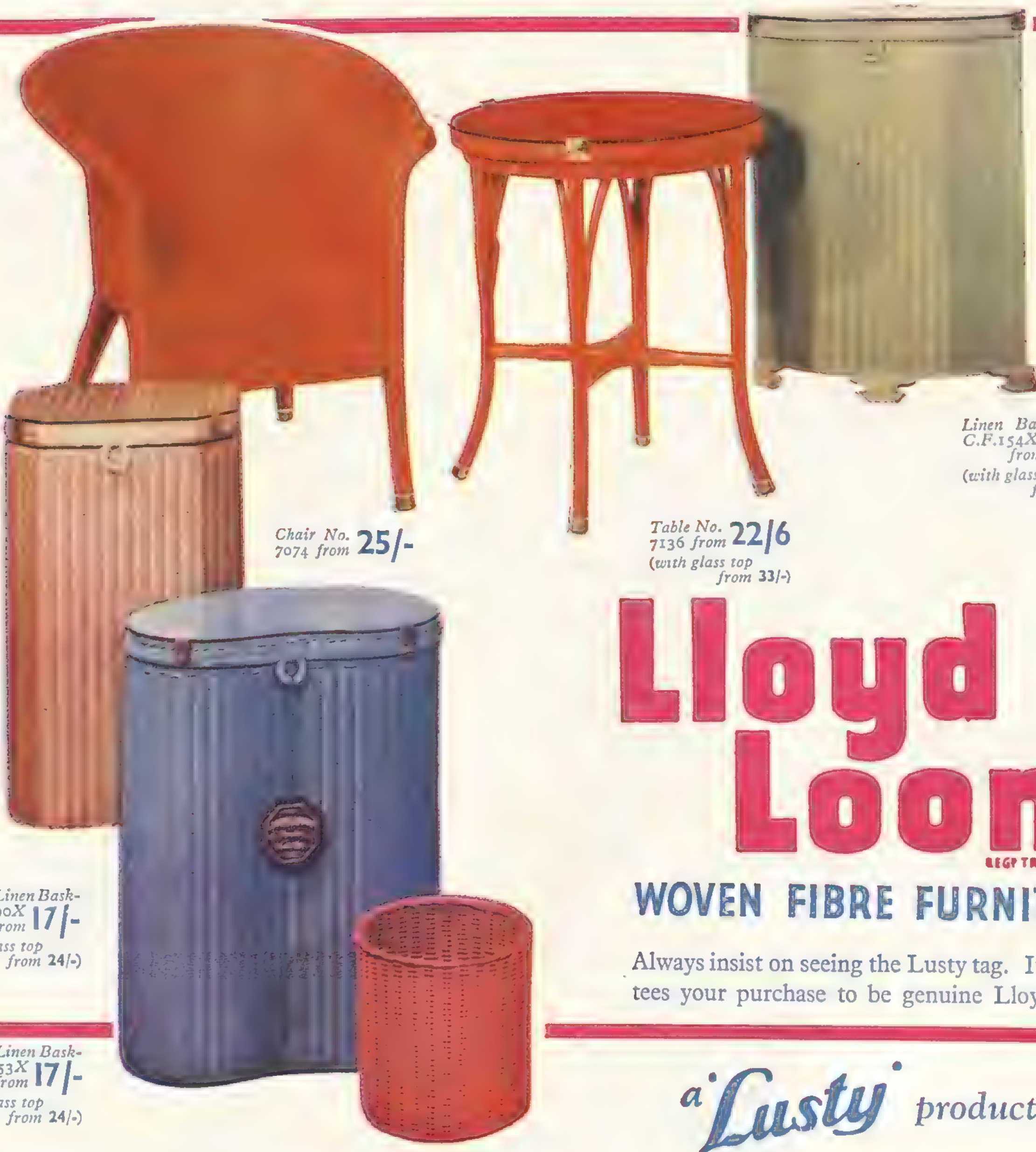
THROW off the burden of Xmas shopping . . . and keep all the fun! Give practical, charming *Lloyd Loom Woven Fibre Furniture.* Your choice is unlimited, even though you've your pocket to consider. 400 beautiful, durable gifts from 3/9, chairs from 25/-, and each model available in 34 standard colours. Chairs, tables, settees, linen baskets, dressing stools, table lamps; all of them made by the famous Lloyd Loom process. Send for a FREE copy of the Lloyd Loom Art Catalogue or, better still, visit one of the eight thousand dealers who display Lloyd Loom Furniture.



Linen Basket No. C.F.154X from **19/-**
(with glass top from **26/-***)*

Chair No. 7074 from **25/-**

Table No. 7136 from **22/6**
(with glass top from **33/-***)*

Above-Linen Basket No. 190X from **17/-**
(with glass top from **24/-***)*

Right - Linen Basket No. 153X from **17/-**
(with glass top from **24/-***)*

Waste Paper Basket No. 179 from **3/9**

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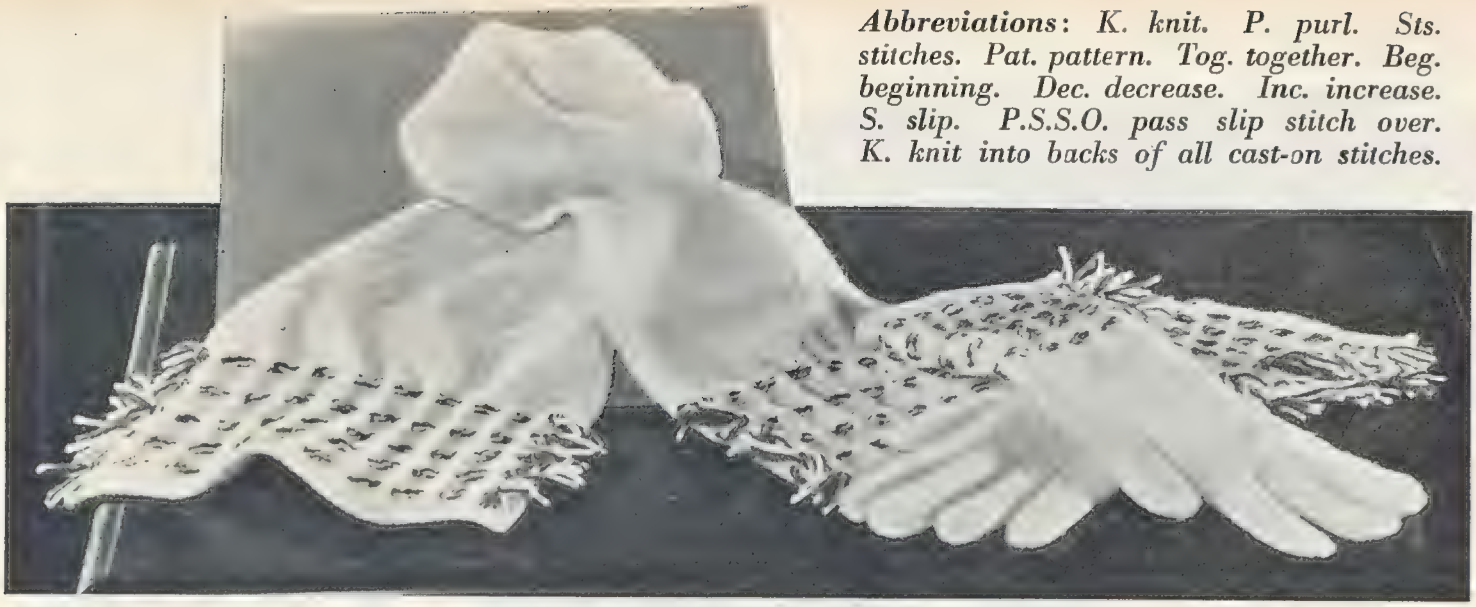
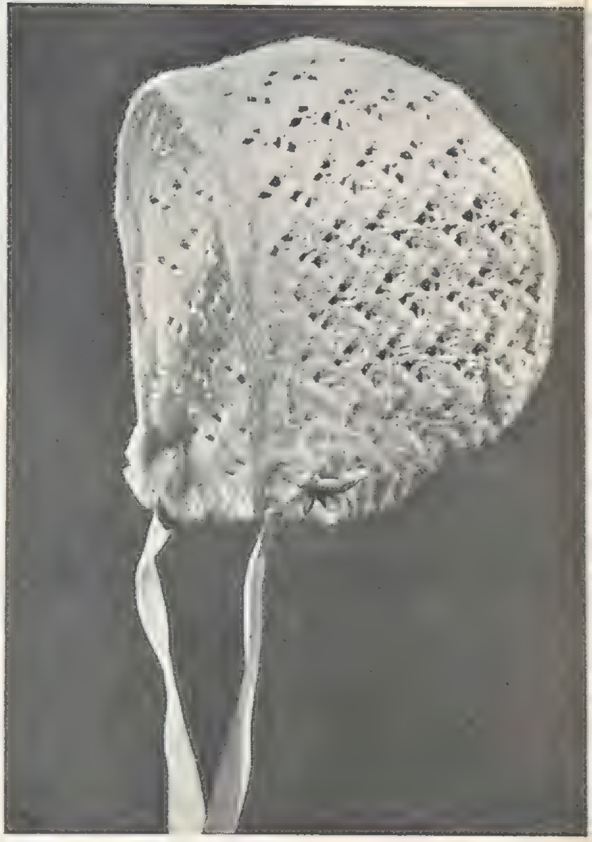


Abbreviations: K. knit. P. purl. Sts. stitches. Pat. pattern. Tog. together. Beg. beginning. Dec. decrease. Inc. increase. S. slip. P.S.S.O. pass slip stitch over. K. knit into backs of all cast-on stitches.

Hand Knit Gifts

cheap for the giver—dear to the receiver



Scarf and Gauntlet Gloves

Required: *For scarf, 2 oz. 4-ply wool. For gloves, 2½ oz. of 4-ply wool. 1 oz. of contrasting coloured wool for cords. 4 Double Century Pins (pointed both ends), No. 12. 1 pair of Double Century Pins, No. 9.*

Scarf

With No. 9 pins cast on 57 sts. and work as follows:—

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—K. 2, P. 1, repeat to end of row.

3rd row.—K.

4th row.—P. 2, K. 1, repeat to end of row.

Repeat rows 1 and 2.

7th row.—K.

8th row.—* K. 3, P. 3, repeat from * to last 3 sts., K. 3.

9th row.—* K. 3, M. 1, S. 1, K. 2 tog., P.S.S.O., M. 1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., K. 3.

10th row.—* K. 3, P. 3, repeat from * to end of row.

Continue on these 10 rows for 5½ inches. Then repeat rows 1 to 4, dec. one stitch each end of every 4th row until 27 sts. remain.

(*Continued on page* 169)

Bedroom Slippers

Required: *3 oz. Double Knitting Wool. 1 pr. Double Century Pins No. 7. 1 yd. Ribbon. 1 yd. Feather Trimming. 1 pr. Lambswool Soles.*

Cast on 23 sts. and (using the wool *double* throughout) work as follows:—

* K. 2, P. 2, repeat from * to last st., P. 1.

Repeat this row for 46 rows.

Cast off 9 sts. Break off wool.

Knit an identical piece but cast off 10 sts.

Now take the two lots of sts. on to one pin (27 sts.) Work on these 27 sts. (still following the pat.) for 2 ins. Then dec. each end of every alternate row, until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

Knit another slipper the same, and sew up the back seams.

To Make Up

With white thread sew the slippers to the soles. Trim with the feather trimming by sewing to top of slipper, which is then turned over.

Sew on a bow of ribbon to each slipper

Baby's Bonnet

Required: *1 oz. 4-ply Baby Wool. 1 pr. No. 9 Double Century Pins. 1 yd. ribbon.*

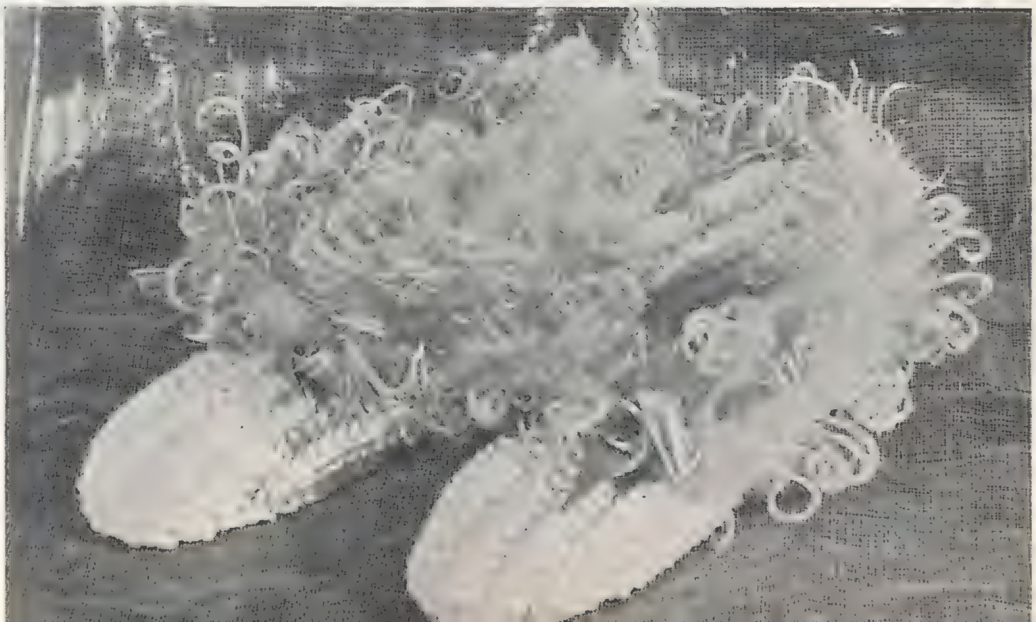
Cast on 90 sts.—K. into backs 1st row. Now work border pat.

1st and 2nd rows. — K. 5, P. 5 to end of row.

3rd and 4th rows. — P. 5, K. 5 to end of row.

Work these 4 rows. Then continue in "open" pat.

(*Continued on page* 170)



This is he

Some call him Mercury, *the god of sprightliness.*

Some call him Hermes, *the god of the roads.*

But *ALL* know him as the presiding genius of

NATIONAL

BENZOLE MIXTURE — *the spirit of*

startability

National Benzole Co., Ltd., Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.
(The Distributing Organisation owned and entirely controlled by the Producers of British Benzole.)

An Attractive 12 h.p. Riley

The 1½ Litre "Falcon Saloon"

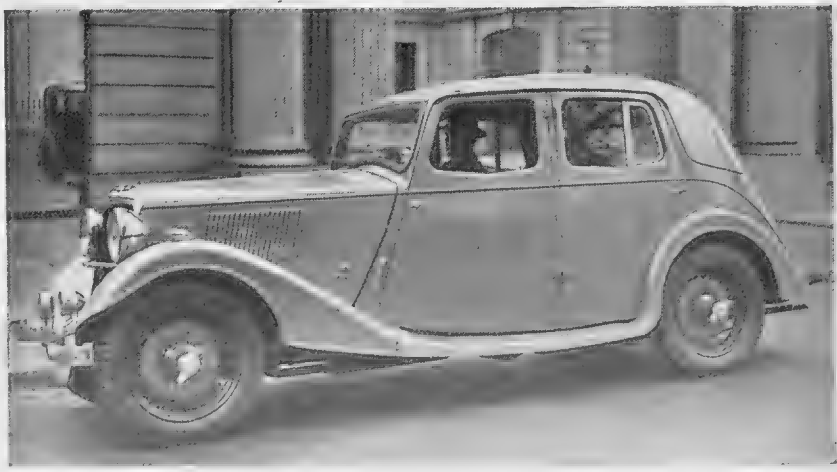
By The Earl of Cardigan

I HAVE often praised, as a type, the modern four-cylinder 12 h.p. car. It seems to satisfy so many motoring requirements, being small enough to be economical and handy, while yet giving genuine comfort to its occupants. Its performance, while obviously not of " big car " calibre, is none the less thoroughly sturdy and far beyond what used to be considered as conventional light car standards.

All these virtues are possessed in excellent measure by the 12 h.p. Riley. In addition, we have here a car which is distinctly individual. It is a good representative of the 12 h.p. class ; but it is also, and very definitely, a good exponent of Riley tradition.

Thus it has the good looks which one associates with every Riley model. Its makers must be almost unique, in that they have never, as far back as my memory goes, designed an ugly motor car. This " Falcon," from whatever angle it is seen, immediately pleases the eye by its fine lines and graceful proportions.

The engine is, of course, a high speed unit, although it turns over so smoothly that one is not conscious of excessive " revs." For the same reason, one might easily be deceived as to the number of cylinders. All, or practically all, the characteristics of a " six " seem to be present in this efficient little " four."



ITS good looks proclaim this "Falcon" saloon as a typical Riley product. It is priced at £335, and has a remarkably good all-round road performance

There is plenty of speed available. In third gear no less than 50 m.p.h. can be reached, while in top gear the maximum is between 65 and 70 m.p.h.

The transmission system is distinctly interesting. An epicyclic gearbox is used, having four speeds, pre-selective. The clutch is of friction type and acts automatically. That is to say, with any gear engaged the car will move quietly away from a standstill with the driver merely pressing the accelerator pedal. In the same way, if the brake is applied the car will stop without the engine being stalled, although the driver has neither declutched nor changed into neutral.

AS a " stunt," the car can quite well be driven on the level entirely in top gear. This Riley transmission, however, has many practical uses. Apart from its simplicity, it is admirable in permitting an ultra-quick getaway to be made. When the green light shows, the car can be set in motion and changed " up " successively through all its gears, with the absolute minimum of delay.

The braking system is new and works on the Girling mechanical principle. This has come very much into favour during the last year or two, and undoubtedly gives admirable results. The pedal pressure is light but entirely progressive, so that it is easy to pull up quickly, while avoiding that unpleasant violence which jerks passengers out of their seats.

Good road-holding has always been a Riley characteristic, and this car " sits down " more than ordinarily well. The springing is so designed as to be at its best at medium and high speeds, and there is never any " rolling " tendency on corners. When going really fast the driver need feel no qualms, for this feeling of steadiness is a constant factor.

(*Continued on page 124*)

THE low floor level makes for ample leg-room, and there is plenty of head-room also. The rear panel opens to disclose a roomy luggage locker

The 1½ Litre Riley in Brief

Engine: *Four cylinders, overhead valves, with twin camshafts. 12 h.p. £9 tax.*

Gearbox: *Four speeds, pre-selective, assisted by automatic friction clutch.*

Performance: *Third gear, 50 m.p.h.; top gear, 65-70 m.p.h.*

Springing: *Semi-elliptic, good, especially at higher speeds.*

Steering: *Very light and pleasant.*

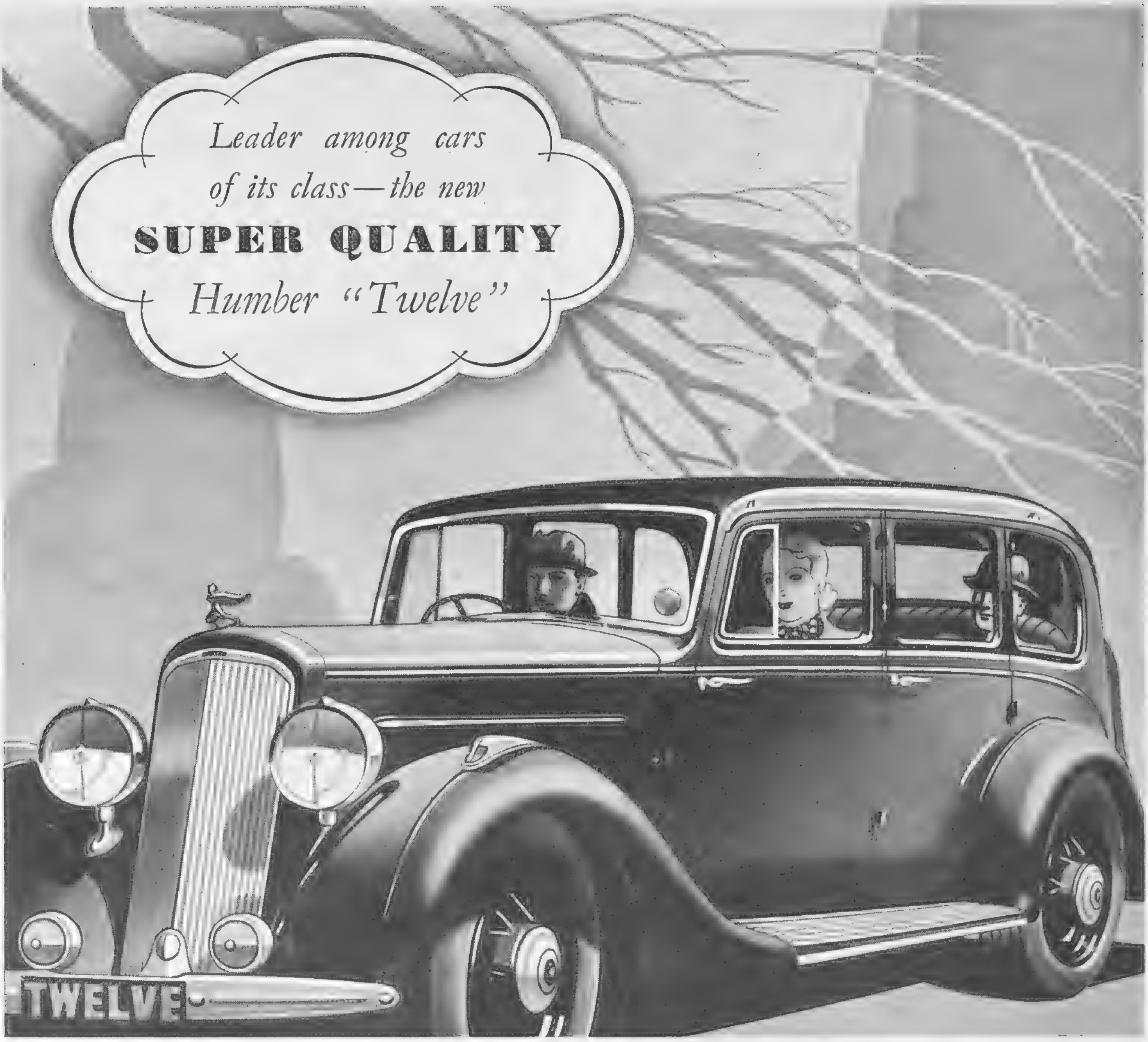
Brakes: *Of efficient Girling type.*

Coachwork: *Comfortable, and exceptionally good-looking.*

Price: *" Falcon " saloon, £335.*

THE pre-selective gearbox gives real "finger-tip" control. The clutch is automatic, so that altogether few cars can be handled so easily

THE permanent jacking system is a valuable asset to the car. A well-balanced frontal appearance is obtained by fitting the electric horn externally, alongside the fog lamp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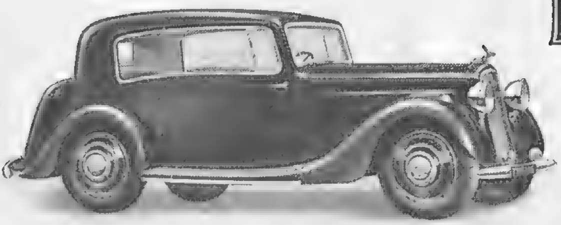
of its class—the new
SUPER QUALITY
Humber "Twelve"
TWELVE

The dignity and exclusive appeal of the Humber "Twelve" . . . the many refinements, including synchro-mesh on all four gears . . . brilliant performance . . . luxurious appointments . . . combine to make this the outstanding car of moderate price and rating.

For those who want something different—the "Vogue" Saloon



The 1936 Series

HUMBER

Twelve

SALOON £285
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VOGUE SALOON £335

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BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

The Joys *of* Winter M*otoring*

By A. Percy Bradley

As each winter comes round a surprisingly large number of motorists put their cars away into storage until spring once more appears. Owners who use their cars for business purposes can be reckoned upon to be all-the-year-round motorists, but those owners who use the roads principally for pleasure purposes are tempted to put their vehicles away for some months at this time of the year. Other owners, who might be classed as the economical brigade, consider that they would not use their cars frequently enough from October to February to warrant them paying the tax up to the spring. I think if motorists could only be induced to keep a careful balance sheet of their motoring they would first of all be surprised to discover how cheap car-owning really is, as compared with the benefits it bestows, and secondly, they would be amazed to find what a small proportion of their total outlay is accounted for by the annual tax. This tax, therefore, should never in itself influence a motorist as to the car he buys or the number of months of the year during which it may be used.

To those who do not keep careful note, winter conjures up an unpleasant number of consecutive days during which rain or snow descends and high winds blow, thus giving very unpleasant conditions for motoring. That, however, is not a very true picture, for there are many very pleasant days and spells from now onwards until March. Bright and, perhaps frosty days provide most pleasurable conditions for motoring, but if there are some who object to the keen frosty air they really need not worry, because the modern saloon can give really cosy, comfortable riding without the necessity of sitting in cold draughts of air.

"*The Vauxhall Light Six. The modern saloon car gives really cosy, comfortable riding without the necessity of sitting in cold draughts of air*

The motorist will find excellent service on the road during the winter. Henly's up-to-date petrol station on the North Circular Road

If I were asked what I considered the most unpleasant part of average present-day motoring I would immediately say—the congested state of the roads. Nothing is more aggravating than having to crawl along on a main road in a long queue of traffic. During the summer months such experiences, especially during week-ends, are constantly occurring. Because I find the roads during the winter months far more thinly populated by cars, cyclists and hikers, I really prefer driving during the week-ends of December or January to those in the months of July and August.

ACE OF
SPADES

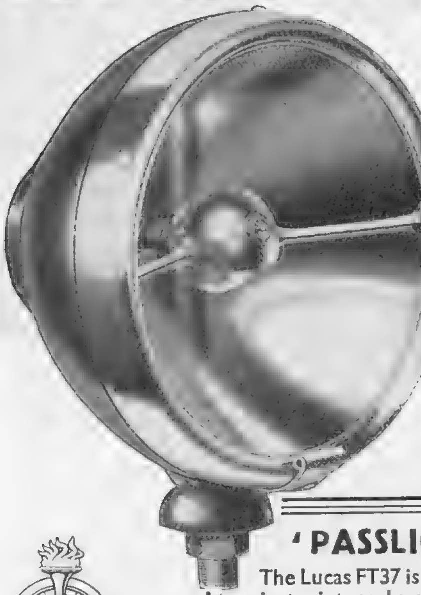
The road house has made motoring much more pleasant during the shorter days of winter

Years ago the winter motorist had to go out in a draughty car, nine times out of ten, become numbed with the cold, and at the end of these self-imposed journeys he would find a very unwelcome cold restaurant in which to have a meal. To-day, the same driver can proceed with a modern car in absolute comfort and can go farther, owing to the increased speed of his vehicle, in the same time. But what is perhaps even more important is his ability to map out a journey so as to have its termination at a well-equipped modern, cosy road-house. In such an establishment he will find a warm welcome and can sit round a cosy fire amidst clean and pleasing surroundings whilst a well-served, moderately priced meal is consumed. There can be no doubt whatever that the modern road-house and the many rebuilt or reconstructed hotels now met with on the roads of the country have made motoring very much more pleasant, particularly for those who set forth during the shorter days of winter.

Then again, in many respects motoring is safer at this time of the year, for a greater proportion of one's driving is carried out during the hours of darkness. In my opinion the night is the safest part of the twenty-four hours to drive a car along the road. In the days of uncertain acetylene lamps such was not the case, but to-day even the low-priced, mass-produced car is fitted with reliable electric headlamps which give a very clear vision for a considerable distance ahead. The beams from the headlamps of a car not only give the necessary light to the driver but are a perpetual warning signal, far more efficient than any hooter. I will go so far as to say that with the modern car an average speed during the hours of darkness can be just as high, with the same degree of safety, as can be maintained during the daytime.

(*Continued on page* 145)

USEFUL LUCAS EQUIPMENT for the winter months!



If you are a motorist you will be interested in our new Useful Suggestions booklet. Why not send for a copy? You will find useful ideas for winter motoring equipment and for Christmas Gifts.
Ask also for details of our "Two Years Insured Life" battery renewal scheme. Every new Lucas battery owner is entitled to six months' free service at any of nearly 500 Lucas Official Battery Service Agents throughout the country.

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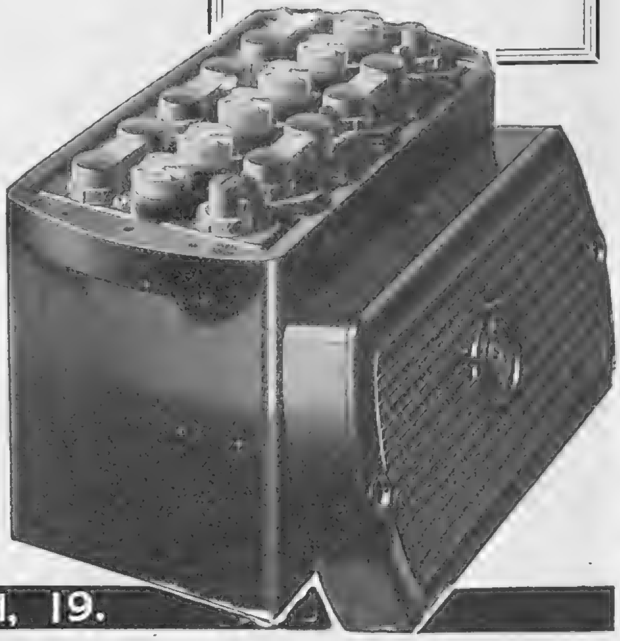
Unequalled for power, stamina and dependability. New exclusive reinforced cell partitions; acid-level indicators; famous Lucas "Milam" acid-resisting moulded cases, etc.



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The Lucas FT37 is the finest auxiliary lamp made. Projects intensely powerful, penetrating, **flat-topped beam.** Excellent as anti-dazzle "Passlight" for cars without Lucas "Dip and Switch." There are fittings to suit all cars. - - Complete, price **42/-.**

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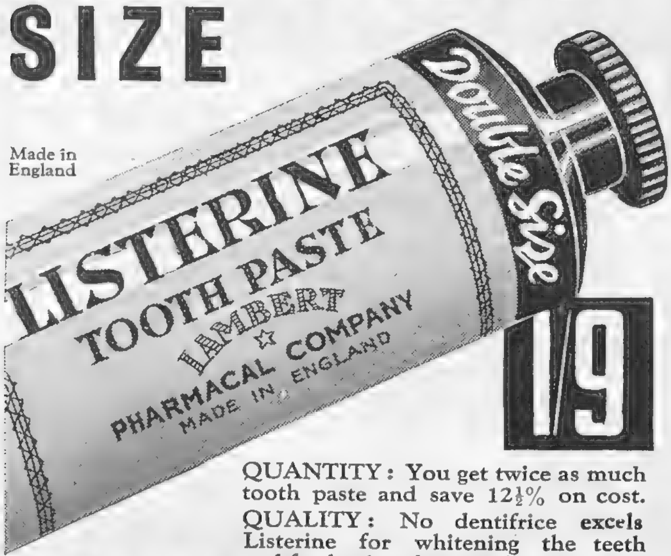

QUANTITY: You get twice as much tooth paste and save 12½% on cost.
QUALITY: No dentifrice excels Listerine for whitening the teeth and freshening the mouth.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

The Phosphate Dentifrice

OF ALL CHEMISTS & STORES. Prices 6d., 1/-, and the new double size, 1/9

Cut out colds Gargle regularly with Listerine Brand Antiseptic and you *won't* catch cold—or 'flu either. Of all chemists, 1/6, 3/- & 5/6 per bottle

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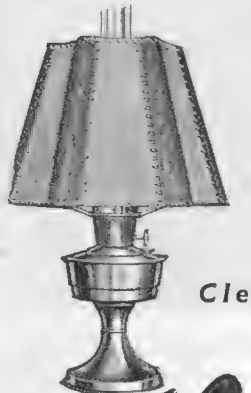
ALADDIN INCANDESCENT LAMPS

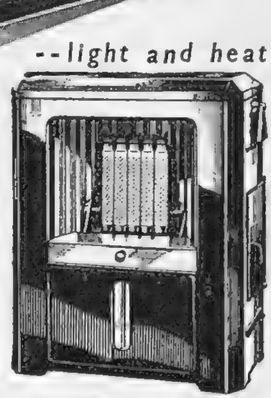


The best light is the cheapest when you buy Aladdin. 9,000,000 users say so. Its pure white light is safe, sure, clean and odourless — lighting instantly — without pumping or pressure. Burning paraffin only and costing less than a farthing an hour. Aladdin saves pounds every year. You cannot do better than buy an Aladdin. **Prices from 33/-** Shades extra from **4/6.**

Clean and cheaper - - -

Aladdin
REGD TRADE MARK

- - light and heat



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ALWAYS USE ALADDIN PARAFFIN

«

Hard Worked Electric Batteries

By *The Earl of Cardigan*

SOME motorists will think that, in describing modern batteries as hard-worked, I am guilty of an obvious under-statement. The word "*over*-worked" will be suggested as a more correct description.

It is, of course, a fact that the modern battery does far more work than was ever expected of its early prototype. In the old days, no battery was asked to do more than operate five lights, the self-starter, horn, and perhaps a windscreen wiper. Nowadays, one can think of some cars which have as many as ten different lights, or even a dozen when "stop" lights, etc., are included. Then there are innumerable "gadgets" on the instrument panel, nearly all of which rely on electric power for their operation.

In addition, the average modern engine is probably stiffer for the self-starter to turn over than the average engine of some years ago. True, with improved grades of oil, there is less sheer "stickiness" to overcome; but the modern tendency is towards higher compression ratios, and this means that greater resistance is encountered as each piston makes its compression stroke. Altogether, it is probably true to say that each year sees the electric battery more arduously employed.

As against this, I suppose no one will deny that the batteries themselves have improved. If evidence of this is needed, one may quote the fact that all Lucas, C.A.V. and Rotax batteries are now sold under a two years' guarantee. In effect, the arrangement is that if, for any reason other than obvious ill-treatment, the battery requires renewal within two years of purchase, a brand new one will be immediately supplied. The user will be allowed to deduct from the price of the new battery one twenty-fourth part for every unexpired month of the two-year period.

This sounds complicated; but it is simple enough in practice. If a battery fails after one year, you get half your money back. If it fails after eighteen months, you get a quarter back, and so on.

It is obvious, then, that Messrs. Lucas have absolute faith in their batteries for two years of life at the very least. We may deduce that, carefully handled, these same batteries may last for almost double the period named. Business firms, very rightly, estimate well "on the safe side" when giving such guarantees.

NEEDLESS to say, the best results, and the extra months or years of life, are not obtained unless some reasonable care is taken. In this connection, I have before me a most excellent little sheet, emanating from the Lucas works, which sets out briefly the few essential conditions of a battery's well-being. I do not hesitate to quote from it, since it is issued on the authority of probably the greatest battery experts in the country.

The greatest stress, as one might expect, is laid on the necessity for "topping up" the cells at strictly regular intervals. This should be done once every month, pure distilled water only being used. At the same time, it is advisable to take readings with a hydrometer—an instrument which will record at once the "healthiness" or otherwise of the individual cells. (To be precise, it shows the specific gravity of the acid solution therein.)

A point is made of the need for keeping the outside of the battery clean. This, I am sure, is neglected by many owners; but it is of importance, since water and dirt form together quite a good conductor of electricity. Thus, unless the tops of the cells are occasionally wiped, a leakage of current is very likely to occur.

THE folly of leaving the battery in a discharged condition is strongly emphasised—and this, of course, applies whenever a car is "laid up" for any length of time. During such periods, the wise man will take his battery to the local garage. Very likely, the garage man will keep it charged up without payment, provided that he is allowed to use it for emergencies. This always seems to me a very fair arrangement.

Naturally, Messrs. Lucas have many other valuable points to make, beyond the very few which I have dealt with. Their theme throughout, however, is the same: Treat your battery with common sense and understanding, and you need never fear that it will fail you.

Did You Know?

What Causes Over-heating

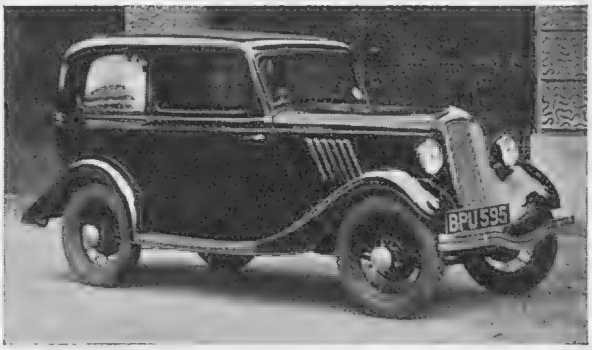
Some motorists imagine that an engine over-heats for only one of two reasons. Either—they think—some disastrous failure has occurred to the lubricating system or else the owner has merely forgotten to put water in the radiator!

Actually, there are several other possible causes. It is quite possible that the ignition lever has been accidentally set to "full retard." Retarded ignition will always cause excessive heat to be generated.

Alternatively, bad petrol may have the same effect. On the Continent, I have experienced continuous boiling, arising solely from this cause. Even in England a first-rate fuel is worth having, if only to ensure consistent running at the proper engine temperature.

The *First* £100 Saloon

IT is not often that a car can claim with truth to be entirely unique; but this is a claim which can be advanced quite soberly and fairly on behalf of the latest 8 h.p. Ford. In the first place, it is the only car manufactured in this country at the present time which sells at a bare £100. Secondly, it is the only *saloon* car which has ever been sold in England at so low a figure.

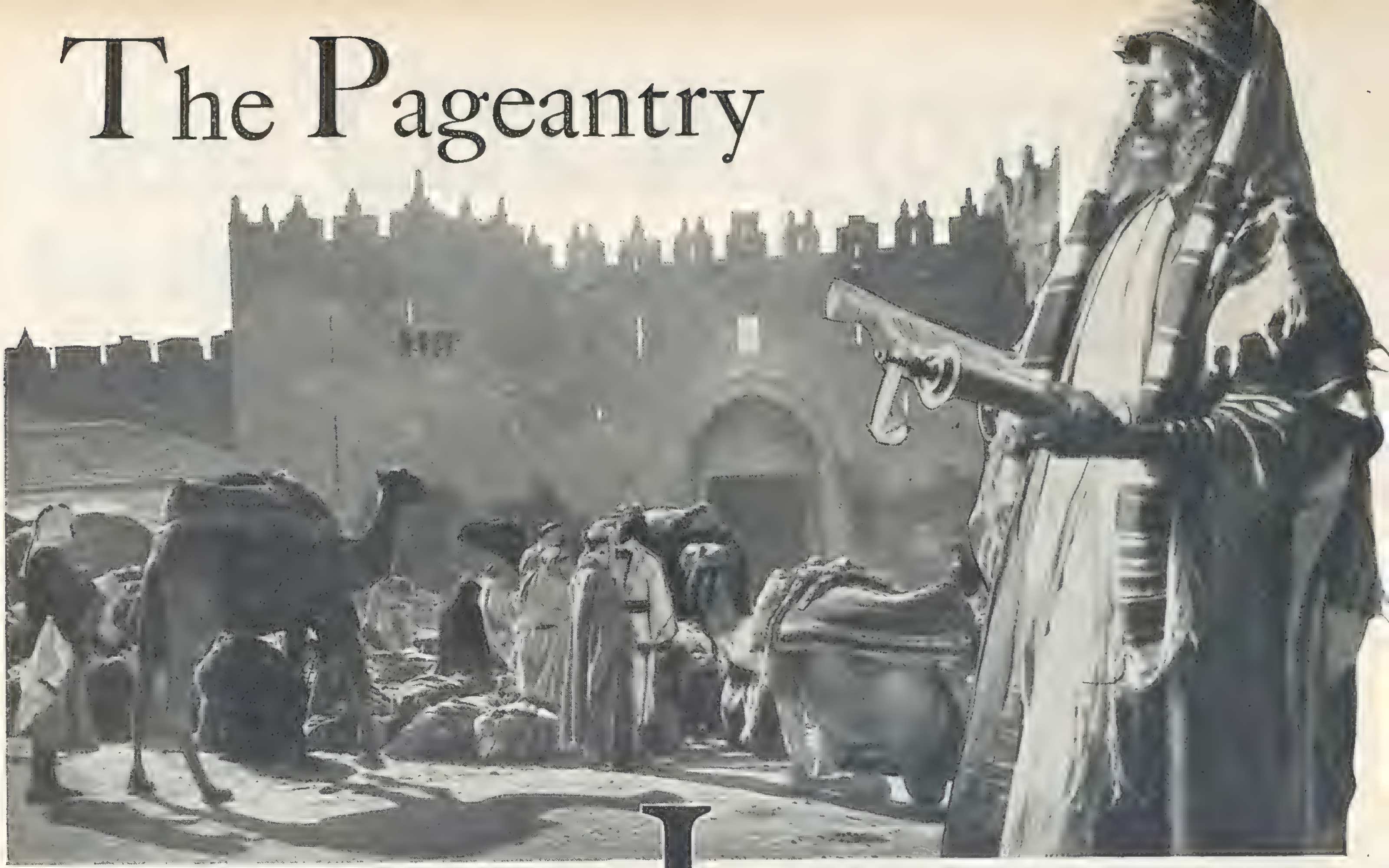


AN admirable Christmas present. £100 only buys this well-known "Popular" Ford. Four adults can ride comfortably in this car. It has a cruising speed of 45-50 m.p.h., and has synchromesh gear-change with silent second speed

This £100 model is, of course, simply the "Popular" Ford, hitherto sold at £115. It may be asked how it was possible for the £15 reduction to be made, in view of the fact that no single item of equipment has been omitted, and no "cheapening" permitted in the car's general finish. £15 is a very big reduction, in the case of a car so modestly priced in the first instance.

The answer is, I take it, that the "Popular" Ford has become so truly popular, and is now sold in such very large numbers. Skilful organisation at the Ford works may have a lot to do with it; but the basic cause must be sought simply in public demand for the little car which has earned for itself so big a reputation.

The Pageantry of Old Jerusalem



The Ebb and Flow of Life within the Holy City

AN orthodox Jew of Jerusalem arrayed for prayer. He is wearing on his forehead a phylactery and reading from a scroll of the law

(Left)
AN early-morning market scene at the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem

By H. J. Shepstone

THERE is no city that stirs the imagination like Jerusalem. There is its long and chequered history. Fourteen times has it been destroyed, only to raise its dignified head again in triumph. There is its unique situation, surrounded on three sides by mountains amid the Judean hills.

Not least, it is a holy city, sacred to the Jew, because it contained their Temple with its Holy of Holies, while it was here that their kings reigned, their prophets spoke, and their psalmist sang. It is sacred alike to the Mohammedans, as it was from its sacred rock on Mount Moriah that their Prophet ascended into heaven; while to the Christian it is holy ground, for here the Saviour of mankind suffered, died, and rose again.

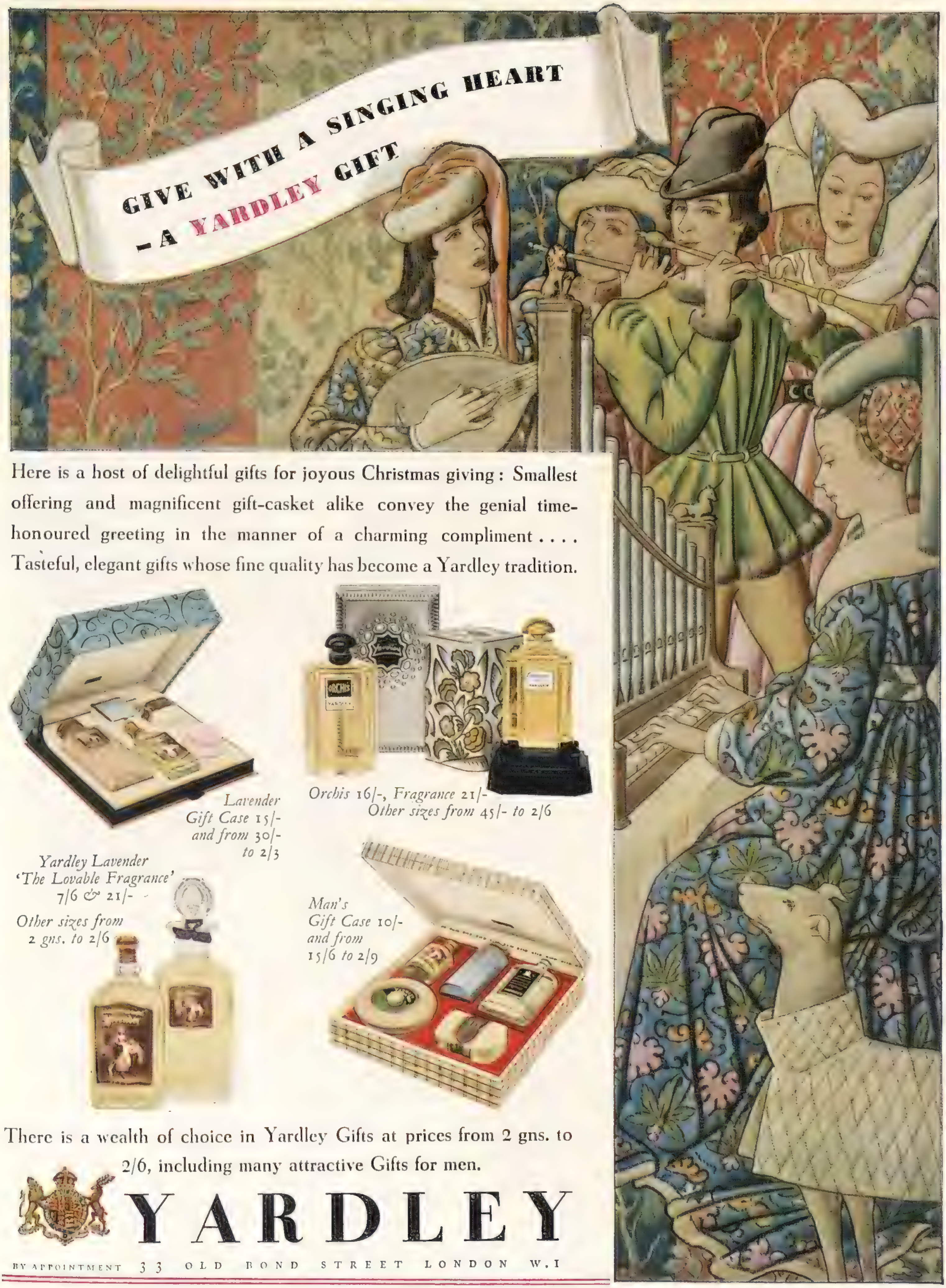
Thus Jerusalem is the meeting-place of the three great Monotheistic faiths—Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. Not only are all three faiths represented, but each religion again is subdivided into many sects, each jealously guarding rights and privileges acquired through long centuries and often at great sacrifices. As a result Jerusalem has become not only a centre of great religious fervour, but a city of elaborate and gorgeous religious ceremonies and festivals. Religion plays an important part in the life of her people. In a modern city you can meet people daily without knowing their religious beliefs. Not so in Jerusalem. Be he Occidental or Oriental, his religion is known to all, and also the fidelity with which he carries out the religious obligations imposed by his faith.

It is this religious fervour, coupled with Jerusalem's long and unique history, the part it has played, and still continues to play, in the thoughts and aspirations of mankind, that singles it out as no ordinary city, with a charm and an atmosphere all its own. The fact is, we have to-day two Jerusalems. There is Old Jerusalem within the walls, the Holy City of the Bible which pilgrims come to see, and Greater Jerusalem, of spacious boulevards and fine modern buildings which have arisen outside the walls. Here are the administrative quarters and the great business houses, banks, schools, hotels and modern shops and restaurants. This newer part of the Holy City is rapidly expanding, the total population of Jerusalem to-day being just over a hundred thousand souls.

But it is Old Jerusalem that I wish to describe, which stands to-day like an island, washed on all sides, except on the east, by a sea of new buildings. The more you know of Old Jerusalem—its ancient walls and picturesque gates, the great Temple Area, its narrow, winding lanes with their cupboard-like shops, the Suks, the ancient churches and hospices, the old synagogues and the graceful tiled minarets from which the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer—the more you are enchanted with it.

The ancient ramparts, built by Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, in 1536–42, have a circuit of about 2½ miles, vary in height from 36 to 40 feet, are graced with 34 towers and pierced with eight gates, one of which, the Golden Gate, is permanently closed. Since the British occupation the walls have been repaired, and it is now possible to ascend them at many points and stroll along the old ramparts gazing down upon some of the world's most sacred sites. The walls enclose an area of just over 200 acres, one-sixth of which, thirty-five acres, is devoted to the Temple Area. Thus, ancient Jerusalem was a small city, about equal in area to a London borough. You could dump Old Jerusalem down in many a city park and still have room to spare. Yet it contained the Temples the king's palace, the court of justice, public buildings, and the dwellings of its citizens.

(Continued on page 101)


GIVE WITH A SINGING HEART
— A YARDLEY GIFT
ORCHIS

Here is a host of delightful gifts for joyous Christmas giving: Smallest offering and magnificent gift-casket alike convey the genial time-honoured greeting in the manner of a charming compliment . . . . Tasteful, elegant gifts whose fine quality has become a Yardley tradition.

Lavender Gift Case 15/- and from 30/- to 2/3

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Yardley Lavender 'The Lovable Fragrance' 7/6 & 21/-

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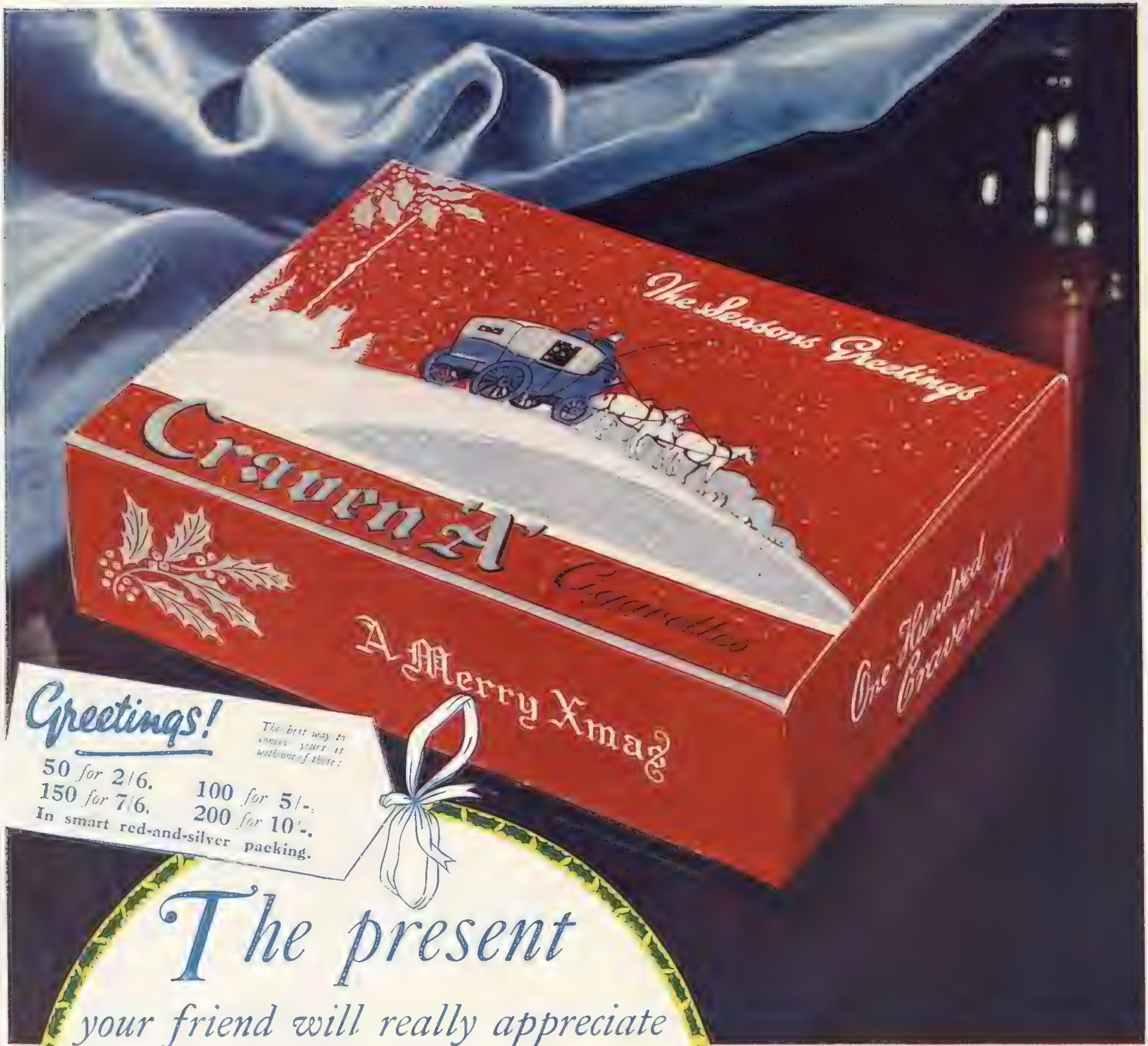

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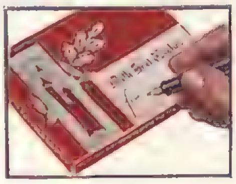

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The Pageantry of Old Jerusalem

(*Continued from page* 98)

The principal entrance into the city is by the Jaffa Gate, where stands the Citadel, often mistakenly called the Tower of David. It consists of three large towers connected by strong crenellated walls, a fine example of fortification work of the middle centuries. The tower has nothing to do with David, though we know that Herod the Great built a magnificent fortified place on this site. Entering the gateway we find ourselves facing David Street, perhaps the best-known thoroughfare of the old city, the little square here being an ideal place from which to catch a glimpse of the cosmopolitan life of the city.

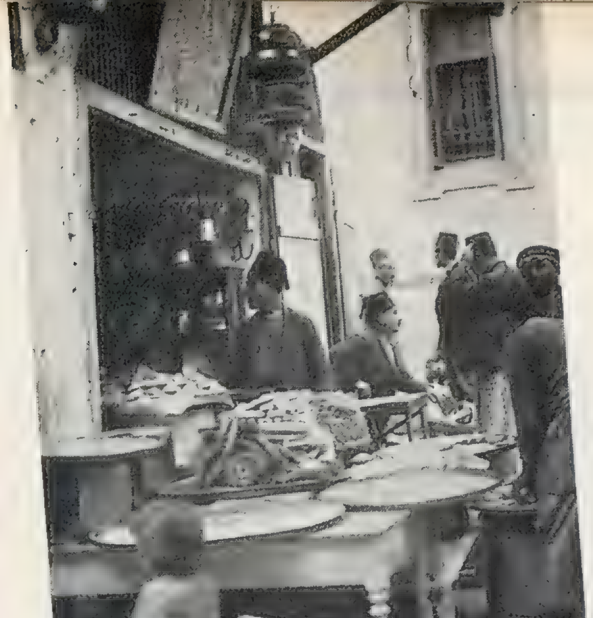
EVERY race and every creed and sect would appear to be represented. At the last census it was discovered that twenty-nine different languages were spoken by the people of Jerusalem. The three official languages are English, Arabic, and Hebrew, and by law all public announcements must be made in all three. In a like manner, Jerusalem has three Sundays—Friday being the Moslem Sabbath, Saturday the Jewish, and Sunday the Christian day of rest. The Jews would appear to keep the Sabbath more strictly than the other sects, but this is because their Orthodox brethren insist on all Jewish shops being closed from sunset on Friday to sunset on Saturday.

The streets are always crowded—Moslem women dressed entirely in black, older Jewish women in brightly coloured shawls; orthodox Jews in long velvet coats and fur-trimmed hats with curls on either side of the face in obedience to the law: "Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard"; dignified Arabs from the desert in flowing robes of many colours; Arab women in long, blue, attractively-embroidered gowns; townsmen in the omnipresent crimson tarboosh; negroes from Africa; priests, monks, and nuns in all sorts of canonical dress, native women of fine carriage with jars or kerosene cans upon their head—a truly Oriental picture.

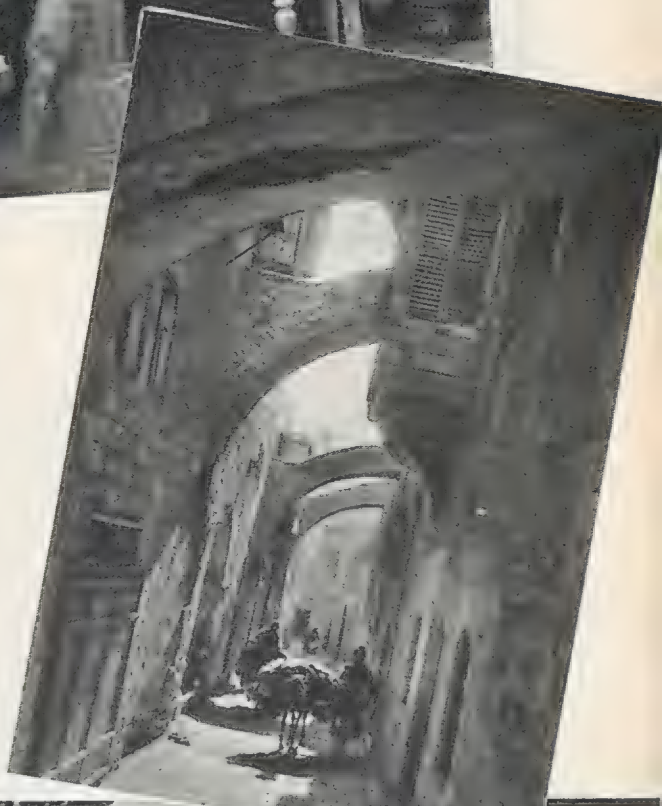
AN expert can tell from the headgear or dress the nationality and sect of the wearer. A friend of mine spent two hours standing by the Jaffa Gate one morning and made a note of the different types of headgear that passed, declaring the number exceeded forty. The only hat he did not encounter was the bowler. They were of every style, shape, size and colour, from the elongated brown tarboosh of the Dervish and the Plantagenet period conical headgear of the women from Bethlehem, to the skull cap of the Franciscan monk and the kaffieh and goat-hair aggal of the Arab. There were Jews in fur-encircled hats, Armenians in black, pointed top hats supposed to symbolise Mount Ararat, Persian and Georgian Jews in woolly headgear, nuns in elaborate white caps, together with virtually every known shape and fashion of Western headgear.

Not only are the streets narrow and winding, but they rise and fall in a series of steps denoting the hills upon which Jerusalem is built. They are no wider than an ordinary pavement, and are lined with shops crammed with all kinds of merchandise. Over nearly every shop projects a crude-built awning, invariably of sheet iron, to keep off the rays of the sun. Then the streets are crowded and you have to pick your way carefully, looking out for porters who come plodding along with heavy loads on their shoulders, as well as donkeys heavily laden, and occasionally a camel.

The shops are mere recesses in the wall, measuring, perhaps, some eight to ten feet in width and running back a distance of twelve to fourteen feet. The articles that they hold, however, and the variety of their contents.



A SWEETMEAT shop in Jerusalem with its display of oriental pastries, cakes and sweets



THE Via Dolorosa or Street of Pain. This is the roadway which, tradition says, Christ followed, bearing his cross

THE Dome of the Rock on the Temple Area is rightly regarded by architects as one of the most lovely buildings in the world

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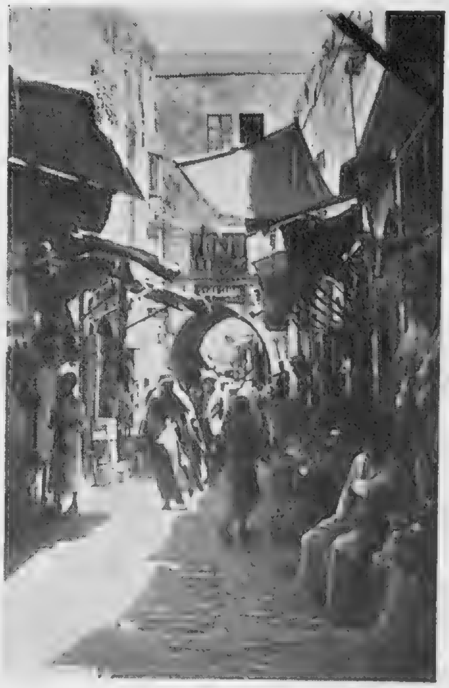
are amazing. Goods hang from the ceiling, run up the walls upon shelves, litter the floor and the counter, and pour out on to the narrow passageway. Quietly seated among the pile of goods is the storekeeper, and if you approach him you will always find him polite and anxious to do business.

The shopkeepers of the Holy City do not, generally speaking, specialise, but rather believe in variety. Here, for instance, is a grocer's shop where you will find all the commodities needed for the running of an ordinary establishment in the way of groceries and a host of other articles besides. Rope and twine are sold, flour and cheese, lard and butter, shoelaces and children's feeding bottles, and other articles not generally associated with a grocery counter. Wives of British residents in Jerusalem will tell you that provided you exercise patience you will find everything you need in these quaint little emporiums.

THE fruit and vegetable shops are always a picture, many of the fruits offered being new to visitors from overseas. The counter of the baker's shop is piled high with flat pancake-like loaves. The bread has been baked in this way since Bible times. The peasants use these pancake-like loaves as a kind of napkin, wrapping cheese and olives in them, and also as an impromptu spoon. They break the bread and with it take up a piece of meat or rice from the common dish. It recalls the incident in the Last Supper, when Jesus said of His betrayer, " He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it."

There are the restaurants where the Arabs sit on little stools sipping coffee, talking, or smoking the hubble-bubble water pipe. There is no need to buy a pipe, for one can be rented for an indefinite period at any coffee shop for 2½d. Fastidious smokers, however, carry their own mouthpieces of jade, amber, or ivory, tastefully carved, or decorated with silver filigree work.

Then there are the vendors of all kinds of drinks. The lemonade seller wends his way along the crowded street, extolling the virtues of his soft drink by clanking brass saucers. The lemonade is carried in a large glass or earthenware vessel, adorned with brass, with a chunk of ice thrust into its mouth. The coffee seller carries two brass pots, one filled with strong, dark coffee, and the other holding water, used for rinsing the little brass cups. He charges a penny to threepence a cup, according to the social status of the customer. Quite a recent innovation is the ice-cream man. He announces his ware by calling out one word, which all seem to know—Eskimo.

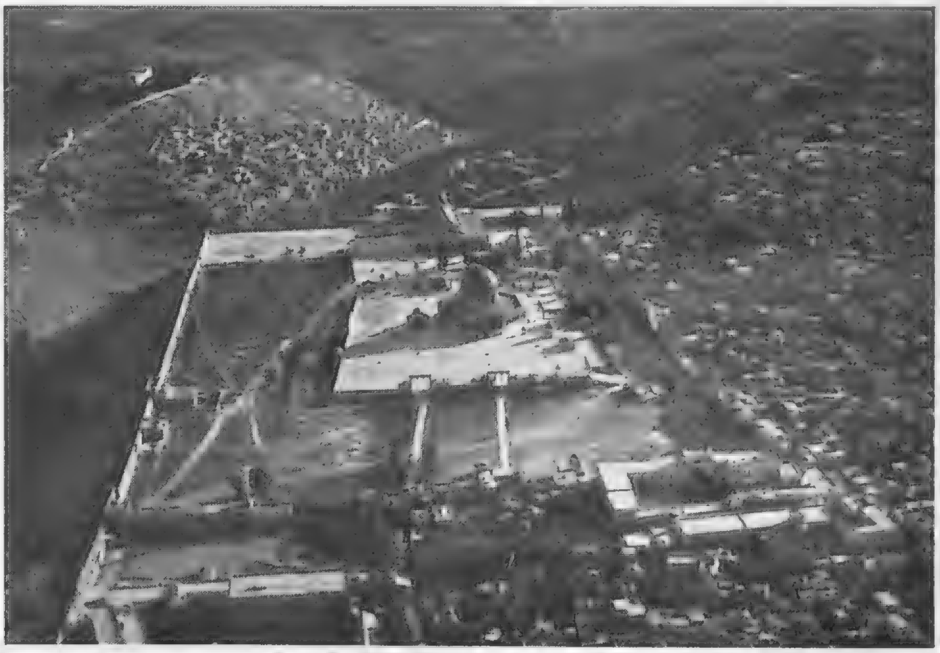


THE Street of the Chain, a typical narrow thoroughfare in Old Jerusalem

Some streets are given over to definite trades. In Christian Street, which leads to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, are the drapers and silk merchants. The silk shops are a blaze of colour. The shopkeeper is almost lost among bales of lovely silks of the most gorgeous colours. These silks come from Damascus. There are silk izards in every shade of colour, the more costly ones being embroidered in silver and gold thread. Izards are worn by both Christian and Moslem women. It is a voluminous garment, worn over the head and shoulders, and caught round the waist, from which it falls in heavy pleats.

Then there are the suks, narrow alleyways arched over with thick masonry, the light entering in sharp slants from holes in the room. Here native craftsmen may be seen at work toiling

(*Continued on page* 104)



JERUSALEM and the village of Siloam from the air. The Dome of the Rock and the Mosque el Aksa are plainly seen. The old city is on the right, very crowded and congested

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with the most primitive tools—coppersmiths, silversmiths, leather-workers, furniture-makers, weavers and dyers, potters, and a host of other trades. The coppersmiths sit on their haunches in a dark corner round a central little fire, hammering away and often chanting and singing as they work. Sheets of copper and brass are beaten into all kinds of articles. Next door is the smithy, fashioning shoes for donkeys and mules. He uses a sheepskin as a bellows, and it is effective. The shops of the silversmiths present a novel spectacle with their display of nose-rings, earrings, bracelets, beads, and other articles of adornment which are in demand by Oriental women. It was so in Bible times, and one recalls how Ezekiel represents Jehovah as saying to personified Jerusalem: "I will put a jewel on thy forehead and earrings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thy head."

That section of the Suk given over to the leather-workers is one of the most attractive spots in the old city, the shoes and other leather goods hanging in strings from the ceiling being in the brightest of colours. One notices the long, red riding boots with iron-tipped heels only worn by men of some importance, whose servants will follow on foot carrying the ordinary shoes for their masters. Hence comes the allusion of John the Baptist: "Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear." Then we have the potter fashioning clay vessels of every shape and kind, from tiny lamps to big jars holding many gallons. Earthenware lamps are still used and are burnt right through the night in the Arab villages. "Her candle goeth not out by night," says the Scripture, for a house with no light at night means an empty house.

SOME of the oldest buildings in the city are the synagogues of the Orthodox Jews. In the synagogue of the Sephardim Jews, who until last century comprised almost the entire Jewish population of the city, is a little place of prayer, with lights always burning, and a large chair, draped and prepared for the occupant who never utilises it. This is known as Elijah's Synagogue. On one occasion, four centuries ago, when there were few Jews in the city, only nine could be found for worship. The number was insufficient, for by Jewish custom there must be ten to constitute a congregation. This is based on God's promise to Abraham to spare Sodom if not less than ten righteous men were found in it. Suddenly a stranger entered and took a place in the congregation. The service then proceeded, but at its conclusion the mysterious stranger could no longer be found. He could have been no other than Elijah, so it was held, and from that day to this his place is always ready for him in case he comes again.

Close by St. Stephen's Gate is the Pool of Bethesda, associated with Christ's healing of the man who had been infirmed for thirty-eight years. Only a few yards away is the site of the Tower of Antonia, the old Turkish barracks, now used by the British as a police-station. Here starts Jerusalem's most historic and sacred thoroughfare, the Via Dolorosa, or Street of Pain, marking the route Christ is said to have followed when He went out to suffer an ignominious death. For centuries it has been reverently trodden by millions of the devout, and is still traversed to-day by thousands of pilgrims who believe they are following the very thoroughfare along which Christ went bearing His Cross.

It runs across the city to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a distance of about half a mile perhaps. The barracks are said to mark the site of the Prætorium, or Pilate's Judgment Hall, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the place of Crucifixion and burial. Authorities are not agreed, however, as to the site of the Prætorium, many now placing it where the Convent of the Sisters of Zion now stands. The Via Dolorosa consists of four streets, bearing different names, and is to-day lined with convents, hospices and other religious buildings. The route is marked by the various Stations of the Cross, some fourteen in all, each recording some incident in the painful journey of Our Lord. Here it should be remembered that Jerusalem has been destroyed and rebuilt many times, and the levels of the streets to-day are many feet higher than they were in the days of Christ. In rebuilding the streets the same course was no doubt followed, which means that though the Via Dolorosa, or at least a portion of it, may be the route Christ followed on that memorable but tragic occasion, it was at a much lower level, probably ten feet or more below the present roadway.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is Jerusalem's greatest Christian shrine, which for a period of sixteen hundred years has stood and represented the Christian faith. It has certainly had a chequered career, having been destroyed and rebuilt several times. It was the object of the Crusades, and for centuries has been the magnet which has drawn to it countless pilgrims. Here God is worshipped in many strange languages and every form of Christian liturgy and ritual is used. Six different sects use the great rambling edifice—Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Syrians, and Abyssinians.

It was Queen Helena, the mother of Constantine, and Macarius, the then presiding Bishop of the Holy City, who declared this spot to be the place of crucifixion and burial. Into the question of the authenticity of the site one cannot enter here, as that is a long story. It is accepted by the Eastern churches, including both the Latin and Greek Churches, which means that the greater majority of Christians reverence the shrine.

It is not generally known that the keys of this Christian church are held by the Moslems, who lock the doors of the church every night and open them again in the morning. This was the arrangement made by Saladin when he defeated the Crusaders, and has been carried out to this day.

THE great church is simply crowded with so-called holy places—to be exact, some twenty-seven in all. Every incident connected with the Crucifixion would seem to have occurred in this rambling building. You are shown the prison in which Christ was kept, the stocks that held His feet, the place where He was prepared for the Cross, the spot where He was nailed to the Cross, the hole in which the Cross stood, the stone on which His body was anointed, and, not least, the Sepulchre, or Tomb.

Standing alone in the centre of the Rotunda under the great dome, the Holy Sepulchre looks imposing. It is about 30 feet high, 26 feet long, and some 18 feet in width. The front is a blaze of brass and silver lamps, paintings, huge coloured candles and other furnishings. It can be entered, and consists of two chambers, the Angel's Chapel and the Tomb itself. In the latter chapel is a pedestal holding a circular slab which tradition says is the stone that closed the mouth of the tomb and the one which the angel rolled away. The Tomb itself is a small chamber containing a cracked marble slab covering an ancient rock tomb. The chamber is so small that only five or six can squeeze into it at one time. Over the tomb burn a number of lamps belonging to the various sects, and here mass is said daily. I have sat before the Sepulchre for hours at a time on the Sabbath day and have been amazed at the respect and reverence shown by the Christian population of Jerusalem towards this holy place. There is a continuous procession of men, women and children into the Tomb, where they kneel in prayer, honestly believing it marks the burial-place of the Saviour.

By the Temple Area is the Jews' Wailing Place, now patrolled night and day by British police, where the Orthodox Jews of Jerusalem have for centuries past been in the habit of gathering to wet the stones that enclosed their former temple site with their tears and breathe out their lamentations. The Wailing Place is a small public courtyard some 156 feet in length and 15 feet in width. The great stones in the walls here date back to the time of Herod, if not to the days of Solomon. To the

(*Continued on page* 106)

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Surely no Christmas Gift will go straighter to a woman's heart than one of these lovely EVENING IN PARIS Coffrets! Their exquisite blue and silver packings—the delicious fragrance of the perfume and powder—everything about them is in tune with the gaiety of Christmas. They range in price from 1/9 to 32/6, so there is an EVENING IN PARIS Coffret just suited to every feminine name on your list.

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Jew the service at the Wailing Wall is a solemn affair. Special prayers and litanies are chanted, the stones are kissed and hugged, and there is crying and wailing.

The gem of the Holy City is the Temple Area, with its peerless monument, the Dome of the Rock, often miscalled the Mosque of Omar, occupying an elevated position almost in the centre of the vast enclosure. It is not a mosque at all, nor is it a place of worship, being in reality an elegant and lovely canopy, covering a bare piece of rock, which is at once an historic and very sacred spot, for it undoubtedly marks the base of the Altar of Burnt Offering that stood in the great temples erected here by Solomon and Herod.

Long before the erection of these renowned worshipping places of the Israelites, the platform and its holy rock, known by the Arabs as Sakrah, was regarded as a sacred place, and many are the traditions told concerning it. It is the brow of Mount Moriah, where many place the scene of Abraham's great test of faith when he prepared Isaac for sacrifice. It was the threshing-floor of Ornan, the Jebusite, which David purchased for fifty shekels of silver for an Altar unto the Lord.

The Moslems have a beautiful legend about the threshing-floor of Mount Moriah. They say it was owned by two brothers. After a division of the corn, when both were sleeping there, as is the custom in the country, the elder one, who was married, awoke and reasoned thus: "After such a plentiful harvest, I am indeed rich, having not only wife and children, but more than enough corn to supply their needs, whereas my poor brother has neither wife nor child to cheer his loneliness. At least, I can give him a bigger share of corn." And so he removed a quantity from his own heap to that of his brother's. When the younger awoke soon after and looked at his share of the corn, he said to himself: "What shall I do with all this corn? I have no one to help me eat it, and there is more than enough for me. My brother has a wife and family and ought therefore to have a larger share, but if I suggested it, he would refuse, so I will give him some of mine now." In the morning both were surprised to see the corn as they had left it the night before, but later on a prophet appeared who told them what had passed in the night, and that God, who knew of their kindly brotherly feeling, had decided to make their threshing-floor a place of prayer for all the world.

THE rock is protected by one of the most lovely buildings in the world, erected by Sultan Melek in the year 691. Its great grey dome is said to excel in grace and elegance that of any other edifice. The building is octagonal in form, its exterior being adorned with lovely tiling and mosaics with Arabic inscriptions. The interior, both walls and dome, are also richly embellished with mosaics, inscriptions from the Koran, geometrical designs, and Arabesques on a field of gold. The light is subdued, and coloured by stained-glass windows bearing floral and other designs.

The sacred rock itself is seen through an iron-painted grille, or screen. It is irregular in shape, 58 feet long, 44 feet wide, rising to a height of 6½ feet above the floor. The rock is exceedingly rough, is pierced by a round hole, and there are also traces of a channel. Whether the latter was cut for carrying off the blood and refuse of the temple sacrifices one cannot say. The rock is sacred to the Jews because of its close connection with their Temple sacrifices, to Christians because of its association with the Temple in which Christ taught, and to the Mohammedans because they say it was from this rock that their Prophet Mohammed was translated to heaven on his famous steed, El Borak. In confirmation of this they point to certain depressions in the stone. When Mohammed was translated, the rock, they say, started to follow him, but was restrained by the Angel Gabriel, whose fingers left these impressions.

When the Crusaders took possession of Jerusalem in 1099, they converted this building into a Christian church. So impressed were Western architects with the beauty of the edifice that they copied the design, as witness the Temple Church in London and churches in Aix-la-Chapelle, Metz, and elsewhere.

Standing near the Dome of the Rock, on its eastern side, is a small structure, a miniature of its lordly companion, known as the Dome of the Chain. At one time a chain hung from its dome which was said to possess the virtue of deciding disputes. When two litigants could not agree they had but to come here and lay hold of the chain, "which would advance to meet the grasp of him who was in the right, but would elude all efforts of the other to catch it."

One day a Jew and a Mohammedan appealed to the oracle, the latter having confided to the former some money to keep during his absence, the Jew asserting falsely that he had given the money back to the claimant. The Mohammedan, swearing that he had not received it, grasped the chain. Then the cunning Jew who had previously concealed the gold in the interior of his hollow staff, handed the claimant the staff to hold, that he might grasp the chain, and, laying hold of it, he swore that he had returned the money to the claimant, then took his staff back. His oath was literally true enough, and the chain could not reveal his treachery. From that time men began to lose faith in the chain, and eventually it was removed.

The only other large building on the Temple Area is the Mosque el Aksa, which marks the site of a church erected here by Justinian, about 550. It is the only building in the whole sanctuary that is used as a mosque, where every Friday a large congregation joins in the rite of Mohammedan worship. There are, however, a number of little domed buildings, picturesque little fountains, and graceful arches, erected by pious Moslems at various times, about which extraordinary legends are told There is a group of elegant arches, or columns, known in Arabic as Mawazin, meaning "scales," from the popular belief that from them will be suspended the scales on which the faithful will be weighed on the Day of Judgment. Below the Temple Area are vast subterranean chambers known as Solomon's stables. Whether he ever used them is doubtful, but in Crusader times the Knights Templars did stable their horses here.

Particularly impressive are the views from the wall of the Temple Area. One looks across the Kedron Valley to the Mount of Olives with the Garden of Gethsemane nestling at its feet. It is a picture that never fails to stir the imagination as one recalls its sacred associations. Olivet is dotted with many beautiful buildings, and its slopes are relieved by little patches of trees, denoting olive orchards. To the south, or right, are extensive cemeteries; Jews on one side of the valley and Moslems on the other.

In the other direction, that is, directly south, the eye wanders over historic ground—the slopes of Ophel, which at one time formed part of Jerusalem, being the city which David took from the Jebusites, now fields and gardens. Ophel runs down to the Pool of Siloam, and to the village of that name, the latter being separated from Ophel by the Valley of Hinnom. Striking as these depressions are to-day, they must have been much more so in Bible times, for they have been largely filled in, their beds standing anywhere from twenty to a hundred feet above their original level.

My last view from the walls here was at the time of a full moon, an experience ever to be remembered. The valleys were in deep shadows, black and mysterious, with the contour of the surrounding hills thrown up in strange relief by the soft rays of the moon. Siloam was a cluster of tiny, sparkling lights. The city itself was still and beautiful. There was no bustle in the streets and little movement could be detected. Minarets, spires, and domes cast strange and weird shadows. But innumerable lights shone from dwellings and the windows of the churches and monasteries, a graphic reminder that Jerusalem was a Holy City, a city of prayer and religious devotion.

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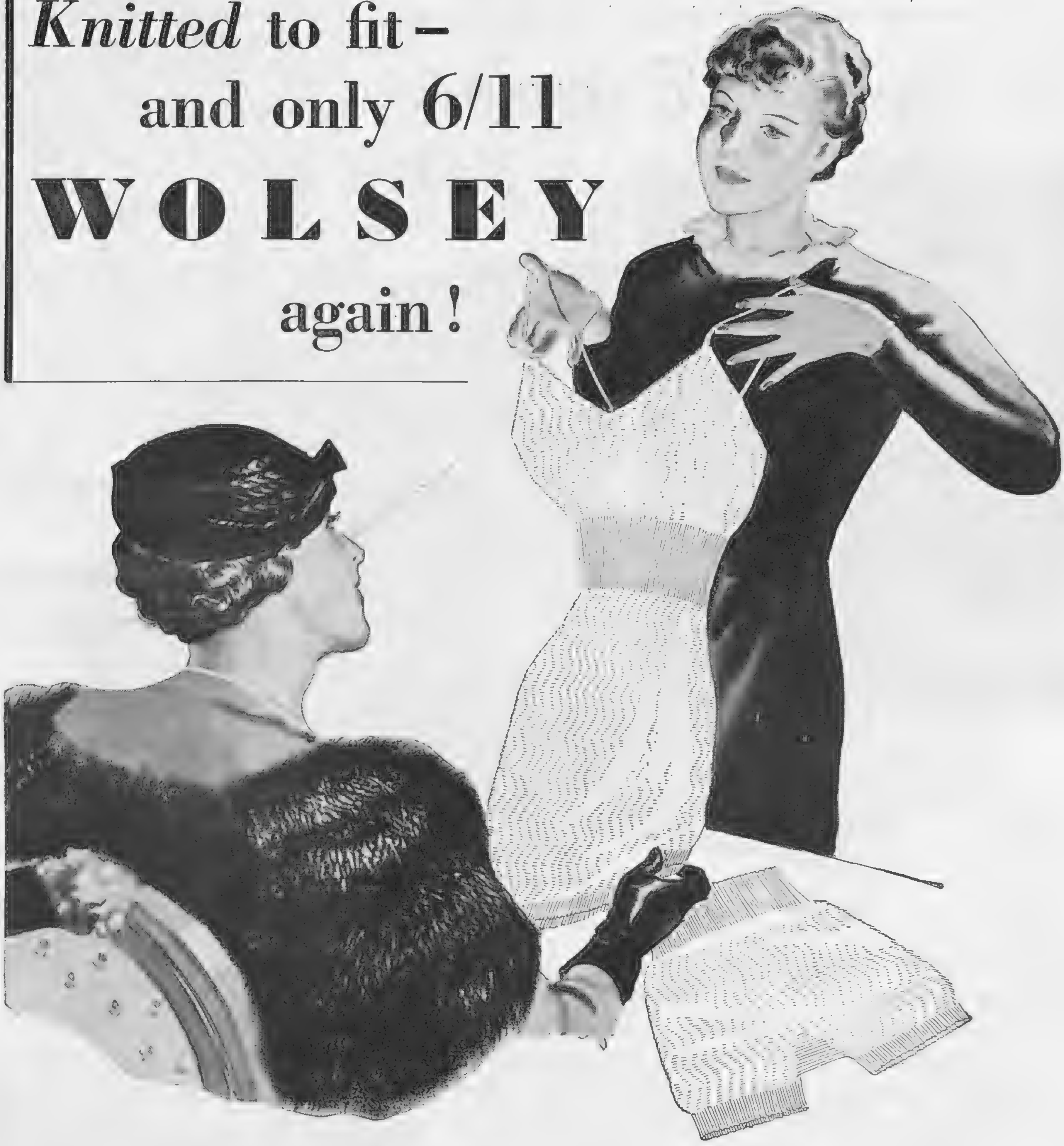

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Illustrated on this page is the Venetian de luxe set. The candlesticks are in black only, with Venetian candles in ivory, orange, old gold, flame, apple green or primrose. A matched set consisting of two 10 in. candles and two candlesticks costs 9s. 6d.

An interesting book called *Gay Interiors* gives most practical information on home decoration and the use of colour in the home, and a free copy will be sent on application to Price's Patent Candle Co., Ltd., London, S.W.11.

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Apart from the benefit that regular brushing imparts, there is nothing like it for keeping the hair and scalp clean. If a really good brush is used, it is astonishing to see how much dust it removes in the course of one good brushing.

A *good* brush does not necessarily mean an *expensive* one. For example, there is Hindes' "Hindelife" brush, either military shape or handled, which can be purchased for as little as 2s. 11d., 3s. 11d. and 5s. 11d., the two latter being provided with a cleaning brush.

The "Hindelife" brush has pure stiff bristles mounted on a rubber pad, and one of the reasons that it is so good for the hair is that the bristles are well separated, and therefore get right down to the roots, while the massage movement of the pneumatic pad gives a soothing, even pressure.

Labour-Saving Carpet Holders

Have you ever noticed how much dust and fluff gets lodged in the old-fashioned stair-rod where it projects over the edge of the carpet and, when dusting the sides of the stairs, how often your duster gets caught in these projecting ends of rods? There is no need to put up with such dirt and inconvenience, for Clipper stair carpet holders make it possible to fit narrow or full width stair carpets without a wrinkle or crease of any kind. They fit flush to the edge of the carpet, and so cannot trap dust or fluff.

Think of it—no more stair rods to clean. And if you want to take up the carpet, the Clipper holders are instantly removable, although, once down, they remain firmly fixed. Fixing them, too, is the simplest operation, only one screw being necessary for each.

The full-width stair carpet has been impracticable in the past unless nailed down on every step, which damaged the fabric and caused much trouble to lift and relay. Clippers have now solved this problem. They are obtainable in a number of finishes, including oxidised copper, polished brass, "old brass," oxidised silver and chromium-plated (stainless), at prices ranging from 6d. per pair.

Knit Your Christmas Presents

Are you a knitter? If so, why not equip yourself with wool, knitting pins and one or more of the "Viyella" instruction leaflets and start knitting some of your rather special Christmas presents. They won't cost you much in hard cash, and what they cost you in thought and time will be so much appreciated by the chosen few to whom they are given

"Viyella" wools are obtainable in love-in-the-mist blue, peach blossom pink, eggshell green, signal red, bronze blue, maize gold, Lucerne green, and many other lovely shades; and Anny Blatt, the leading Paris knit-wear expert, designs exclusively in England for Viyella, the instructions for many of her designs being given in the Viyella range of instruction leaflets, on sale at 2d. each in shops in all the principal towns.

Knitted garments of all types for men, women and children are available. The instructions in every case are clearly set out, very easy to follow and most comprehensive, presenting no difficulties to the most inexperienced of knitters.

For Nursery Wear

Talking of Viyella, the enterprising firm of William Hollins & Co. Ltd., the manufacturers of the Viyella range of fabrics, have just brought out a new winter weight Nursery Viyella. It is beautifully soft and light, yet even warmer than the standard weight which it supplements.

It is made in cream and five delicate shades of pink, blue, yellow, green and mauve, is 27 ins. wide and costs only 2s. 6d. per yard.

It is the ideal fabric for nursery folk, for it makes dainty garments with all the necessary warmth without heaviness or bulkiness. Other points very much in its favour are that it washes perfectly and wears exceedingly well.

A modern hall and staircase in which Clipper holders are used for the "full-width" stair carpet. Note the appearance of added spaciousness and luxury

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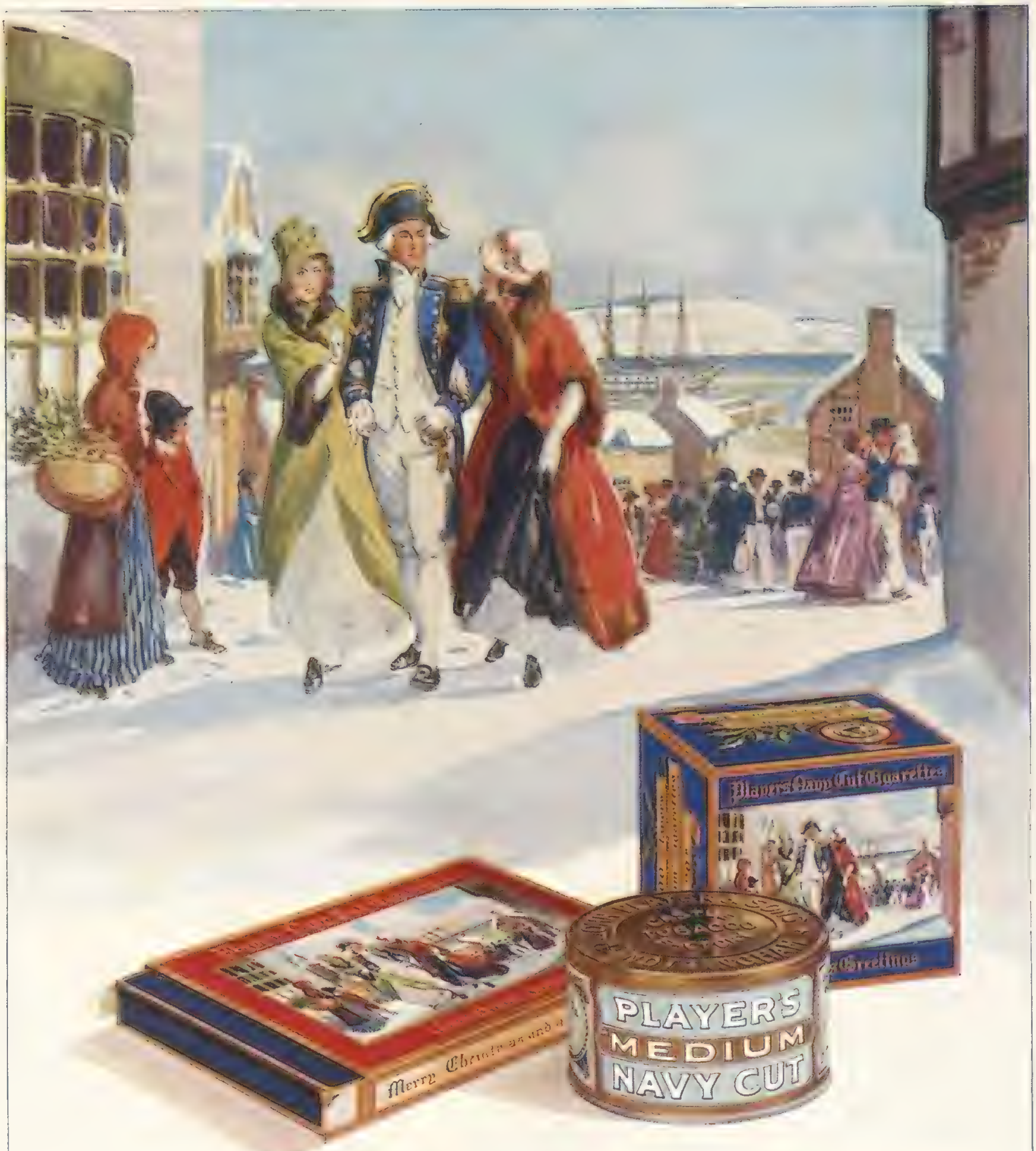
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N.C.C. [illegible]B

The Spirit of Pantomime

(*Continued from page* 25)

the words are as picturesque as the costumes let us, with Christmas inconsistency, praise Harlequin and Columbine and Clown and Pantaloon—the very names look well at Christmas-time—and leave them to the dim and possibly glorious past of Joey Grimaldi. Let our antiquarians—a Happy Christmas to them—tell us of Italian origins; how Harlequin or Arlecchino was a jocose varlet in patchwork rags, with a cudgel; how Pantaloon or Pantalone, was an aged merchant of Venice (and let them explain, if they can, his connection with trousers); how Colombina was a saucy serving-wench and Pulcinello a rogue from Naples.

I can only think of that crew as doing incredibly unamusing things with strings of sausages and a red-hot poker to the accompaniment of tedious, if traditional, incidental music before a backcloth proclaiming the excellence of Bovril or boot-polish. Not even the sight of a clown throwing crackers to a rapidly thinning auditorium has warmed me to these relics of what may have been the good old days. A recent solitary effort to restore the Harlequinade to its old status (with the fairy-story as an unimportant compendium) was merely well-meant instillation of boredom in generous Christmas doses.

Yet pantomime, much as we know it to-day, has a history and a distinguished one. Edmund Kean appeared as Harlequin and as the wicked uncle in the fairy-story too—success as Richard III having given him ample qualification for the latter rôle. Henry Irving played the Spiteful Fairy in an Edinburgh production; Ellen Terry appeared in a pantomime as The Spirit of the Mustard Pot, and that austere matron of the British drama, the late Dame Madge Kendal, was seen as Little Goody Two Shoes in her less austere and less matronly days. These and other stories in which they acted go back to a past even more remote. I find, without excitement, that the story of "Little Red Riding Hood" can be traced (I have had no hand in the tracing) back to the time of Nero. "The Babes in the Wood" is at least 500 years old and an Italian export, though not, as such, taboo under the sanctions. "Puss in Boots" was written by one Strapola and was first published in 1555. "The Sleeping Beauty" came originally from Bagdad. As a writer and editor of pantomime stories our debt to the 16th-century Frenchman Perrault is indeed great, and his statue in the Tuileries Gardens is one of the most exquisite things in Paris.

But historical research fits but ill with Christmas pantomime. We want the smell of oranges and of grease-paint and of warm and excited humanity, not that of museums and musty tomes. I will run through with the Demon King's rapier the next person who tells me that Dick Whittington's cat was not an animal at all, but the name of his ship. I will strike with the Giant's bludgeon the meticulous student who explains that the Babes in the Wood were originally intended to be the Little Princes in the Tower—particularly since this does not happen to be true. I do not want to learn—seeing that I know already—that the origin of the pantomime "dame" being played by a man and the principal "boy" being played by a girl lay in the Saturnalia of ancient Rome, when men wore women's clothes and vice versa, "and a good time was had by all."

Most of us want only to be assured that the "dame" will make us laugh and that the "boy" will be a comely wench, with a good singing voice, sufficient knowledge of acting to render the process of making sentimental love to one of her own sex not too utterly indecent or preposterous, and thighs to rival in shape the plucked legs of the turkeys which now hang in such abundance in poulterers' shop-windows.

And so to the children. Pantomimes are not organised solely for children, primarily for the excellent reason that they are expensive to produce and children do not pay to see them. Nor, even, do parents pay to see them with the sole idea of ensuring that their offspring will be amused. Rare indeed is the altruistic father or mother who will be content to be bored for three and a half hours for the sake of parental duty. But to suppose that all children detest all pantomime is obviously fallacious.

"Pantomimes," wrote a famous woman novelist the other day, "do not amuse children, they do not mean to, they do not try to. They are not stories now but spectacles." We may pass the point that children are quite as appreciative of spectacle as their elders, and probably more so. I would ask this lady to be present at any good pantomime this holiday season and to listen to the shrill yelps of delight from all corners of the house when the comedians are really busy. Children are, for the most part, rather sadistic little beasts, at least in a theatre. They like to see somebody hurt. Let a comedian fall down hard on that portion of himself reserved for comedy falls and they will scream in ecstasy. They like impossible, untidy muddles. Watch their reaction to that incomparable couple, Messrs. Naughton and Gold, knocking each other down, breaking eggs, smashing custard-pies in each other's faces—two irresistible *homunculi* who for years past have made the Lyceum Theatre a Mecca for miniature playgoers.

They like to sing, too. It is at the Lyceum that Mr. Jackley, *choregus* and funny-man-in-chief, each year leads men, women and children in those odd ditties he makes peculiarly his own. Above all, children. The words are not hard to remember. Even I, after the lapse of a few seasons, can remember the following:—

> One, two, three, four, five and six and seven,
> Eight, nine, ten and then you come to eleven.
> Twelve, thirteen and fourteen
> Fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen,
> Eighteen, nineteen, twenty and twenty-one
> Twenty-two, twenty-three, then you come to twenty-four,
> If you want to know what I paid for my suit
> It was twenty-five and six!

What could be more lucid? What could be more graceful in construction? Miss Gertrude Stein should have been at that pantomime and should have sung that poetic gem time and time again.

A passion with children at the pantomime is the performing "animal"—that is to say, the man dressed as Puss in Boots or Dick Whittington's cat or one of Cinderella's mice. To see that "cat" lap up a saucer of real milk and then wash "herself" afterwards for an unconscionable time affords them a curious joy and their adult attendants time to have a doze or a drink. And all little girls, of course, love the ballet. Pantomime ballets to-day have been thrust sadly into the background by the expert achievements of the troupes of Col. de Basil, Woizikowsky, and others, and adult enthusiasts consider them very small beer. Never mind. The stage is full of girls (the more elderly in the background), and they twist and turn and mingle and unmingle with the precision of a company of guardsmen at Wellington Barracks. The *prima ballerina* makes her entrance with a shaft of limelight and a burst of applause, and little Connie in the stalls and little Kitty in the gallery are stunned with admiration and will talk of it until next Christmas comes round.

Children not like pantomime? Nonsense, my dear lady novelist, nonsense!

Children do not like stage politics, which bore them. At least, I would not care to take to a pantomime (*Continued on page* 112).

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any child whom they would not bore. Last year I was struck by the almost total absence in, at any rate, London pantomimes of "gags" in reference to political personalities. This brand of jesting was, in fact, limited to a tendency to refer to any group of persons on any stage as "the Soviet."

Times have changed, for not long since it was assumed by every pantomime producer that no matter what might be the individual political opinions of members of his audience elsewhere, the moment they entered a theatre they all at once became rigidly and unanimously Tory and Jingoistic. A reference to Mr. Winston Churchill's hat raised a certain laugh, and a reference to the British Navy, and patriotism in general, a certain cheer. Mr. Churchill's hat belongs to the jokes of yesteryear; but a challenge to patriotic feelings will certainly bring forth "an answer in the affirmative." Possibly the proximity of the General Election will induce some political flavour. But it will have to be tactful, as it was in the case of a pre-war election, which, I recall, was marked in one pantomime by the following final "tag":—

"And now that this our pantomime is ended,
Amusement with instruction has been blended.
And since we've won our way to your affection,
We hope you're all very pleased with the result
Of the General Election!"

The last line is surely a model of diplomacy if not of scansion?

It is strange that many Americans, who know naught of pantomime in their own country, are convinced that our pantomimes exist for a political purpose and no other. In New York recently some American friends, who had never seen a pantomime, told me that they had a firm idea not only that these entertainments are merely political burlesques but that they are backed by the party funds.

What fun if they were!

But topicalities, mostly trivial, we may expect. Last year it was the "Belisha beacons" *ad nauseam*. There was scarcely a "dame" who did not wear a miniature beacon as a hat-pin or a fairy who did not wave one as a wand. So we may look for one-way traffic fun, film-star references, floods and gales. Royal romances (treated with due respect), the Dionne quintuplets, and even the war in Abyssinia. War is not a funny business, yet it has always produced fun, from Bairnsfather and his "Better 'ole" to the story of how Bill Adams won the Battle of Waterloo and how Sam refused to pick up his musket. I remember as a schoolboy during the South African War being convulsed at a Drury Lane pantomime by the riddle:—

Why does Kruger wear thick boots?
To keep De Wet from de feet (defeat).

That may be considered a rich and ripe example.

It does not seem so thin on paper as some would. For the pantomime joke is of the moment; it is the spoken word that matters, and atmosphere is everything. That is why, possibly, pantomime humour defies analysis. The only man who analysed it sufficiently to burlesque it was the great "Folly" Harry Pelissier. To burlesque what is in itself a burlesque is a difficult task, yet he succeeded. I quote four lines:—

"I am the Baron, the Baron Stonybroke
My part does not contain one single joke.
Each Christmas time I earn large sums of money
By being superhumanly unfunny."

That is exquisitely witty satire, but it is not the true spirit of pantomime. Nor, of course, was it intended to be. It is significant that when that splendidly funny man, that radiant fellow of infinite jest, tried his hand at a real and non-satirical pantomime, he failed utterly. They booed him. "Boo back," he said to his company, who booed back. That was the end of them.

For the spirit of pantomime is gay, happy-go-lucky, elusive, contradictory, very very English and quite inexplicable. I have been consistently inconsistent in attempting an explanation. I should only rejoice that the spirit is with us.

End

Little Things I Have Learned from Other Countries

(*Continued from page 82*)

Wash it several times until all the floury coating has gone, then drop it into a large saucepan of violently boiling water, very slowly, so that the boiling does not stop. Boil hard for 15 or 20 minutes, then drain off every drop of water, sprinkle with salt and leave in front of heat to steam and get dry.

Your rice will then be soft, dry, and each grain separate—instead of the too often soggy mess you see.

And here is a very simple method with macaroni. Boil ¾ lb of fresh marconi in plenty of salted water, with a small onion (stuck with two cloves) and a tiny piece of butter.

Drain it well, remove the onion. Put in baking dish, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and grated Parmesan cheese. Pour over a little melted butter and place in the oven for ten minutes. When it is golden brown, serve up. ¾ lb. of macaroni will take about 45 minutes to boil.

In Italy, too, they boil all potatoes in their skins and remove the skins when cooked. They then dry the potatoes in a saucepan with a little butter, chopped parsley, pepper and salt. The result is very pleasant. All flavour is retained.

THE Belgians have always been known for the many ways they manage to cook and serve the ordinary potato.

One of their secrets in producing a lovely golden brown potato chip which is quite crisp outside and quite soft inside is the fact that they double cook it.

They first slice the raw potato and then plunge it in deep fat, not oil, for a few minutes only. Then the chips are removed and dried, and then just before serving they are again plunged in the deep fat until they are a light golden brown colour.

I REMEMBERED the other day a childhood delicacy from Cairo for the children's breakfast. A bowl of fresh yoghourt with as much honey as we liked.

Yoghourt can now be obtained from dairies in England and can also be made at home in special containers or bought tinned.

It is excellent for children, containing all the properties of full rich milk plus the extra strength of cream cheese.

Good for nerves and good also for putting on weight.

End

All done by kindness

For kindness read Candles, if you aim to make dinner-guests feel soothed yet gay—stroked yet stimulated—in a word, happy! This age-old form of illumination was never more popular than now, when a day's rush too often prints fatigue on one's shining morning face, and makes sensitive folk flinch from the 8 p.m. Ordeal by Electricity.

If you are already candle-minded what about a little missionary work on your unconverted friends? Price's Venetian Candles (in many lovely colours and with holders if you wish) act as the prettiest gift-cum-hint. See the range of Price's Art Candles and Matched Sets at your dealer's, and solve in a colourful five minutes the pressing problem of what on earth to give X this year . . .

Then may we give **you** *a present? A card to Price's, Dept. A.2, Battersea, London, S.W.11, brings ENJOYABLE PARTIES, a hint-crammed and amusing little book on entertaining. Do write for your free copy, immediately . . .*

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Melody Lingers On . . . .

(*Continued from page* 61)

of the "pleasures and palaces," but how there was "no place like home."

"Now sing 'Good-bye,' dear," Marie had said. But that she could not face. Tosti's "Good-bye" had come from her throat thousands of times. This time it seemed too pitifully true. But she had said "Good-bye," if she had not sung it.

And then, miracle of miracles, Marie had got well again. And here she was in Hollywood, making £1,000 a week in broad-busted comedy parts, and uttering wisecracks, her own good-natured self peeping out from behind the bullying manner every now and then. It was the good-natured self that made it worth the big money she got.

And then there was lunch, of course, lunch for just the two of them—the turkey and the pudding and, Carlotta, the old Italian dresser waiting, as she always did on Christmas day, breaking in now and then with Italian words which, long since, she had taught her mistress.

Artists talk often in a mixture of languages—the French and the Italian and the English all get mixed up. Travelling from country to country, and singing Gounod one day and Puccini the next—well, it is all a muddle in their minds. But Christmas pudding was Christmas pudding in all languages.

And then, the pudding eaten and the crackers pulled—Christmas, you know, is really a very solemn festival, in which all the ritual has to be gone through, never mind how old you are—all the mottoes had to be read. She did the reading, of course. And that made them very sentimental.

They talked of Christmases in the tropics, and Christmases in India, and far-off, far-away Christmases, sometimes without pudding and often with no crackers. There can be Christmas anywhere and anyhow, if it is in people's hearts.

But there was one thing they did not speak about. It was at Christmas-time once that they had parted. . . .

THEN, in the drawing-room afterwards they talked on, recapturing old gladnesses and remembering half-forgotten triumphs, he remembering the first part, sometimes, and she carrying on the narrative. And there was much laughter and merriment. You would not think it was, really, only two old people, living in the past.

Then—she expected it. Always, every Christmas day, she learned the words.

"How's the voice to-day, dear ?" the old man said.

"Oh, just the same," she told him. "I shall never lose it. You know that now. Why, I am good enough to sing in public, just as I always was. It was the travelling that stopped me."

"Yes, dear, and if you lost it," he answered, "it would still be good. I shall always remember every note of it."

Then she sat him down carefully in an armchair near the fire, near the mantelpiece full with Christmas cards, near his own portrait buried in the midst of them, near to the big picture of Lizzie, no of Larola Carietti as Mimi, in her simple dress.

"What would you like first ?" she said.

And then she described the scene to him.

"The piano is in the same place, dear," she said. So it was, the great Erard grand, his gift years ago, although she could not travel it, of course, where all the pictures were . . . although they had not been moved, but he was always told.

"Now I am going to sit on the same old music stool," she said, "and sing to you, dear. And you must tell me what you think of it every time I stop."

He chose "Caro Nome." And so it was the aria from "Rigoletto" that first he heard, thinking, as he listened, of that great gala night at Covent Garden, when Caruso had sung the Duke's part, and how, the next day, the newspapers had all rung with the story that at last, in Larola Carietti, there was a prima donna who really could go inside the sack and be carried off properly.

Prima donnas were invariably big and buxom. Not so this new wondrous Carietti, who, slim and lissome, really looked the part.

That night, too, of course there had been the great quartette in an act of "La Bohème," Caruso, Scotti, Sammarco and Carietti—the world's greatest four, each supreme in one kind of voice.

Those days were dead, now. Caruso had passed on to the Great Beyond. Sammarco sang no more. Scotti, too, was gone. But Carietti's voice, as the old man listened, rang out, each note as perfect as on that gala night.

How could he put into words what he thought ?

"Lovely, my dear," he said.

But what does the word "lovely" mean ? You use it of satin and velvet, scenery and singing. There are only a few words that you can use—"beautiful" and "exquisite" and "divine." But how silly they all sound when you try to describe the indescribable, to put into words that which no words can express. The poet has to write a whole sonnet about a song or a tree or a bird. There are no single words. You want whole lyrics.

"Lovely, my dear."

Yes, that was all he could say. And he kept on saying it.

"What shall I sing now ?" she asked.

She went on through her annual repertoire, always the same—a great soprano's favourite songs which the world had chosen.

And, when Puccini's music had been heard, they talked for a time of how, in the Scala, Milan, the great composer had himself led the applause when Carietti had sung, and how he had rushed on the stage and embraced her, dropping in his excitement the roses that he carried as a tribute.

And then came Gounod's "Jewel Song" from "Faust." Gounod, the quarrelsome old blighter, was long since dead, but the music he wrote had made almost tolerable the English words:

"No, no, this is not I. . . . Some enchantment is o'er me . . . Was I ever maiden lowly ? . . . Come reply, come reply. Mirror, mirror, tell me truly."

In French—well, English audiences do not understand French, and, so long as they did not know the words, the music can enchant them. It was only the music that the old man heard.

And then there was "The Old Folks at Home," for from slave plantations, too, melodies had come, and "Home, Sweet Home," its verbal banalities lost in the music.

And then, last of all, of course, there was Tosti's "Good-bye."

The old man was crying by now, as the plaintive melody rang out.

"Good bye to Summer," he heard. "Good-bye, good-bye." And then he heard a voice speaking. "Good-bye," it said. And there was a fall, a thud. But the singing still went on."

He blundered across the room towards the door.

"Carlotta," he cried. "Carlotta."

"Yes, Signor," came from outside. And the old dresser rushed in.

"Signora, Signora," she shrieked.

The old man by now was kneeling at the side of Carietti, holding her hand . . . and tears poured down his face.

"Get a doctor," he said. "I'll lift her on to the sofa."

And struggling with his burden, knowing where the sofa was—hadn't Larola described it all ?—he laid her gently down.

And then walking across the room he blundered into a big case, and, steadying himself, his hand fell on to an open gramophone.

"Good-bye for ever," it was still sounding, "good-bye, good-bye."

Very solemnly he picked up the record, and kissed it.

"Thank God," he said, "she died without knowing that I always knew."

END

on Christmas Day in the morning . . .

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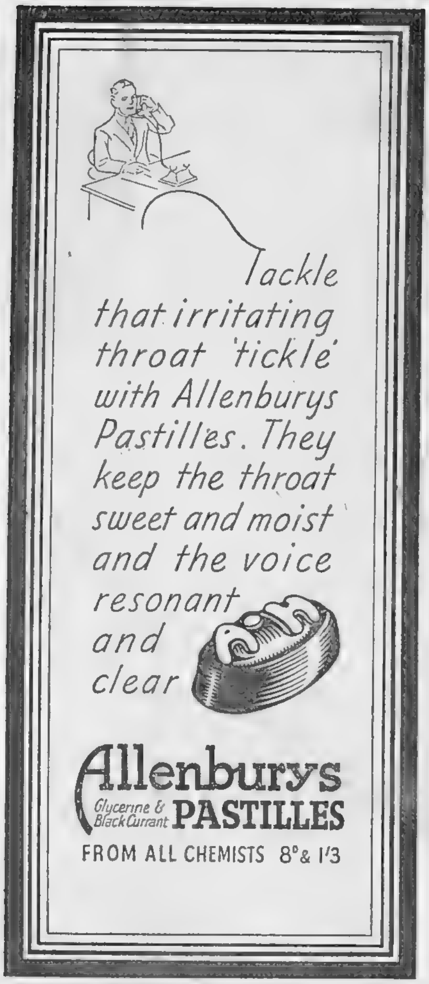
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Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES
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TWO-PURPOSE LINGERIE

A new necessity for fastidious women

'*These are the undies I have prayed for since I was fifteen*' . . . is the verdict of a busy fashionable woman who has just been introduced to the new Lilia Two-Purpose Lingerie. You will say the same when you see these delightful garments and realise what an *enormous* convenience such daintily practical undies would be if you adopted them for everyday wear. But why 'two-purpose'?—what's unusual about them exactly? Just this. They are lovely modern knickers and panties, of exquisite cut and perfect fit, *which can be adapted in a few seconds to be protective—i.e.,* to give that degree of *extra* special protection which is so desirable at certain times to ensure an absolutely easy mind.

In every Lilia garment, invisibly placed in the inside waist, there are four neat little tabs, and a self-adjusting fit-and-forget-it protective shield is supplied which you attach to these only *when it is wanted. The work of a moment! Then your pretty everyday Lilia knickers —still as pretty as ever—have become an efficient protective garment.*

Think of it! No more bother and expense with special protective garments that are of no use to you except for a day or two each month. More important, Lilia Lingerie makes it the easiest thing in the world for you (if you are also a user of Lilia towels) to treat a natural healthy function in a natural healthy way—that is, to carry on with freedom and confidence just as usual.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER.—We will send you a pair of Lilia French knickers in satin beauté (S.W., W. and WX. sizes), a Protective Shield, and (to introduce another speciality we are proud of) a box of the finest complexion tissues made, in a delightful new dressing-table pack, for 5/6 post free. This purchase would cost you 6/11 in the normal way. Same offer, but with French panties (invisible under any evening gown) instead of the knickers, 5/-. Write, specifying size required, to: Miss Dorothy Downing, Dept. S21, Sashena, Ltd., Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5. Please mention name and address of the shop where you usually buy your lingerie

Beauty and the Dog

(*Continued from page 35*)

time, we ask owners not to remain while their own dog is being attended to, as few dogs behave well while their owner is present, but try to "show off," just as a child does.

The process of stripping consists of removing the old dead coat. Many people use a machine for this operation, but actually it is essential that it should be done by hand: even the best machines will ruin the dog's coat.

In stripping it is also essential to know the points of the different breeds, for they are not all stripped alike. One must also understand the differences of texture—from the short wire coat to the long thin one, and all the various intermediate grades—as this makes all the difference to "finish."

Apropos of stripping, an amusing incident occurred in our bathroom the other day. There came two terrier pups that had been brought up together and were as David and Jonathan. For the first time in their lives the pair were stripped, and, on being re-introduced after the operation, they promptly flew at each other's throats. They did not recognise each other!

I shall never forget the utterly foolish expressions of those pups when their sense of smell revealed to them that they really were themselves.

Stripping completed, our client's nails are next cut and filed to a proper finish. And this, especially with black nails, requires the very greatest care. The quick of a dog's nail grows with the nail, and with dark nails one must cut cautiously, a little at a time: the dog will soon wince as the clippers get near the sensitive part.

Next comes the removal of the tartar from the teeth with a special instrument. If this is not done from time to time, tartar will continue to increase until the whole tooth is thickly encrusted and the gums become swollen and inflamed. When all tartar has been removed, the teeth are cleaned with an ordinary tooth-brush and a solution of peroxide of hydrogen.

Before shampooing, the dog's ears are plugged with cotton wool to prevent water from getting in and possibly causing canker, and he is then placed not in water—which usually frightens them—but in a large empty bath with a thick rubber mat at the bottom to prevent slipping.

Incidentally, if the work is to be got through quickly and without trouble (and we often handle up to forty-five dogs in a day, many of them requiring from three to four hours' treatment) it is important that every effort be made to keep the dogs happy and not to frighten them in any way.

The dog is then sprayed with water, which must on no account be hot, only tepid, and the shampoo, of which there are about six types used according to the breed of dog to be washed, is well rubbed in until it gets right down to the skin. The lather is then sponged off, and the operation performed all over again.

After being rubbed over with a rough towel, the dog is dried off with an electric hair-drier. Very few dogs object to these machines—the majority like them. One Pekinese actually sits up and turns round so that the warm air can get all over him.

When he is thoroughly dry—we always go over this process twice to make quite sure—the dog goes back to the stripper for finishing, which will take anything up to three quarters of an hour, for this is the most important and highly skilled operation of all. And if anyone believes that dogs lack vanity, they should see the self-conscious delight with which most of our clients greet their owners at the completion of their toilets.

ONE learns a lot about dogs in the bathroom; and, speaking for myself, the more one learns about them the more one learns to love and admire them. I often think that they have more character than many humans.

Take our Christmas parties, for instance. We have a Christmas-tree each year, to which all our canine clients and their owners are invited. Each dog gets a miniature bag of tasty biscuits and a couple of cold cooked sausages from the tree, and most of them seem to enter into the spirit of the thing with the greatest delight.

There is a refreshing absence of snobbery at these gatherings. To see Cora and John, the Prince of Wales's Cairns, Dougal of Waroona, the Duke of Gloucester's Scottie, the Duke of Kent's Alsatian, and Princess Arthur of Connaught's Sealyham hob-nobbing with Blimey, whose charming ugliness is only equalled by the extreme dubiety of her descent, is an object-lesson in true democracy.

Blimey is a delightful little person, though perhaps somewhat lacking in the restraint which is the mark of true breeding, and she is a universal favourite in the Club. She and Dougal are sworn friends, and her gesture, last year, when she went straight to him with one of her sausages, was the success of the afternoon.

There is always a present or two on the tree for the tiny owners of some of the dogs, and a year or two ago I received, at one of these parties, a startling revelation of the ingenuity of youth.

A small boy brought in a pure white Sealyham. Both dog and child received a little present, and, with much joy, departed. About half an hour later, a little girl arrived accompanied by another Sealyham, attractively marked with black points. Again both the dog and its small owner received gifts, to their great delight. But, alas! when the host bent down to pat the little dog, the "gate-crasher's" carefully painted "points" came off on his hand. It was the same Sealyham!

I could tell a hundred stories of incidents which have occurred at my dogs' beauty parlour to prove that dogs think quite as clearly as the most ingenious of their owners; but I will content myself with one which shows that dogs, while they undoubtedly do think things out for themselves, are also possessed of some "sixth sense" which comes to their aid where no amount of reasoning would be of any avail.

One of my most regular clients is a bull-terrier belonging to an army officer. This dog has been proved by veterinary examination to be stone deaf. After his bath he lies down on his bench and goes quietly to sleep; yet, though the hour of his master's return is unknown to him, the street is not visible from the bathroom, and his deafness makes it impossible for him to hear anything at all, the dog is on his feet in a frenzy of excitement the moment his master's returning car draws up outside the club.

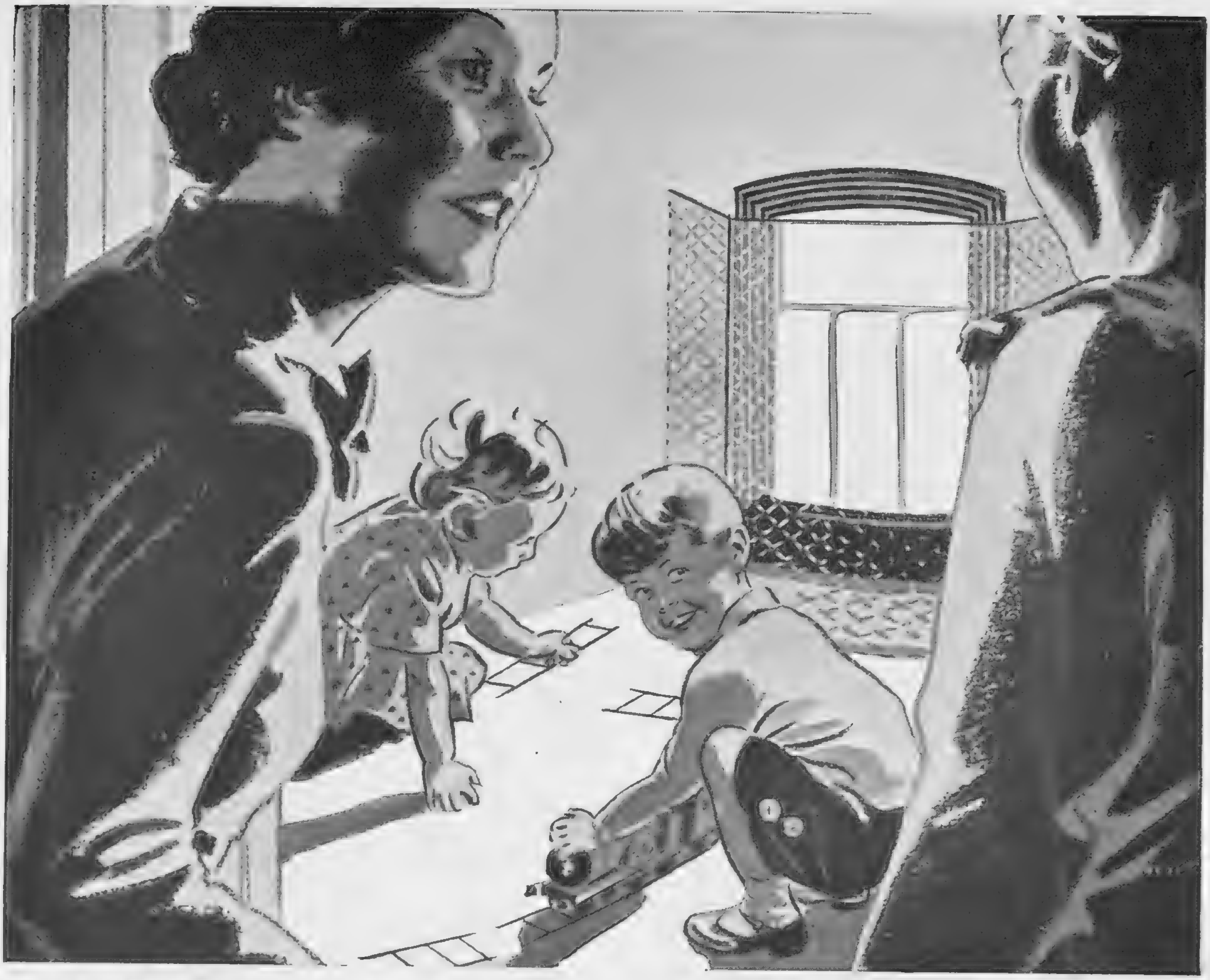
How on earth the dog discerns the arrival of that particular car among the hundreds which are continually passing along Beauchamp Place is a mystery which no one I have ever met has been able to explain.

We certainly get some strange dogs here, as well as some remarkably clever ones, and my ten years as a dogs' beauty specialist have taught me that dog psychology takes quite as many queer turns as does the human mentality. I am thankful to say, however, that we get very few savage dogs, and that the delightful ones far outnumber the unpleasant ones.

The great thing is to treat your canine clients as guests, and make them feel at home. For I am confident that dogs know when those who handle them understand them, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred behave themselves perfectly.

And who could help loving a dog? To him you are his master, the centre and orbit of his deep, doggy devotion. In him you have a friend, faithful beyond human conception of fidelity, a friend such as only a dog can be. He asks little in return, only kindness, shelter, exercise and a little consideration in the matter of food. Are you being a friend to him?

END



'BLESS THEM—

they've got a *healthy* playroom now'

'Yes, a gas fire *ventilates* it,' SAYS **Mr. THERM**

NO NEED to be cranky, of course, but you do want to see that there's healthy heat where children are.

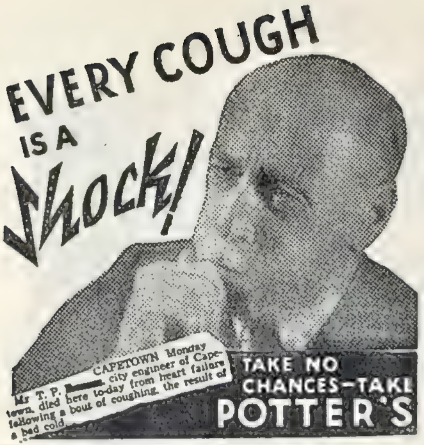
Germs are easily communicated in a badly-ventilated room. Stuffy rooms encourage colds, and infections, and lower resistance. The remedy is a fire—a gas fire—that sucks away all the spent air in a room *four times an hour.*

Doctors have proved that the rays from a gas fire are very like the sun's rays. That's why they use gas fires themselves (there are more gas fires per acre in the Harley Street district of London, where the doctors live, than anywhere else). That's why they advise them for their patients.

That's why *you* should have gas fires, too.

★120,000 WORKERS
are directly employed in the Gas Industry—the seventh largest industry in the Kingdom. Every extra room you keep healthily warm with a gas fire puts more men to work.

Issued by THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION, *28 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.I*



CAPETOWN Monday
Mr T. P. [redacted] city engineer of Cape-town, died here to-day from heart failure following a bout of coughing, the result of a bad cold.

(*Extract from "Evening Standard"*)

Medical men agree that coughing is a violent shock to the system . . . often a severe strain on the heart.

Why run this risk? Keep POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES handy—they break up the cold that causes coughing. They soften the coughing . . . releasing soothing vapours that melt phlegm, clear the tracts and moisten dry, rasped membranes.

At the first sign of a cold take a pastille and note the *instant relief*. Invaluable when travelling—they're protection against catching cold even if you are "free."

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Buy a 1/3 tin, any Chemists or Stores, or 1/4½ post free from makers.

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THE BEAUTY OF

"PLASTICINE"

Grown-ups, as well as kiddies, find inspiration in this wonderful modelling material. "Plasticine" is a fascinating hobby—see what *you* can make! Don't forget to put a box in the kiddies' stockings! From a penny to a guinea—obtainable everywhere.

Travel Series: 2/6, 7/6. Complete Modeller: 4/-.
Dopadart, a new dart blowing game: 6d., 1/- and 2/6.
Designer: 5/6, 12/6.

Write for price lists and full particulars to:
HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE, LTD., 88, Bathampton, Bath.

Give them a box of HARBUTT'S Plasticine for Xmas

News about the Health and Beauty Exhibition

(*Continued from page 40*)

saline which brings to your home the many spa treatments. There is also the "Ebe" Insomnia Bath Lotion, coloured bath flowers which are not only superficially attractive but which, put into a warm bath, will induce calm and peaceful sleep.

Water therapy cannot ignore Ignes Slimming Snow. In a cellophane bag tied with a ribbon, it looks nice and does good. Added to hot bath water, it induces perspiration and dissolves the secretion of adipose fat cells in an incredibly short time.

There are some interesting innovations in Beauty Culture at the exhibition which invite investigation. Turtle Oil Cream, extraordinarily nutritive and easily absorbed, is advocated by the Ajatol Company.

There is a new skin food which fills out hollows in a surprisingly short time, called Avocado Pear Cream, made by Flavia Compton, and a really marvellous eye-lash grower produced by the Crescent Company, of Bond Street.

There is Diarmedine Cream, which takes the place of skin food, is odourless and non-greasy, cleanses as well as feeds, and can be made as a powder base.

Liane Ware's preparations and treatments are excellent. I would make special mention of her powder base, a powder jelly, not drying or ageing, which gives a beautiful surface and makes powder stay put indefinitely.

No consideration of Beauty Culture to-day can ignore Plastic Surgery. Madame Arline, of Knightsbridge, will explain this treatment at the Health and Beauty Exhibition, and there is an interesting booklet on the subject, published by a cosmetic surgeon, medically trained, who has been in practice in London for thirty years.

Hands and teeth are important features, and the care and cure of all hand and nail troubles are provided for by "Hand and Nail Culture," Old Bond Street, while Email Diamant is one of the most marvellous tooth-pastes resulting from modern research, and fulfils its claim to make "the teeth white and the gums red."

That famous and most effective liquid depilatory with a complementary lotion to weaken and eventually to destroy hair growth, "Gypsia," is represented at the exhibition. All over the world women swear by it.

Many of the Schools of Beauty Culture are to be found at the exhibition. Mr. Alfred Morris, of Baker Street, is speaking on the Care of the Hair. All his pupils are taught to study the type of hair and the constitution of their clients before advocating any of the treatments, permanent waving systems, and so on, in the administration of which they are trained. The Academy of Beauty Culture in Bond Street provides a really thorough and scientific course. Beauty Culture has become a *science*.

I have been able to mention only a few of the many interesting and important exhibits at the Health and Beauty Exhibition.

If you want further details about them, or advice on any beauty problem, write to me at BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, London, enclosing a stamped envelope.

But if you have the chance to do so, go along to the Horticultural Hall and see for yourself what progress has been made in the modern exploitation of the beauty ideas.

END

How to Grow up Beautiful

(*Continued from page 42*)

remove all the cream and the impurities it has brought to the surface.

The skin and pores are then absolutely clean, and there is a feeling of freshness, firmness and elasticity.

This little ritual carried out *regularly* will prevent and cure any skin troubles and create a clean and fine complexion of naturally radiant colouring.

Even young skins want nourishment, and a little skin food can be applied at night, or for the very dry skins, the Yardley cold cream is even richer in essential oils. Yardley's skin lotion is another excellent preparation for whitening and softening the skin of face, neck and hands.

Gently wiped off with a tissue it makes an admirable powder base for a conservative and youthful make-up, but if a more matt appearance is desired, there is the foundation cream.

All these essentials to the care and grooming of the complexion are conveniently put up in a charming gold-lined white box, and are as ornamental as they are valuable. This collection would make a perfect initiating present for a girl.

Make-up is really outside the scope of this particular article, but everyone uses at least powder and lipstick, and the Yardley range of powders, cream rouges, and so on, is entirely comprehensive and their quality is as reliable as their beauty preparations.

The fineness and purity of their silk-sifted face powders put them beyond competition. Valuable hints on the art of make-up and a helpful "chart" of complementary colourings are in their free brochure, "Beauty Secrets From Bond Street," which is actually a very intelligent little treatise on beauty culture.

END

The Common Cold

(*Continued from page 43*)

camphorated oil is helpful, but in this case it is desirable to protect the affected part with flannel or cotton wool as opening the pores makes a fresh "chill" a danger. Massaging the chest with Vick relieves congestion miraculously.

If you *cannot* go to bed, protect those with whom you must come in contact as far as possible by keeping your mouth, throat and nose antiseptic by nasal and local irrigation and the use of antiseptic lozenges. Use, *and burn* tissues instead of handkerchiefs. Heavy catarrh is greatly relieved by inhalation of Friar's balsam, but here again there is danger of increased susceptibility, through the relaxed membranes, unless the patient can be kept in an even temperature. An antiseptic and healing nasal ointment inserted in the nostrils is helpful.

After a cold it is essential to take a tonic to antidote the debilitating effect and predisposition to recurrence. Any of the glycohyperphosphate preparations are valuable: Easton syrup (which can be had in tabloids), cod-liver oil, with or without malt extract, or halibut oil. Phosferine tonic wine is an excellent post-cold "pick-you-up."

END

Good Cooking in Glass

(*Continued from page 85*)

Halfway through this process add about half a dozen button onions peeled.

After the roasting process is finished, pour away all the fat from the dish, sprinkle the bottom with flour, stir it well and add a tumberful of hot stock. Cover the roasting dish with its lid and finish in the oven for about thirty to forty minutes according to the size of the bird, in a very moderate oven.

Variations

This chicken dish can be made in almost endless ways—with mushrooms, tomatoes, globe artichokes and potatoes. The sauce also can be varied. A mixture of red wine and stock, white wine or sherry can be used. A particularly delicious combination is mushrooms, sherry and cream.

END

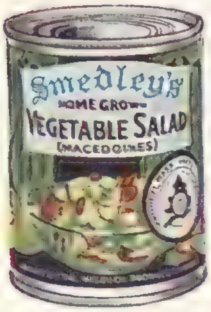
Bubbling with Life

For lively people let there be lively drinks to match—drinks with a sparkling, bubbling freshness to revive tired palates. Schweppes Soda mixes with anything: it improves everything . . . . . that's why it's so famous.

Schweppes

Smedley's

delicious English Canned GARDEN PEAS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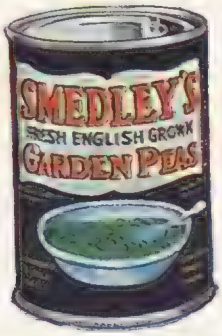
HOME GROWN
VEGETABLE SALAD
(MACEDOINES)


SMEDLEY'S
FRESH ENGLISH GROWN
GARDEN PEAS

FRESH from the gardens of England . . . picked right at the moment of perfection and canned within an hour or two of picking; that's the secret of the incomparably fresh, full, natural flavour of Smedley products.

Lay in a Stock of Smedley's

PEAS, MACEDOINES, CARROTS, STRINGLESS BEANS, CELERY HEARTS, NEW POTATOES, SPINACH, *and SMEDLEY'S* STRAWBERRIES, CHERRIES, DAMSONS, PLUMS, BLACK CURRANTS, GOOSEBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, LOGANBERRIES

IN THREE DIFFERENT SIZES OF PEAS: SMALL, STANDARD AND MEDIUM

HOW APPETISING!

ORDER

Smedley's

GARDEN PEAS *and many other varieties*

SMEDLEY'S CANNERS WISBECH ENGLAND

The Girl Show

(*Continued from page* 33)

"As a member of the public, I suppose," Mr. Shindy suggested.

Mr. Greenbaum was impressed. "*Exactly*, Mr. Shindy. If you exercise your judgment as a man of the world you can safely leave the theatrical details to me—I should say 'us.' All right, darling."

Miss Smith grinned and trotted back.

"What did you think of the 'Cocktail' number?"

"I thought it was jolly good," said Mr. Shindy, with his eyes on Miss Smith, who had retaken her place at the end of the train.

"And the musical numbers?" Mr. Aaronson put in.

"That boy is a very pretty little musician," said Mr. Greenbaum. "Have you any particular choice as to theatre?"

"I like the 'Cecil' myself," said Mr. Aaronson. "It's central, it holds three thousand five hundred pounds a week, and it has tone."

"That's true," Mr. Greenbaum agreed. "You're right there, Charlie. If you've nothing better to do, Mr. Shindy, we might go round and have a little chat with the manager now."

So Mr. Shindy, leaving with a reluctant glance in the direction of Miss Smith, who was now sitting on top of the piano swinging her bare legs and eating an apple, was taken in a taxi to the Cecil Theatre and introduced to the manager.

"Mr. Bartlett, you remember that little idea I spoke to you about some time ago? About a musical show called 'The Girl Show'? Well, this—this——" said Mr. Greenbaum dramatically, "is Mr. Shindy. He agrees with me that there's no theatre he'd rather see 'The Girl Show' in than the Cecil."

"Mr. Shindy, I'm very pleased indeed to meet you," said Mr. Bartlett, almost reverently. "What sort of date have you in mind? The second week in September?"

"Well, I really don't know why you should consult me," said Mr. Shindy. "As a matter of fact——"

Mr. Bartlett laughed long and deferentially. "That's very good," he said. "That's very good. Ha, ha! After all, we have to consult *somebody* in these matters."

"We do, indeed," said Mr. Greenbaum and Mr. Aaronson simultaneously.

"Well, that's fixed then," said Mr. Bartlett. "Mr. Shindy, I'm sure I'm very deeply obliged to you. I hope 'The Girl Show' has a long and successful run!"

"I hope so, too," said Mr. Shindy politely.

"We all hope so," said Mr. Aaronson. "Can we drop you anywhere, Mr. Shindy?"

"If you don't mind taking me back to the office," said Mr. Shindy, "I'd like to get down to business with you two gentlemen."

Mr. Aaronson and Mr. Greenbaum exchanged glances.

"We'll take you back to the office," declared Mr. Aaronson, "but there's no need to get down to business yet. After all—we trust one another."

"All the same——" insisted Mr. Shindy.

But neither Mr. Aaronson nor Mr. Greenbaum would hear of it. They drove him back to the office in Long Acre, and on the way they talked earnestly to him, one on either side, of the vast profits which "The Girl Show" had every prospect of making, every prospect indeed. When they had arrived Mr. Shindy picked up his case.

"I'm very pleased indeed to have met you two gentlemen," he said.

Mr. Aaronson and Mr. Greenbaum made gratified and deprecating faces.

"If you won't let me talk business now," he continued, "will you allow me to call again a little later."

"Please! Please!" said Mr. Greenbaum.

"That's exactly what we should like," echoed Mr. Aaronson. "We want to keep in very close touch. We should like your advice on every point of production."

"Would you really?" said Mr. Shindy. "I'd enjoy it."

Mr. Greenbaum shook hands with him warmly.

Mr. Aaronson shook hands more warmly still, putting his other hand on Mr. Shindy's shoulder.

When he had gone Mr. Greenbaum shook hands solemnly with Mr. Aaronson, in silence. They went on shaking slowly and gravely for a full quarter of a minute. Then Mr. Aaronson opened the cocktail cabinet.

"THE Girl Show" was a complete and absolute failure. At the first night at the Cecil Theatre, which Mr. Shindy attended, sitting between Mr. Greenbaum and Mr. Aaronson in the royal box, the gorgeous and supercilious mob of inveterate first-nighters gave a meretricious air of social success. The applause was generous, as a mere matter of form. The departure of large cars and the illuminated backs of unlovely ladies disorganised the Strand traffic very fashionably. Mr. Aaronson and Mr. Greenbaum were severally and individually full of optimism and congratulations. On the second night there were twenty people in the stalls, none of whom had paid for their tickets. There were three people in the dress circle, all three with daughters in the chorus, and the sister of the fireman sat above in the upper-circle. Meanwhile, the reviews had burst upon the world, going up simultaneously in different quarters like nicely-timed mines. Some of them were condescending, others abusive. Some of the critics, acting from motives of undeserved tact, had removed themselves before the rise of the second curtain. Others, too stung for boredom, sat sadistically on to the dreadful end. They all agreed that, apart from some tuneful numbers, some catchy choruses, some not too unintelligent dialogue and a great many pretty girls "in scanty attire," it was the stupidest, vulgarest, most pretentious, tasteless and altogether deplorable performance it had ever been their professional lot to witness. Mr. Shindy was upset about this, partly because he thought, personally, that it was a very good show indeed, and partly because, in the process of attending rehearsals, he had fallen in love with Elsie Smith.

In the upholstered reception room of the royal box Mr. Aaronson agreed with Mr. Greenbaum that they must "paper."

On the third night the Cecil was about half-filled, and the reception was enthusiastic. On the fourth night it was quite full, and so it was on the fifth, the matinée, the sixth and the two Saturday performances. Mr. Shindy was delighted.

"This show's going marvellously, Elsie," he said in the large dressing-room where the other girls were by now so accustomed to him that they scarcely bothered.

"What's it like out in front, darling?" asked Miss Mexico, of Redesdale, Muswell Hill.

"It's marvellous," said Mr. Shindy.

"Have a choc," said Elsie.

"Thanks awfully," said Mr. Shindy enthusiastically. "I think I will."

"*You* haven't got to be careful about your figure," Elsie told him, looking at herself in the glass.

Mr. Shindy's hand trembled a little as he put the chocolate in his mouth. He was enjoying all this so tremendously.

"How d'you keep these things on?" he asked, bravely fingering the thin diamanté strap that was the only thing across her back.

"Suction, darling," said Miss Soviet Russia. "My mother thinks it's terrible. She does really."

Elsie's eyes met Mr. Shindy's in the glass.

Just then Mr. Greenbaum came in, and there was a great chorus of "Hullo, Popsy!"

"Good evening, my darlings," said Mr. Greenbaum. "Oh—er—Mr. Shindy, I wonder if I might—if you could spare me a few minutes——"

(*Continued on page* 122)

How to get PURE

SOFT WATER

CHEAPLY!

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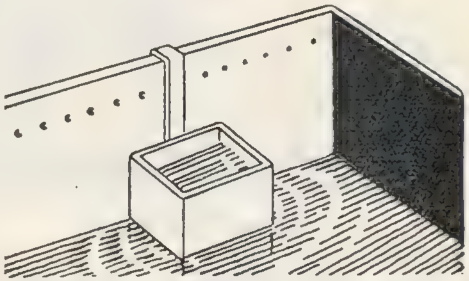
From all good chemists, ironmongers and stores. In case of difficulty write to Clensōl Ltd., 75 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.



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CLENSŌL

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NEW!

Clensōl has just produced a new high-efficiency water softener, which fits the water mains in the kitchen. It softens 1,000 to 1,500 gallons for 1/-. Beautifully finished in Chromium. On easy terms or cash. **£8 10s.**

Stop that cold with

VAPEX BRAND TRADE MARK **INHALANT**

A drop of Vapex on the handkerchief, inhaled frequently during the day, stops colds by going straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm, moist passages of nose and throat. Vapex clears the breathing passages, relieves headache and "stuffiness" and gently stimulates the respiratory system.

At night put a drop of Vapex on each end of the pillow for comfort and protection while you sleep.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-

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Clothes for XMAS?

'Have yours made "shop-new" again ... the

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Lady's Costume, Plain Frock or Long Coat	4/-	7/-
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RETFORD

"See you later—*Frank*," said Elsie.

Mr. Shindy swallowed and went towards the door. Outside Mr. Greenbaum put his arm round his shoulder.

"What would you advise?" he asked. "Shall I—er—shall I take it off?"

The world of Mr. Shindy reeled.

"Take it off?" he exclaimed.

"We're down three thousand five hundred pounds on the week," Mr. Greenbaum said.

"But— But— I thought it was doing marvellously."

Mr. Greenbaum shook his head sadly. "How much money do you think there is in the house to-night?"

Mr. Shindy hadn't a notion.

"Seventeen pounds fifteen and elevenpence. And that's nearly two pounds better than our previous best."

"But—but it's a marvellous show! And they love it."

"I don't want to influence you," Mr. Greenbaum told him.

"And, after all, it's getting better. I mean you said it was two pounds up."

"That's true," admitted Mr. Greenbaum. "How do you feel about it?"

"Oh, don't take it off! I'm sure, if you gave it another three weeks——"

Mr. Greenbaum gripped his hand.

"I'm, sure you're wise," he declared.

Then he pondered for a few moments, and looked Mr. Shindy squarely in the eye. "You remember what I once told you about Charlie Aaronson? That he wanted watching?—Well, I was right. He's off."

"Off?"

"Gone," said Mr. Greenbaum. "Can't stand the pace. If there's one thing I like, it's a stickler." He shook Mr. Shindy's hand solemnly, again, and went away.

Mr. Shindy knocked on the dressing-room door, and was greeted with cries of: "Oi!" "Not yet!" "Who is it?" "You can't come in!"

"Are you there, Else?" he answered.

At the end of three weeks "The Girl Show" had lost fourteen thousand pounds and a few odd pounds and shillings. Mr. Greenbaum was still optimistic, but it was rather a dutiful optimism tinged with panic-stricken admiration. Whenever Mr. Shindy was at the theatre—and Mr. Shindy was liable to be in the theatre a very great deal, generally in the darker recesses emitting sounds of muted affection—Mr. Greenbaum allowed his eyes to rest upon him with the dog-like dismay of a disciple for the Master. If the truth must be told Mr. Greenbaum was in the habit of closing down theatrical ventures long before they lost fourteen thousand pounds. Mr. Shindy's enthusiasm for "The Girl Show" appeared strangely unabated. Indeed it seemed to burgeon like the rose. Mr. Greenbaum, remembering the remarkable manifestation of rapt unreason manifested in his own bosom when he had first met Mrs. Greenbaum, put it down to love. Mr. Greenbaum, as usual, was perfectly right.

Mr. Shindy was deeply, unashamedly, ridiculously, jubilantly in love with his Elsie, and she, if portents mean anything, with him. Whenever she was on the stage Mr. Shindy was transfixed, in the Royal Box. The moment she retired behind, the box was miraculously empty and there was no telling where Mr. Greenbaum wouldn't come upon them, patently in love. Every evening he came with her, each night after the performance he escorted her home to her mother. Since the Smiths lived in Purley and Mr. Shindy inhabited the remoter regions of North Finchley it can be seen that his nocturnal journeyings were considerable. He endured their discomfort in a blessed haze.

That night Mr. Greenbaum discovered them kissing beneath a bright light immediately outside her dressing-room. He coughed and said: "Oh—er—Frank!"

They took no notice of him for several seconds, and then Elsie Smith slipped, laughing, away, and Mr. Shindy remained staring at the dressing-room door, with a slight smile playing about his lips.

"Frank," said Mr. Greenbaum, "I don't know how you feel. The show's lost sixteen thousand pounds."

"Is she still picking up?" Mr. Shindy demanded.

"It's picking up," agreed Mr. Greenbaum, "but so slowly it will be ten weeks before it turns the corner."

"Then keep it on for ten weeks, Charlie!" cried Mr. Shindy. "It would be a crime to take a show off like this."

Mr. Greenbaum looked very solemn. Then he shrugged. "What you say goes, of course, old boy," he said. "But I confess I'm anxious."

"I shouldn't be anxious, old man," urged Mr. Shindy. "You keep it on and you'll see at the end of ten weeks it'll be making thousands, just like you said."

"My God," said Mr. Greenbaum, "I admire you. There's just one little thing. Could you come and say a word to my bank manager? Just to reassure him that you still have faith in the show?"

"Rather," said Mr. Shindy. "I'll do anything to keep this show going."

So on the next day, which was a Wednesday, they went to see the manager of the bank.

The bank manager shook hands with Mr. Shindy in the same manner of breathless admiration as was ever on the face of Mr. Greenbaum.

"My good friend Mr. Shindy just called in to say that he still has tremendous faith in our little enterprise. Isn't that so, Frank?"

"Rather," said Mr. Shindy. "Have you seen it? Don't you think it's wonderful? Every time Mr. Greenbaum talks about taking it off I say 'Don't do it, Charlie. Give it time and it'll make thousands.'"

"I'm very glad to hear you talk like that, Mr. Shindy," the bank manager said. "Of course, I'm only a bank manager. I know nothing of theatrical ventures. If I may speak frankly between these four walls, I was a little alarmed at the size of Mr. Greenbaum's overdraft. Still we know you're all right, don't we?"

"It's very good of you to say so," said Mr. Shindy.

"As long as we have your word that Mr. Greenbaum's all right, that's all we want."

"Certainly," said Mr. Shindy.

Mr. Greenbaum smiled shyly.

"Might we have your signature to that effect?" the bank manager asked.

"Rather," Mr. Shindy agreed. "I'll sign anything for Mr. Greenbaum."

Something to that effect was slipped under his pen, and he signed it with a flourish: "F. W. G. D. Shindy. Electras."

The bank manager raised his eyebrows. "Electras!" he exclaimed, rather reverently.

"I've been doing what I can for them for about six months now," said Mr. Shindy.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the bank manager. "I'm very honoured indeed to have made your acquaintance."

At the end of the ten weeks Mr. Greenbaum telephoned a message to the stage door-keeper at the Cecil that if Mr. Shindy arrived at the theatre Mr. Greenbaum would be very glad to see him immediately.

Mr. Shindy got the message as he was arriving with Mrs. Shindy fresh from the marriage ceremony. Mrs. Shindy clung to his arm, carrying a bunch of roses.

Mr. Shindy's face dropped. He had been looking forward to his sensations as he sat in the royal box watching the show and reflecting on the miracle that the pretty one, the second from the end, Miss Wimbledon, was his lawfully wedded wife.

"Oh, Else!" he exclaimed. "I'd been looking forward to this."

"Never mind," she said, "you can pop back afterwards."

"I've a good mind not to go."

"You must go, Frank, if he sends for you."

"He said it was very urgent," put in the door-keeper anxiously.

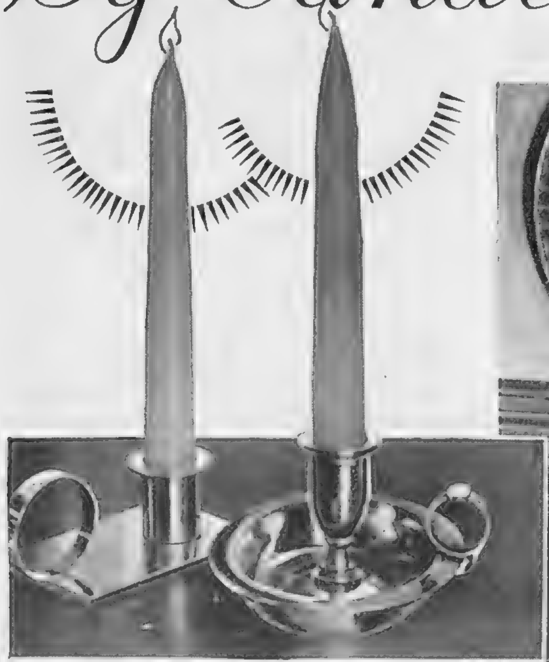
"Oh well—" said Mr. Shindy. "Elsie, darling, are you glad you married me?"

"You old funny Frank, of course I am."

"I'm so glad,

(Continued on page 124)

By Candlelight



SHINING brass candlesticks soon fill a dark room with sunshine.

IN a small, attractive restaurant where I sometimes go on cold and cheerless evenings, dinner is served by soft candlelight. You push open a massive door, walk through a room with deep, soft carpets on its floor and down a winding flight of grey stone steps to the largest room, centuries old, where warm copper glows against rich oak. Down the centre runs a long oak table flanked by ancient chairs and lit by a procession of tall, stately candles that send shadows wandering up the walls. If you were to sit watching those yellow flames, those bright reflections, it would almost certainly occur to you to serve dinner in your own home by still candlelight.

Perhaps you may be lucky enough to have in your family some of those small, chaste brass candlesticks that have been handed down from Stuart days. Flame-coloured candles in their holders will add contrast and colour to your table. Or a line of slender Corinthian pillars of nineteenth century brass, each holding a blue candle and standing among old willow-pattern plates makes a picturesque effect which everyone will admire. An interesting and beautiful alternative is to use one of those charming candlesticks with four or five graceful branches as a glowing centrepiece to your table.

TO bed by candlelight—a bright and charming bedside group.

It is never necessary to have very many candles. Their lovely light can always be enhanced by tastefully arranging a few pieces of brass or copper round your room. Brass was used as a reflector long ago, and it has lost none of its charm. The sight of cool candlelight being reflected, repeated and multiplied, first by a fiery copper warming pan lurking in a dark corner, then by a brass jug on your sideboard, is a touch which will win you as much praise as the most exquisite food you could ever serve.

Naturally you should always use brass candlesticks for brightness. Even without their candles, they will always be in use, lighting a window or a bureau with their dazzling brilliance. Almost any antique dealer will have a good selection of old brass candlesticks for you to choose from. Many are copies of lovely silver candlesticks and you will find that years of use have worn the brass to a mellow satin smoothness.

As well as these graceful slender columns, there are neat, low bedroom candlesticks all of shining brass. These are always made with wider trays to hold a box of matches and to catch the grease as you walk about. If you live in the candle country away from electric cables and pylons, you can probably put these shining pieces to practical advantage. They are a hundred times more attractive than candlesticks of tin or painted enamel—which in any case are nearly always chipped before very long.

A charming touch which even the most sophisticated of your town guests will appreciate when she goes up to her room, is to find by her bedside one of these brightly polished candlesticks already lit — a motionless, orange flame spreading a circle of soft light on lavendered sheets and pillows. After the glare of electricity, the dim candlelight falling on snowy linen is as restful as tinted glass to tired eyes.

All our ancestors had to polish their candlesticks was sand or some similar abrasive, even for those great brass chandeliers that swung in beautiful Georgian halls. But your lovely pieces will be always at their brightest and best if you use a little of one of the modern liquid metal polishes now and again. Brasso, Bluebell or Shinio are all equally good and soon make light work of brass or copper. Electricity and gas may have replaced their candles to-day, but the old brass chandeliers, candlesticks and candelabras have stayed to spread their golden light in modern homes.

Figs like these don't grow on trees

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perfect skin tonic

The morning application of this Skin Tonic is the first step in the famous D. & R. Beauty Treatment. With D. & R. Perfect Vanishing Cream for a smooth "make-up" foundation, and D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream for nightly massage, it assures you of a lovely complexion.

If content with your present creams and lotions, don't change. But for that final touch of loveliness, change to D. & R.—and you'll never change again!

Skin Tonic 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6. Vanishing Cream—Tubes 6d., 1/-, Jars 1/3 and 2/6. Cold Cream—Tubes 6d., 1/- and 2/6, Jars 1/3, 2/6, 4/3, 7/-. Liquifying Cream and Tissue Cream in Jars, 1/3, 2/6, 4/3.

Elsie, darling. Isn't it just marvellous!"

She fondled his hair. "Frankie my— "

"I love you," he said, enfolding her and kissing her lips. "We'll be very happy, won't we. Remember what we said! Till death us do part."

"Till death us do part," she repeated. "Go on, Frankie. You'll be late."

"Bless you, my heart," said Mr. Shindy, and tore himself away with tears in his eyes.

He found Mr. Greenbaum pacing up and down. For some time he went on pacing up and down and stopping every now and then to look out of the window on to the slow-moving traffic of Long Acre. He did not know Mr. Shindy was there, because Mr. Shindy walked straight into his room now instead of asking the secretary in the outer office.

"Anything up, Charlie?" he asked.

Mr. Greenbaum turned slowly. His eyes were narrowed with thought. Then he paced slowly up and down again, before stopping in front of Mr. Shindy and putting one hand on his shoulder.

"I said I admired a sticker," said Mr. Greenbaum, "and I do. But I can't let you go on."

"Me go on?" repeated Mr. Shindy, not understanding.

"We've got to take it off. We can't go on like this."

"Oh, don't take it off," pleaded Mr. Shindy.

"Do you realize," inquired Mr. Greenbaum slowly and impressively, "that you're in debt to the tune of thirty-five thousand pounds?"

Mr. Shindy sat down suddenly.

"*I'm* in debt to the tune of thirty-five thousand——"

Mr. Shindy sat with a white face and his jaw dropped. The panelled office and the figure of Mr. Greenbaum facing him with his legs apart reeled about Mr. Shindy. All Mr. Shindy's world reeled about Mr. Shindy. Mr. Greenbaum was talking earnestly, but Mr. Shindy did not hear him. He was talking about "courage" and "faith in the show" and foolhardiness, and honesty to himself. Mr. Shindy did not pay any attention. For a long time Mr. Greenbaum went on talking, and for a long time Mr. Shindy sat, with closed ears, assimilating the one obvious and benumbing fact, so obvious now that he couldn't for the life of him think how he hadn't noticed it all along. After about twenty minutes, Mr. Greenbaum stopped talking and went to the cocktail cabinet and made himself a strong whisky and soda, and sat down in a chair to drink it.

Then Mr. Shindy got up and went to the window, and stared out. He was looking at the outside of Long Acre, but he was thinking of the inside of prisons.

"How much would it cost to run the show for another month?" he asked in a voice that seemed scarcely his.

"At the present rate of loss about fourteen thousand," said Mr. Greenbaum. "You're not thinking of—? No, no. I won't allow it. It's madness."

Madness? Mr. Shindy's average weekly takings on account of commissions amounted to something like three pounds. He had about forty-five pounds saved, in the Post Office Savings Bank. Elsie drew five pounds every Friday, and on this he had built up visions of a little house on the Kingston By-pass, and cretonne curtains, and kids running about——

"Well, I think," said that curious disembodied voice of Mr. Shindy's, "that the show ought to go on. It's a good show."

Mr. Greenbaum stood up. "Look here, Frank," he demanded, "are you doing this thing over some temporary feeling of affection for one of the girls? Because if so, let me tell you, in thirty-five years of theatrical experience——"

"Temporary?" Mr. Shindy interrupted him. "Temporary? I married her this afternoon."

Mr. Greenbaum seemed to go all emotional.

"My dear fellow—" he said in a queer voice. "My dear fellow——"

TWO years later, Mr. Greenbaum remembered that scene with a sense of wonderment. Two years later "The Girl Show" was still running. With its American company and its provincial company and its London company still playing to capacity it was still earning Mr. Greenbaum a steady £3,500 a week. Two years ago some rather unexpected things had happened. There had been some talk of a Royal matinée. The Lord Chamberlain, who had passed the script of "The Parade of the World's Most Beautiful Women" on paper, had come to see the performance and been very much startled to observe "The Parade of the World's Most Beautiful Women" in the flesh. There had been a little trouble about it. From that moment the tide had turned. After dragging along for fourteen weeks as the world's most dismal failure, it became the world's most brilliant success.

Not magical really, Mr. Greenbaum reflected, because he himself had always had faith in the show. Of course, that old swindler Aaronson had turned up, like a bad halfpenny. But Mr. Greenbaum had the laugh on Mr. Aaronson. Mr. Greenbaum had nursed the show through its first discouraging months, and if there wasn't room for Mr. Aaronson then, there wasn't room for Mr. Aaronson now. Mr. Greenbaum didn't mind sharing his failures, but he believed in keeping his successes to himself. In a way, too, he had the laugh on Mr. Shindy. Of course, Mr. Greenbaum knew how to freeze out a backer he didn't want. He had been in the show business for thirty-seven years. Not that he wasn't generous, mind you. It was true that Mr. Shindy hadn't made any actual profit on "The Girl Show." After all, Mr. Greenbaum was honest, and had been married himself once. At least he had squeezed him out without any actual loss.

All the same, Mr. Greenbaum was slightly shocked. It was a queer commentary on life and its ups and downs that a man who was prepared to face losses of tens of thousands on a show should call at his house in the morning and try to sell him a vacuum cleaner.

The trouble with Charlie Greenbaum, Mr. Greenbaum reflected, was that he was too soft-hearted. He had damned nearly bought one.

An Attractive 12 h.p. Riley

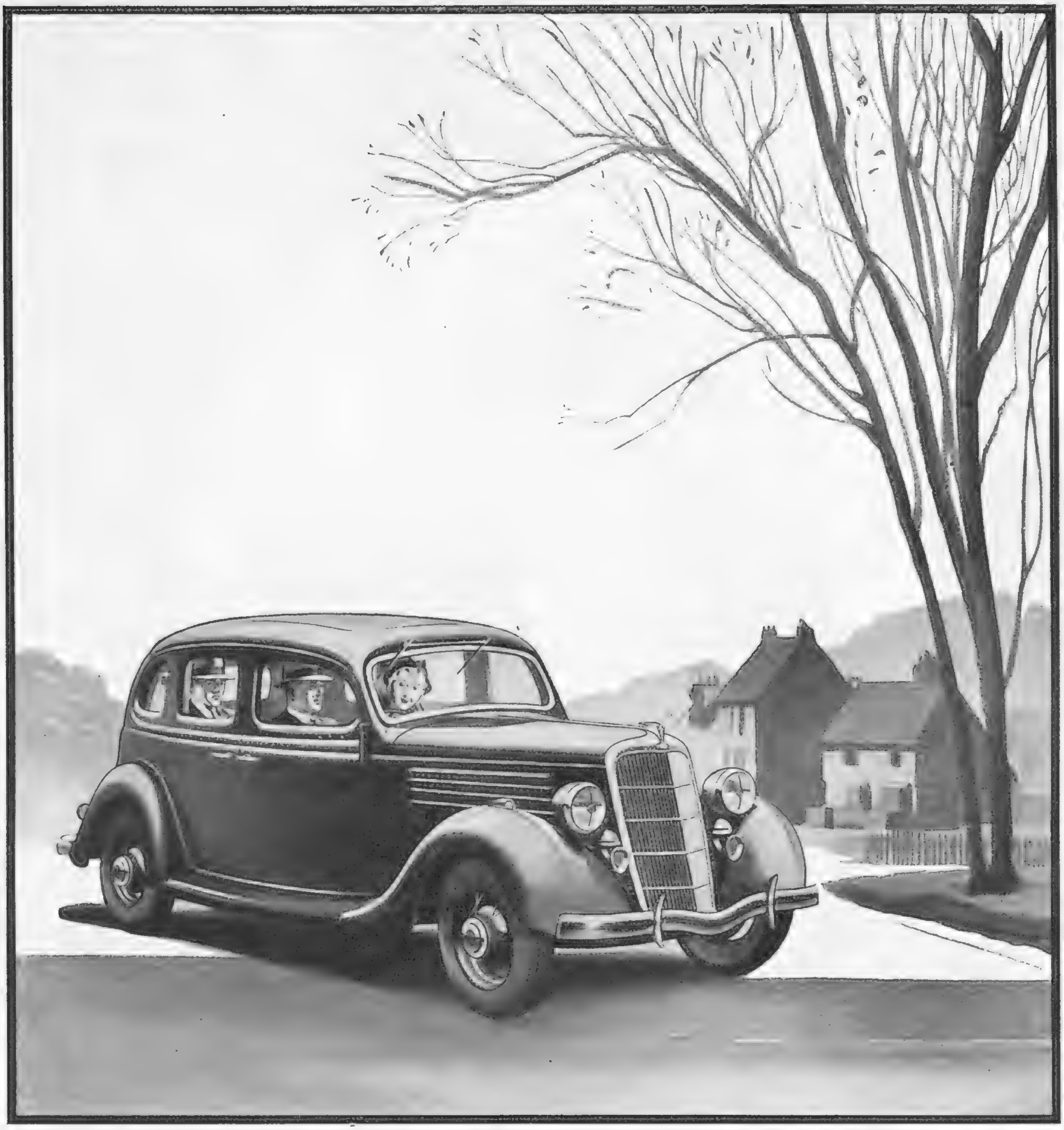
(*Continued from page* 93)

Riley racing experience is probably largely responsible for this pleasant state of affairs. The steering, of course, plays its part, and is at all times very definite. Although by no means low geared, its action is extremely light, and the spring spoked wheel is a point to be appreciated.

THE coachwork deserves special praise. Attractive lines, in this case, have certainly not been secured at the expense of comfort. Although there is a stream-line motif about the curve of the back panel, there is no lack of head-room for the back-seat passengers. Similarly, although the seating plan is definitely "compact," there is plenty of leg-room both fore and aft. The coachwork designer, in other words, has made very skilful use of the space at his disposal.

The luggage locker at the extreme rear of the car has likewise been planned to make the very best use of the space here available. When opened it is really capacious, and will enable a lot of luggage to be stowed with very little trouble. It has quite a useful capacity when closed.

A minor, but valuable, chassis feature is that permanent jacks are fitted. These are of mechanical type, placed centrally under each axle. Throughout, the equipment is very complete, with sliding roof included. Although perhaps not cheap, this Riley is really sound value at £335.



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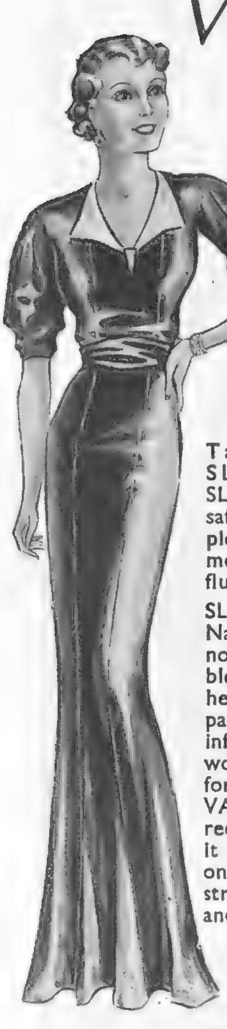

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SLENDENE-VALETTA
SLIMMING TONIC

Crusoes of Science

(Continued from page 27)

if, as ever, the predominant passion of the quest be to know more of "what it is all about," the mystery of the universe and life and nature, our new explorers have the subsidiary (!) satisfaction of knowing that they are doing a thoroughly practical and necessary job of work.

Not for nothing has atmospheric exploration suddenly swung to the fore. To name but two prime reasons: long-distance flying and crop cultivation, each increasingly vital. With the expansion of the former, pilots have to cross many latitudes, even climates, in the same twenty-four hours, and they must know what lies ahead in the weather line. To aid in this, what is called a "station model" of conditions ahead, bearing internationally understood symbols and references, is shortly to be inaugurated. Descending and tongue-tied foreign pilots will know where to look, on an all-country system, for what they desire to find out.

The demand for enhanced and earlier weather knowledge that will protect crop cultivation may be an even more important consideration. For example, the Russians are dead keen on the subject, having suffered so much from droughts. In India, second drought area, whole seasonal weather forecasts are already being circulated, and it is hoped in time to extend such forecasting in other directions as the result of greater co-ordination of readings taken at agreed hours over the widest possible area and for the longest uninterrupted periods. In this respect, a congress met in Warsaw, in October, when an ambitious scheme was launched under the style: "Intercontinental Weather by Wireless." The delegates proposed to establish a far-flung scheme by which, "within a few hours, daily weather reports shall be prepared for a hemisphere, if not for the whole world."

Our scientific friends are nothing if not thorough. A second objective at the same pow-pow read: "Plan for recording the magnetic character of each day."

A third high-light at Warsaw was struck by Mr. S. Chapman's paper on "the lunar tide in the earth's atmosphere" or "the action of the moon on terrestrial magnetism." An enthusiastic company promptly planned the creation of an international centre to develop Mr. Chapman's work, which may sound fearfully "technical," but is nothing of the kind. By such advance shall our descendants, or perhaps ourselves, be able to be more certain about the weather, and not only that. Anyway, of such-like is the new exploration composed. As, also, of this fourth "high-light":—

The British Admiralty is constructing a non-magnetic ship (that is, no iron in her) which will cruise the seven seas forever recording magnetic readings, seeking to discover the reasons of the extraordinary variations that occur. The vessel will be akin to a floating magnetic laboratory. The world will not have had such a ship before, her nearest approach, the American *Carnegie*, being burnt six years ago. That was through petrol, and the British vessel will be otherwise propelled.

The keynote of the future is perhaps struck in this entry for the last day at the Warsaw Conference, which was attended by forty nations. "An all-day excursion was made to the new aerological and radiometeorological observatory at Jablonna, which promises to be of as great importance in ionosphere studies as Slough, England." Leaving aside the ionosphere for the moment, by the time the next congress convenes six years hence there are likely to be not scores but hundreds of new observation posts strewn about the surface of the globe, and most of them in the most unlikely and cut off places, since an essential is, precisely, that exploratory "Crusoes" shall exile themselves to the most outlandish and deserted spots in order to secure specific peculiarities of observation. As a case in point, an Arctic chain of non-specialist observers is to be created, who will be visited periodically by the expert from the nearest regular observatory. That is to say, there does not at present exist enough available trained personnel for such year-long vigils (or funds), and accordingly non-expert "Crusoes," established for other reasons in the Arctic Circle, are to be pressed into service with a view to their taking the necessary readings, usually six times a day: readings of pressure, wind, precipitation (rain, snow, hail, dew, drizzle), of temperature, state of the ice, as also of the magnetic side. A vital requisite of the whole business is that there shall be as many observers as conceivably possible, since only by constant checking and cross-checking can really worth-while results be eventually achieved. International climatology, together with the general study of what lies about and above us, is considerably a matter of the closest intercontinental co-operation; and this is on the way.

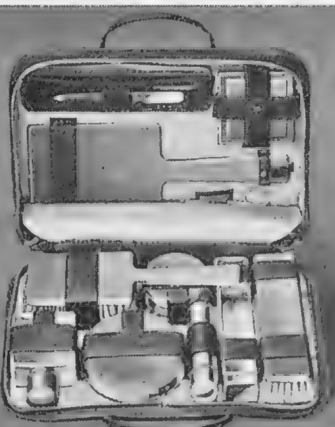
At present the Russians and Americans are in the van of the new exploration, though there are welcome signs that Britain is about to gird on her loins, and with a will. At a recent Imperial discussion a project was launched for a chain of meteorological stations between London and Africa and Australia. No doubt most of these future stations along the all-red route will be located in "civilised" surroundings; yet one or two may probably be found up in the Himalayas or at some untrodden, cannibalistic spot in the Straits. The Empire's current most exiled observer is he who tends the instruments at Leh, nearly 15,000 ft. up in the Himalayas, and frozen in much of the time. Among the next highest observatories are Izaña, Santa Fé, and Taculaya, in South America, and Darjeeling. These vary between seven and eight thousand feet. The lowest observatory is also the third most southerly: Stanley, capital of the Falklands, which is only 5 ft. above sea-level. The most southerly, the South Orkneys, measures 22 ft. above sea-level. Each of these stations is more or less a "Crusoe" post, as may also be listed the second most southerly: South Georgia, where Shackleton, pioneer of exploration of the past, lies buried.

He who was apparently destined to be the pioneer of future exploration, Gino Watkins, is forever as far north as Shackleton reposes south.

At least two new "Crusoes" are assured as a result of those London deliberations. An observation post concerned with oceanic atmospherical data is to be established at lonely Tristan da Cunha, with its one white clergyman and 150 odd inhabitants. Once a year only will this observer have contact with home, unless cruise liners swerve Tristanwards. Secondly, an important post financed by Canada is to be made permanent at Chesterfield Islet, in the Hudson Bay territory. This will be the closest observing station to the North Magnetic Pole, but the record is unlikely to be held long on account of the ever-pressing Russians.

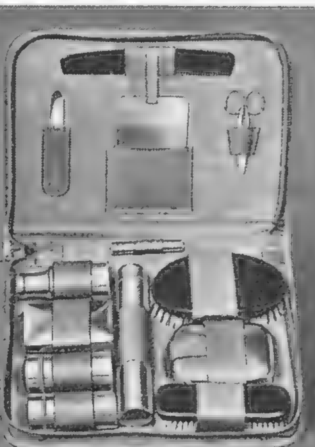
Chiefly, our very keen Soviet friends are after three objectives. They want to know all about weather forecasting, with reference to crop protection; they desire all available knowledge of the stratosphere and the higher and surrounding atmosphere generally, in order to push ahead with aerial pioneering; and they wish to study arctic conditions with a view to opening up a trade route across the top of the world towards the Bering Strait and Asia. Contemporary Russians are nothing if not daring in the exploratory realm. Witness their disappointment in not being able to establish, this present year, a scientific observation post at the North Pole itself. The plan was to carry the expedition from Archangel, in ice-breakers, as far north as possible, and then to unload aeroplanes in which men would fly on to the Pole with instruments and supplies. Alighting there by parachute, this advance party

(Continued on page 128)

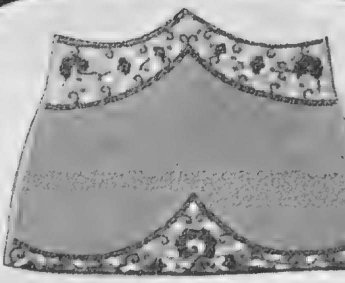


Lady's Case in Morocco, lined silk, with Zip fastener, Lacquer fittings on metal, in art colours. Size closed 11½×7¾ inches.
£7.15.0

BY APPOINTMENT



Dressing Case in limp polished Pigskin with Zip fastener, fitted with Ebony Brushes and Chromium Plated Toilet Requisites. Size closed 11½ × 8 inches.
£3.15.0



Beaded evening bag with coloured border, fitted with mirror. Length of frame 6½ inches.
£2.2.0

Child's Sterling Silver Cup engraved with Nursery rhyme "Humpty Dumpty" **£2.5.0**

Antelope Pochette with marcassite mount, inner division.
£4.4.0

Handbag with hinged handle. Will lay flat so that it can be used as a pochette. In art shades of calf.
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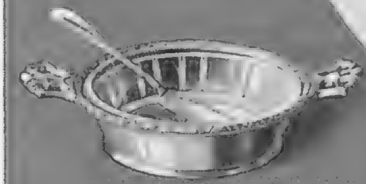

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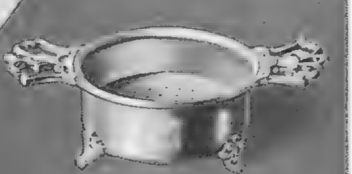

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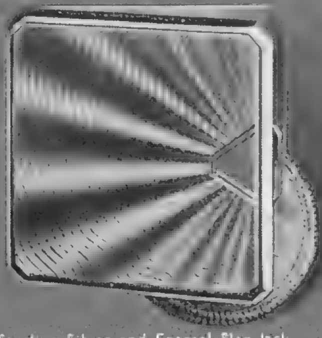

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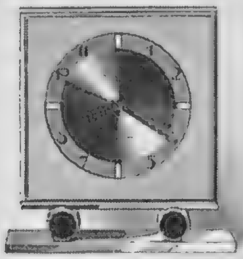

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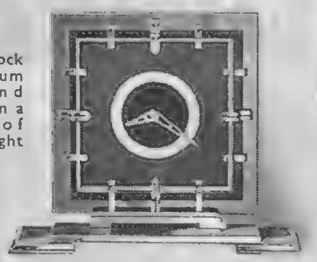

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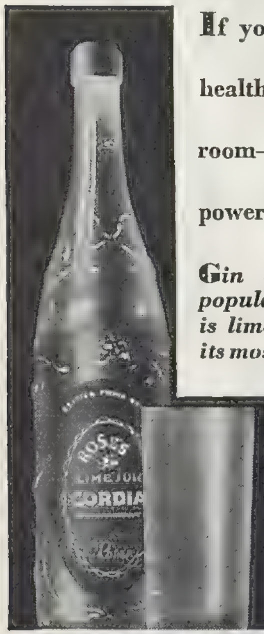

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would then prepare a landing ground for the air convoy proper. Without a doubt deaths and great suffering would ensue were such a conception carried into practice; nevertheless, there is no doubt but that it will be prosecuted in 1936.

A first and very interesting discovery due to Soviet "Crusoes," mobile and stationary, is that the Arctic Ocean is growing appreciably warmer, due to a displacement of the Gulf Stream. Another success: the past year's weather in these regions was predicted by the Soviet meteorological outposts with astonishing accuracy, the fact being regarded as a triumph for the observatory system.

Four Soviet ships—not ice-breakers—made the North-East passage last summer, all carrying passengers as well as cargo. A special duty of these vessels was that of relieving observers at such posts as Lonely Island and Fort Dickson. New "colonists" were landed to relieve those taken off. During these voyages towards the top of the world the hydrographers took thousands of samples of water and of organic life, the greatest depth examined being two miles. The hydrographers were also able to report that the cold surface layer is now only 100 metres deep, as distinct from former 200, the change being due to the displaced Gulf Stream.

The most interesting of these Arctic "colonies" is Wrangel Island, whose main duty is that of observing meteorologically and in the magnetic sense. This "colony" numbers about sixty, many of whom are exchanged once annually, in the summer, for newcomers from the mainland. But ships are not always able to reach the island, and some summers contact, for provisions and so on, can only be sustained by aircraft, several of which are specially kept on the mainland for this purpose.

It is fully realised that Polar climatic variations are of considerable importance to weather conditions in both temperate zones. To go to the other end of the earth, Australasia and South Africa, mainly with an eye to their recurrent and devastating droughts, wish to join up with the Argentine in the establishment of a series of observatories in the Southern Ocean and in Antarctica. At present the most southerly station is located at Orcades. It is maintained by the Argentine Government, is that situate on one of the South Orkney Islands down in the Weddell Sea, and is magnetic in character.

The most northerly post to-day is the Soviet meteorological and magnetic observatory on Hooker Island, Franz Joseph Land. But it is run close in latitude and climate by two permanent magnetic observatories in Greenland, one at Godhvn and the other at Scoresby Sund. It was in these latitudes that the Lindberghs spent four months cut off from the rest of the world, living with Eskimos, while they sought data in connection with the proposed summer air route across the top of the world. Of that odyssey, the first ever undertaken by man and wife in such conditions, Mrs. Lindbergh has written:

> It was not that we arrived in Baker Lake on August third by 'plane, but that three hours of flying had brought us from the modern port of Churchill to a place where no white woman had ever been before. It was not only that we flew from Baker Lake to Aklavit in twelve hours, by the midnight sun, but that flying over these grey wastes south of Victoria Land, isolated and wild as the moon, I could hear through my earphones the noisy chatter of big cities over the edge of the world.

The "Crusoes" along Mrs. Lindbergh's path referred to the rest of the civilised world as "outside." An Arctic exile would say he had not been "outside" for so and so long.

Godhvn and Scoresby are Danish, and as an indication of their isolation, there is just one mail each year, which leaves every summer for the homeland. With regard to Chesterfield, the Americans are much interested in its permanency, as it will be the only post in that vast stretch of mid-Canada "where so much of our (American) weather is bred." Chesterfield is also to study polar lights, atmospherical electricity, and the globe's magnetism.

The great majority of existing observatories are to be found in the North, but this is being remedied as it constitutes a big defect. The rarity of southern stations has been taken in hand by the Carnegie Institute, which latterly established posts at Watheroo, in Australia, and at Huancayo, in Peru; but the intention is to go much farther south eventually. The Watheroo post is remotely away in the plains, many miles from the place that gives it its name. It is staffed by two Americans and five Australians, one or two of whom have their wives and families with them.

"Crusoe" families are to be found again at Huancayo, where live three American observers and their wives, helped out by half a dozen Peruvian assistants. This station, by the way, is located on a plateau of the Andes, over 15,000 ft. up, and is plumb on the magnetic equator of the earth.

Another American "Crusoe" family not long since took up quarters on the no less desolate peak of Mt. St. Katherine in Sinai. This is a solar observatory under the auspices of the famous Smithsonian, of Washington, and desperate Sinai it had to be, because only there was to be found the requisite combination of "windless, dustless, lifeless mountain where the noon sun is rarely tempered by cloud and where rain seldom falls." Charming place to settle down *en famille*, yet what will not your true scientist rise to? Mr. and Mrs. Zodtner and their two small children are living on that barren, rocky, arid mountainside. Food has to be brought by a mixture of boat, train and camel, all the way from Cairo; the only visitors are Greek monks from a monastery ten miles away, or an occasional Bedouin; but there is the radio! That, without an atom of doubt, has greatly contributed to the growth of these posts of the new exploration: without the radio, life could hardly be sanely possible in some of the conditions lived.

The Smithsonian is more especially interested in the daily assessment of the sun's energy. It already had posts in the North, in the Mohave Desert, California, and, in the South, on Mt. Montezuma, Chili. But on occasion it may be cloudy the same day in both these places, so a third checking post had to be found. At first, the Hottentot country of South-West Africa appealed, but it did not stand the test, and the searchers for the Institute journeyed from mountain to desert until high and dry Mt. St. Katherine was found.

As the Sinai post is concerned with solar fluctuations, so the Carnegie station at Watheroo, mentioned above, devotes its attention to the gyrations of the magnetic needle. And so it is all round the earth (or soon will be): scientific explorers established in isolation, right off the map, sometimes for years, frequently with none save local inhabitants to keep them company. At least, though, the new explorers escape this extremely trying and nerve-wracking contemporary world: such as they will not hear of a Mussolini from January to December. Unless they wish to, and listen in. . . .

Mountain posts are assuming ever-increasing importance in the tactics of the meteorologists. Not only is the polar weather system best checked from great heights, but so are the winds. Such a high-level post is that of Mt. Washington in New England. Last year the fastest wind ever known was registered here—230 miles an hour, or nearly twice as strong as the force reputed to have been reached in mid-September's hurricane along our South Coast.

Then there are such things as thunderbolts and lightning that other "Crusoes," this time mobile, are watching. Thanks to a revolving camera, the invention of an Englishman, Dr. C. J. Boys, lightning travelling at 30,000 miles an hour can be photographed if the operator is located (*Continued on page* 131)

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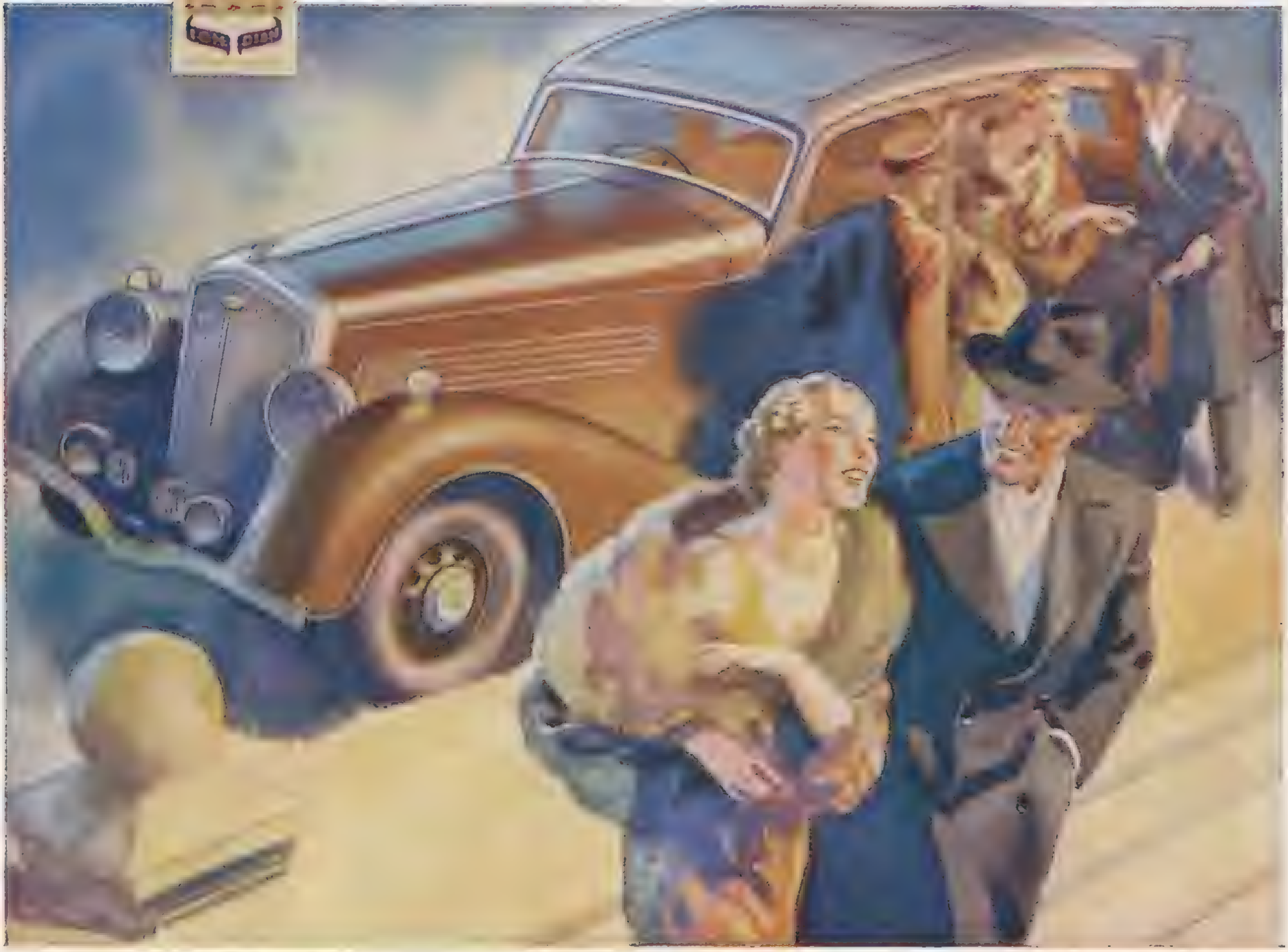

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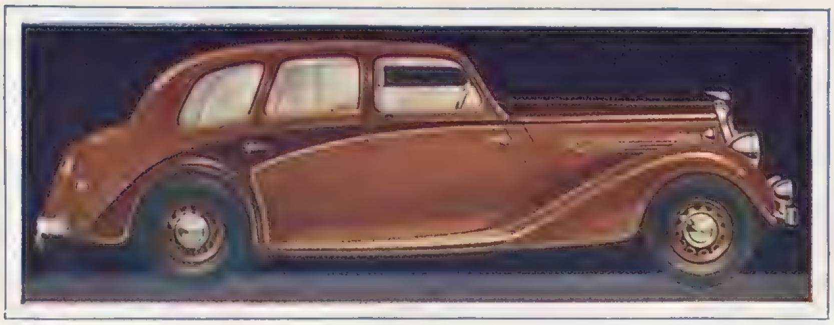

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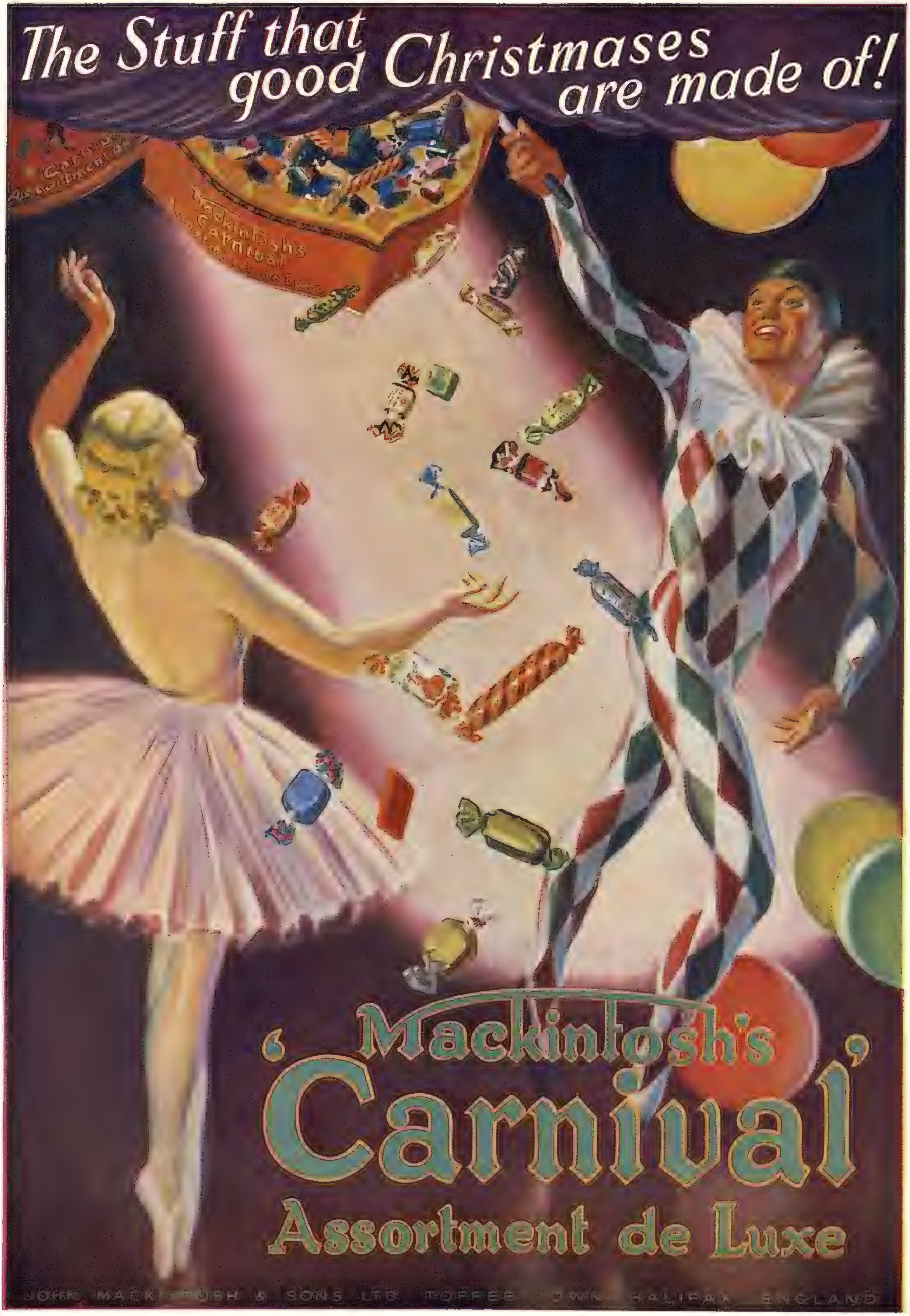
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in the proper atmospheric conditions. The University of Cape Town is to the fore in this field, and more than once has sent operators up country to await one of the terrific thunderstorms for which South Africa is notorious. A string of Boys cameras require to be put in position out on the Veldt. Such photographic studies, needless to say, obtained under great risk, show that each stroke of lightning is in reality two, one striking down from the clouds and a second striking upwards from the earth.

Science is swiftly advancing towards an understanding of the thunderbolt, thanks to this pioneer photographic work, and applied engineering is keeping pace in the way of resultant protective devices.

Then there is the recently discovered new "roof," said to be 500 miles above us, which causes wireless signals to "bounce" back to earth. So intrigued have Americans become, that they are fitting out a dozen special recording stations that are to operate this winter. The new "roof" region, ever so high above the puny stratosphere, is known as the ionosphere, because the entire region, apparently down to within seventy or eighty miles of the earth's surface, is being incessantly ionised or electrified by radiations emanating from far away in space. The radio wave will be the stand-by in exploring this particular realm of the unknown. What happens to waves sent out will be checked in all circumstances, how, why and when they come bouncing back on us. It is believed that sunspots have a deal to do with it, and it so happens that in the next year or two sunspots are going to be prominent.

The new exploration tells one thing: that there is always something new under the sun. How positively had we been told in latter years that this planet was losing its kick because it had all been discovered.

We stand on the threshold of a new chapter.

End

Moulding the Mind of Young To-morrow

(*Continued from page* 29)

famous professor sitting there so quietly gets up and explains her identity. Professor Cullis is blue eyed, though neither golden nor brown-haired—but grey! She does not wear horn-rimmed spectacles. But these children have paid her the best compliment they could: they have faithfully described their ideal—a favourite film star, plus a dash of "modern scientist."

And this is the essence of the matter. The voice has been translated in their minds; in this case into a visual image of something they admire immensely.

An incognito visit of this type is made possible by the use of the Blattnerphone, which records, for broadcast later, the actual talk. In their tireless quest for accurate data on the unexplored possibilities of school broadcasts, the experts make a practice of observing the "impact" of the talks on that exciting raw material—*the child mind*.

Another scene in a similar setting. A certain scholastic with doubts about the value of this "new stunt" is being shown a broadcast audience listening. At the end an expert in an inspired moment asks a very simple question: "What is there that is different between teacher talking to you and somebody whom you cannot see, somebody 'behind a screen'?" Not one child seemed to be able to supply an answer until a small girl shot up a hand and said: "Please, it's *magic!*" Therein lay an answer to the doubting scholastic: "magic" as a tremendous weapon in the service of the ordinary, gallant, and intelligent school teacher.

But the magic is not so much in the schoolroom as in the amazing growth of this formidable machine in a short decade. Headlines have been given to Marconi's "death ray," and to every form of invention so brutally in use at this moment. But there is none of these so potentially important as the change that radio has brought in the intellectual climate in which the minds of the children who will make our "To-morrow" are fostered.

HOW, then, did these two things, increasingly systematic and built upon enthusiasm, start? When did the film industry (rather like a lady of exciting and dubious reputation who offers herself for the next vacancy as head teacher at a secondary school) get interested in school talkies? Who are the people who, behind that enigmatic façade of Broadcasting House, worked to give us the only systematic and the only unpropagandist-controlled schools broadcast in Europe?

"*Give me the child until he is seven,*" say the Jesuits. To whom until they are seven—and after—are we giving our children if these two formidable weapons are employed? Who are these men and women working with the industry and skill of beavers, behind the scenes—working for To-morrow, while To-day looks like crumbling around them?

FIRST—the back-stage of Wardour Street. But not only Wardour Street, private houses of enthusiasts, laboratories of lone workers, Government services more than usually enlightened.

There is, of course, a story behind it. "We may not save this generation . . . but we dare not lose the next!" said, bitterly, a heartsick internationalist during one of the "Retreats from Geneva."

It is not without significance that, from Geneva, via American journeys and Paris, there came about ten years back a quiet-voiced young woman to a film headquarters near Welwyn. She came "to sit for fourteen days on Bruce Woolfe's doorstep" (this is her own description of it, not mine!) and, presumably on the fifteenth, the door was opened to Margery Locket, who had a most urgent idea in her head. She had seen the perfection of technique in the "Secrets of Nature" films. . . . she believed, as she still believes, that the film could be made to work for the school teacher and with the school teacher; and that, supplementing school work, it could throw open a door to such wonders and delights for the child mind that it would widen the horizon of the whole of life. She thought all this. Brilliant technician that he is—Bruce Woolfe was then in the glow of his work on "Mons" and "Armageddon"—he did not hold out much hope, but, on this fifteenth day, he told the persistent woman to "go ahead and try."

She tried—*and went ahead.*

There had been others before Bruce Woolfe, before Mary Field and Margery Locket who, during the following decade, sturdily pioneered; overcoming opposition, getting co-operation . . . and, finally, achieving. There had been the brilliant effort of British Instructional Films. When this company was dissolved the possibilities behind it were recognised with rare insight by Isidore Ostrer, the President of the Gaumont British Corporation, who decided to back the venture in scholastic work and enlisted Bruce Woolfe and his unit for this purpose.

There had been films that could be used in schools before, when cut, edited and adapted; there had been the amazing work of the G.P.O. Film Unit—the work of John Grierson, of Paul Rotha, of Stuart Legg and of Basil Wright and Evelyn Spice. . . . These had been imaginative and documentary films of the highest order and importance to cinema art. But, so far, none expressly created as a teaching medium exactly aimed at and focused upon the children of varying ages, an instrument of high precision.

There were (and

(*Continued on page* 132)

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there are still) innumerable difficulties to overcome. Ask Margery Locket of those early days of hers when, with the co-operation of such as A. C. Cameron, now of the B.B.C. educational side, and then Education Director for the City of Oxford, she strove to convince and reconcile apparent irreconcilables. The academic world resisted the "robots" till they realised they were fine weapons forged for their use. There was neither adequate money, nor had there been suitable apparatus, for filming in ordinary schools. There were few, if any, films actually and easily available. Since then the British Film Institute has shown itself determined in its intelligent co-operation with the authorities regarding films and apparatus; it is organising a National Film Library. The G.P.O. Film Library and the Empire Film Library are two other organisations marching with the times.

Then came a suitable apparatus, the Gebescope, put on the market by the equipment side of a great firm, and the controlling genius of its expert, Alan Cremieu-Javal. Since about 1933 there has been an all-round film service for renters of this type in addition to those public and semi-public bodies mentioned . . . *and the making of real school films at last began.*

With a team of enthusiasts behind it: . . . Mary Field, director of the famous "Secrets of Nature," as producer, and Bruce Woolfe as production manager and, as camera expert for the science side, the amazing, quite unassuming genius who has staged his weird shots with infinite skill and patience and minimum equipment in a small laboratory —Percy Smith, the man who has filmed science with precision that stirs even scientists to wonder and delight!

Behind the camera and producer are famous men and women, teachers and educationalists.

Of all those connected with this adventure, the experts are the most difficult to interview.

Professor Julian Huxley, with the Zoological Society's Offices as a background, discussed his deep personal interest in his work on the educational film; and that not only as a teaching medium but as a "method of recording" that has immense possibilities.

Listening to him talk (and my informants have not, then, been wrong about his mastery of incisive, economical phrases) I am reminded of Margery Locket's vivid description of Professor Huxley, Mr. Hewer, his colleague, and the G.B.I. technical staff, in the studio laboratory, where some of the most interesting of the shots were recorded. "It is a delight and an education to listen to their scientific back-chat . . . to see them get excited at the possibilities of the work opening up . . ."

That is what is happening in the making of these films; it has never before been possible to record with such precision and illustrate with such delicacy. For instance, the method of illustration of *sections* of the earthworm, and of the development of the blowfly; the use of transmitted light and of speeding-up—these are some of the excitements that, quite frankly, stir even the scientist to enthusiasm for his medium.

This actual excitement of filming is not, unfortunately, recorded in the commentary that accompanies each film. But it is surely impossible for either the teacher (into whose hands this tremendously powerful weapon for learning is put) or the children to remain unaware that they are spectators of the triumphant technique of enthusiasts.

THEN, this network of voices that spreads daily over the British Isles linking schools of all types to the stream of contemporary life—how did that start?

Unlike our usual national practice in such matters, we did not start to make a major discovery in an absent-minded manner; nor did we set out with an academic desire to inflict "uplift" on a mass of helpless schoolchildren. This is what actually occurred. Sir John Reith, then Mr. John Reith, managing director of the British Broadcasting Company, had seen a vision and dreamed a dream of the potentiality of broadcasting as an educational instrument. He said: "At any rate we will see what can be done . . ." and set about looking for an education director.

Almost at the same time a young woman, still an undergraduate at Oxford, passionately interested in the development of post-war education, listened for the first time to a broadcast of music in the schoolhouse in a remote glen in the Scottish Borders where she was recuperating from a long illness. She too saw her vision and dreamed her dream . . . and—some months later—up she marched to see Mr. Reith with her plan. She was provisionally appointed, then and there, to assist with the development of broadcasts in schools. "Go back and take your Schools," said Mr. Reith—advice for which Mary Somerville was later to be very grateful, though at the time she chafed at the delay. And it was arranged that for the remaining period of her work up at Oxford, she should come to town once a week to do some experimental broadcasting to schools.

Behind the Mary Somerville of those years back was her youth, spent on the Scottish Border; a classical education interrupted by war work; a long illness immediately after the war, and then, after some voluntary research work in connection with the teaching of English in elementary schools, she went up to Oxford in 1921.

The first experimental broadcast to schools was on April 4, 1924—by Sir Walford Davies. Regular courses of five days a week were started in October of 1924, just eleven years back. In the summer of 1925 Mary Somerville, now a graduate, was free to take up her work at Savoy Hill under the newly appointed Education Director, Mr. Stobart. She was actually in special charge of the school broadcasts. The struggle for coherence and for a plan had begun, and the terrific business of creating a system for this formidable new medium was soon in progress. *It was to be a new thing for a new world; and not merely a re-hash of scholastic dregs.*

The work went on these lines till the formation of the Central Council for School Broadcasting in 1929. Then she became Secretary of this, in addition to being made Head of the Department of the Broadcasts to Schools. Finally, this autumn she has been relieved of the double burden that had grown increasingly heavy and is now Director of School Broadcasting with Mr. A. C. Cameron as Secretary to the Council.

This is the mere skeleton of an astounding story; there is, in these ten years of packed hard work, the "human story" as well. A decade—for these pioneers—of continued delicate adjustment and alertness of mind that they should never for an instant lose sight of the ideal that inspired them at the first.

And . . . not an easy team to drive! On one hand, the young machinery of broadcasting itself; then the scholastic world still to be convinced; and, finally, the broadcasters to be found and trained, technique to be evolved, mistakes to be rectified. Schools, increasing in number, to be wooed and won, visited and revisited, reception tested and checked and *always* pressed by the spur of hurrying time, those programmes ahead to be created. . . .

This produced quite a different select corps of "brass hats." Vital young men and women, accustomed to overwork—they and the small staff that could be afforded for them. With only their own enthusiasm between them and failure: no "tradition" on which to fall back.

Meet them . . . meet Mary Somerville and some of her colleagues on the school broadcasting staff.

There is Mr. Alford, Mr. Dixon, Dr. Edith MacQueen, Mr. Lloyd-Williams and Miss Simone—you meet in them experts who are intimately connected by these broadcasts with the remotest rural school that takes their programmes, and who, by them, is linked from its

(*Continued on page* 134)

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country backwater with the mainstream of the nation's life.

First, the Director of School Broadcasting herself; looking younger than her early middle age; married, with one son, Timothy. Lives in London within hail of her headquarters. Needs to do so, as she starts her day at "07.15 hours" with the newspapers, and gets to Broadcasting House by nine, or nine-thirty.

A day's work in that department is, when it is analysed, a lot of solid organisation and innumerable contacts with the countless component parts of school broadcasts all over Britain; through all of which activity there runs the smooth organised and carefully rehearsed plan of broadcasts that you hear.

Who are the experts co-operating with the headquarters staff? There is no space here to give even a slight idea of the careful network that filters suggestions for actual broadcasts. Each subject (modern languages, rural environment, history, music, and so on) has its committee, composed of one member of the central council, two specialists and a posse of teachers; each committee passes its own courses and its handbooks.

But what of the real "shock troopers" in the front line who actually contact with the listening children? Some of them are already household words in broadcasting—S. P. B. Mais, Vernon Bartlett, Monsieur Stéphan (who holds the record on the air—he started with the first term in 1924 and has gone on ever since!). The two brilliant broadcast technicians, Eileen and Rhoda Power; and that successful experimenter, Ann Driver . . . among many others. Professor Winifred Cullis, too, who until lately pioneered methods of teaching hygiene and physiology to small children, with notable success.

Meet some of these in rapid close-up; they are interesting for their own personalities as well as their pioneering success in the new medium. Meet, first, Rhoda Power, who—with her sister Eileen—has perfected a technique for making history live. For those who would picture her—quiet voiced and alert—is broadcasting weekly to ten to twelve-year-olds on British History. Agrees that her twenty-minute word-pictures take her hours to prepare; and that *the subject suggests the presentation.* This is sometimes in dramatic form, sometimes as a story with "effects" taken from the past. Always needs—and has—careful rehearsal. Rhoda Power, from her experience of children, is quite definite that "listening" can be active as well as passive. Here she pays a tremendous tribute to teachers: "Teachers are the broadcaster's indispensable colleagues . . . the good teacher takes and makes the lesson." She agrees that broadcasting supplements school work and adds but another (and perhaps the most powerful) weapon in the teacher's armoury. Has had intimate experience of the child mind, since she has written for children, and is quite definite that her technique is intended to appeal to the heart, as well as the small head, of the child. *Stresses that the emotions are tremendously important in this business of learning.* And teaches her children to "see with their ears." Works rather like this:

" . . . *a Roman called Seneca wrote a description of a bath in Rome. To-day we are going to visit a bath used by the soldiers who garrisoned Hadrian's wall. . . .*"

And they do. With the utmost sureness of touch and vividness. Among other amusing things, Rhoda Power remembers that small boys always ask of a particular era they are made to study: "What did they eat in those days. . . ." Probably Rhoda Power gives them a mouth-watering description.

Now, a close-up of the woman who undertook a rather daring experiment—to teach children to see, and to achieve music and movement through the medium of their ears. Ann Driver had perhaps the same idea as the Jesuits, "the child before he is seven" is her raw material: the child without self-consciousness and with his inherent love of intelligent movement, led, through this, to music. The everyday rhythms of the child, walking and running "set to music" until, creating his own dances as he goes, the child develops his sensitiveness to music, as we know it.

All this is all very well at first hand; but what with the microphone as the only link? Meet Ann Driver, and see that here is the broadcaster who has realised that, for certain achievements, the over-used word "personality" must not come in at all. . . . "Merely to open a door for the listening children, and to lure them through it," she says; and adds that, once they have embarked upon the delights of creation in simple dance based on everyday work and play, her listeners thereafter race ahead with little but friendly guidance from the broadcaster. While she is broadcasting, she acts some of the actions she suggests to her listeners . . . plays as she goes. "Do you realise," she asked with pardonable vigour, "what it means to children with crowded, *or cramped,* home life to be able to expand in dance and music?"

Here is another subject that, at the listening end, the teacher can make or mar: yet another broadcaster who stresses an indebtedness to her colleagues in the classroom.

Meet—and it is well worth while!—Professor Cullis. On innumerable occasions the announcer has given her her full style and title of Professor of Physiology at the London School of Medicine: the official backing for the experiment of broadcasting on hygiene and physiology to schools. "I went to see a class of children before I broadcast first on this," said Professor Cullis, "and the first thing that struck me was how small they are! I had to rearrange my matter accordingly!"

Then came a long period of broadcasting for three years by herself and then two more years with the co-operation of Dr. Doris Mackinnon, of King's College. And the sort of visit recorded earlier in this article as a check up on the reception accorded by the children, and detailed work on the business of broadcasts until, this year, she asked for a rest!

What of the listening schools? The best broadcasting service to schools in the world (and this was the general opinion of educational experts at the recent conference at Oxford) is by no means the most widely used. Why? Because "with a great sum obtained we this freedom. . . ." *Freedom from any form of State dictation in the matter and the manner of the broadcasts, because "authority" does not supply the receiving sets to schools.*

A receiving set can be installed for as little as £15 and it would cost only £400,000 if every school in the kingdom were thus equipped; but, as Mary Somerville remarks pertinently: "You have some 316 independent local authorities and perhaps 30,000 individual head teachers to convince first. And even then—*the money has to be found . . .*"

Possibly this state of affairs has its advantages to set against its obvious disadvantages? What we needs must fight for, we value. And the head teacher in a remote school of which I have just heard, who has taken three years and innumerable jumble sales to raise the necessary money is altogether a sturdier personality to mould our children than a state-fed servant of a central dictatorship?

So far, only about 10 per cent. of the possible number of schools have installed sets and are co-operating with the school broadcast service! But there are other teachers like the persistent head teacher, and local education authorities are getting increasingly sympathetic—and active.

Contrast Italy, and at a suitable moment, too. Some six thousand schools were equipped with radio at a word from the "Head of the State" and about one and a quarter million children are said to listen-in to the fare provided by the kind donors. . . . There is something to be said for our system, tedious though it may seem; although it may prevent the very schools that need—the poor, and isolated schools—from possessing their vital link with contemporary life.

END

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These creams cost very little — from 6d. a jar or tube.

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NAME______________________________

ADDRESS______________________________

Twenty Minutes' Drive

(*Continued from page* 59)

But that meant an immense detour—twice the distance and more. He could never, never, never do it now. Fiasco, farce, failure! He drew his hand across a brow that literally dripped. What a mess, what a mess! Oh, damnation!

At Government House the echoes of the last gun had died away; the bodyguard horses fidgeted slightly; the rank and fashion indoors ceased their uneasy whispering and began to fidget too, to crane and peer. Any minute now the National Anthem might burst forth; any minute now the brilliant procession might enter. Thrilling!

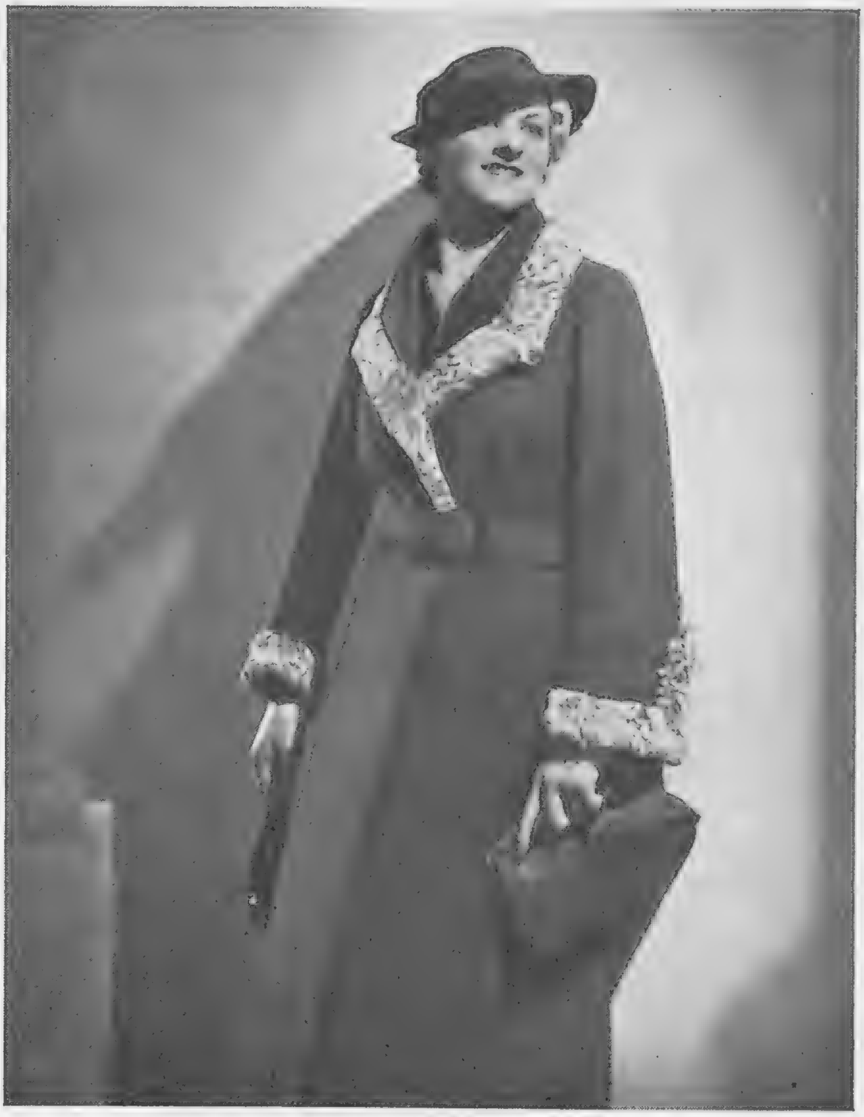
Lady Crewe sat by the daìs, talking to the bishop's wife and Lady Marles, and thinking Oh, Lord, I'm bored! I'm bored with all this; I'm bored with Claude. I wonder where he is. Why couldn't the tiresome creature have remembered his star? And then she thought with a pang of guilty conscience, "Why couldn't *I* have remembered it! I'm not much of a wife, am I?"

Further down the hall Mrs. Cameron sat with her hands in her lap, trying to remember a suitable prayer; for she was a good, simple woman and loved her husband.

Gupta, the Bengali assassin, small and lithe and curiously delicate of face, moved in the crowd within inches of the edge of the route. The blue turban of a police constable was at touch of his long fingers. The constable would have liked to know that; but he didn't. Cameron, his two assistant commissioners, twelve C.I.D. inspectors, and many lesser ranks would have given a great deal to know the exact point where Gupta, smiling his gentle smile, stood gazing out into the cleared and open roadway; but they didn't.

His Excellency's state carriage was coming at a slow trot across the Ripon Bridge. Lord Steeple, handsome creature, sat smiling and bowing; opposite him two A.D.C.s glared stolidly under their helmets. Beside him sat Lady Steeple, Her Excellency to be, very upright, neither smiling nor bowing. In her small hand a small handkerchief was crushed into a ball. She was telling herself, as she had told herself on a dozen similar drives of pure terror, "Mustn't show funk, mustn't let down Micky. We must be nearly halfway there. Oh, God, I'm frightened."

CAMERON, the Commissioner, sat watching the hands of his office clock, where infinitely slowly minute after minute jumped up. It seemed a futile proceeding, but in point of fact no more practical action offered; the possible had been done; it remained to hope for the best. "In a film," he mused, "I'd leap on a horse and gallop about; what the hell would be the good of that? In ten minutes, either His Excellency will be safely through, or I'll be done for; meantime—keep calm." The city police were a good lot—excellent; they (*Continued on page* 138)



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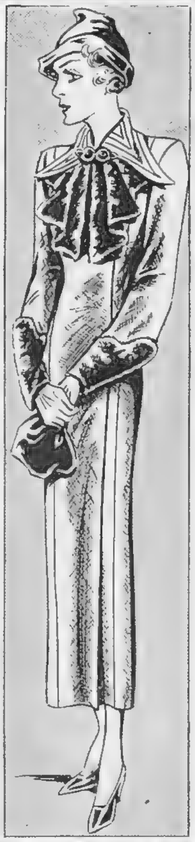

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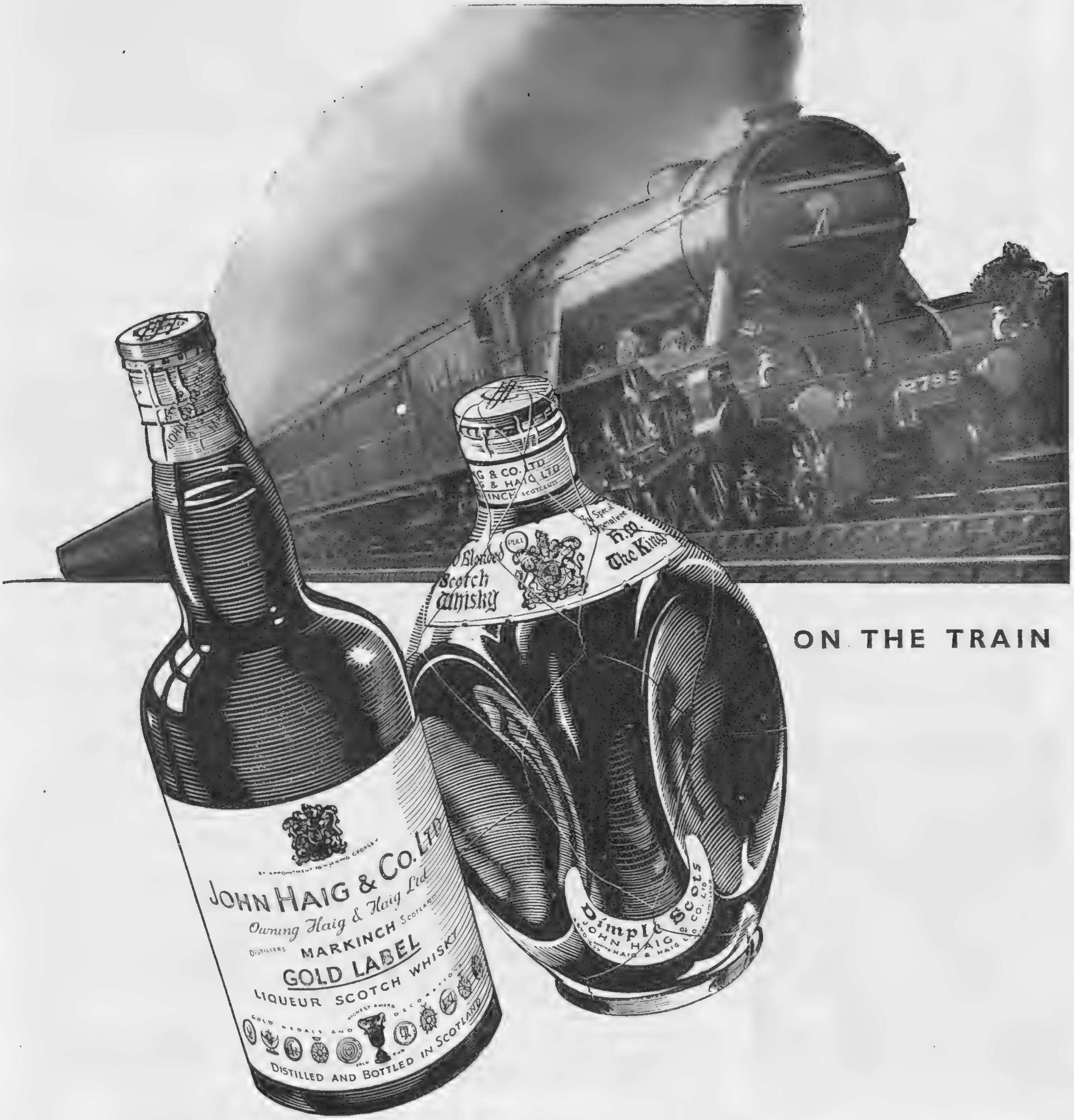
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By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

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wouldn't let him down. He thought for a moment of Mitchen; poor devil—*he'd* be in a state and a half. Keen boy; good officer; but oh, the fool!

His clock told him that His Excellency had passed the Ripon Bridge by two minutes. Now he would be driving along the wide, open stretches of the re-christened Gandhi Avenue, coming steadily towards that nasty gully, that death-trap passage, in the Rice Bazaar.

SIR CLAUDE'S car flew, roaring through the bright, rapidly warming morning. He had made the westerly part of his detour by meandering pot-holed byways; now he was on the banks of the river, on the new Irwin Drive, a comparative racing track, a straight run in to Government House. His car was going like an aeroplane, his driver was forcing along all out; and it wasn't any good—no earthly good at all. For, looking at his watch which—he knew to be absolutely correct—Sir Claude saw that it was just nineteen and a half minutes to eight. That meant that the National Anthem was just finishing, His Excellency and his attendants just moving up the Government House steps. And there would be no Chief Justice. There would be no Chief Justice for another five—another ten—minutes, and then there would be a Chief Justice black with sweat, dishevelled as from an orgy, quite probably voiceless. If H.E. heard the oath himself he would be lucky; as to getting it across to the audience—hopeless, hopeless. *Damn* Madeleine; she *might* have noticed.

His Excellency, bowing and smiling, had driven through the gut of the Rice Bazaar. The A.D.C.s stared stolidly over their folded arms, as they were paid to do; measured, balanced, superb the great horses clop-clopped along. In Lady Steeple's hand the handkerchief was crushed to the size of a rosebud; she was gazing, a little hysterically, at the dirty houses, the littered shop-fronts, the stupid, gaping faces that streamed past. She too, glanced at her watch and sighed; it couldn't be very long now, it mustn't be. Coming up on the right, she saw the long compound wall of the Swadeshi School with a lot of young men in Gandhi caps sitting on it, leaning over it: glum-looking young men, silent, hostile.

Cameron watched his clock. Despite all his pose of keeping calm he felt his heart beating under his tunic. He thought again of Mitchen, of all his good fellows standing out there on the roads. He thought of his wife sitting waiting at Government House: she knew enough to be having a bad twenty minutes too. "If I crash over this," he thought, "it'll be a cruel thing for Mary."

But his clock, jerking the minutes, told him the Rice Bazaar was passed; with incredulous delight he saw presently that the Swadeshi School was passed too. The carriage must be coming up to the road junction where the Government House avenue took off. "My God," thought Cameron, "if we once get him inside these gates, we won't let him out in a hurry!"

Seven-thirty-eight. Cameron began to breathe.

THE explosion shook the cross roads like an earthquake. Some said afterwards it was like thunder, but in reality it was crisper than that—more like the crack of a very loud rifle—in the stunned minds, however, of those who heard it at close range, it echoed backwards and forwards for some seconds. A man was shot into the roadway like a bundle of rags and burst there—or perhaps he had burst before he started. A blue-turbaned constable fell forward. Items in the crowd reeled this way and that, clasping the spreading patches of scarlet that broke out on their white clothes. There was a stink of some queer fume; a half-minute's dead, dead silence; then uproar.

Seventy yards along the road on the city side a police sergeant swung his horse in front of the state carriage.

"'Old 'ard a minute. 'Old 'ard, please. Something's 'appened in front."

The A.D.C.s leapt down; Lord Steeple leaned forward with raised eyebrows; Lady Steeple, sitting ramrod-upright, mustered a smile for the sergeant. The sergeant thought, "By God, they're a plucky pair." He rode away forward.

Ensued a pause. Like a becalmed vessel the carriage stood halted in mid-fairway, the horses stamping and shaking their ears, the coachman impassive on his box. The outriders in front went forward, those behind remained where they were. Lord Steeple minutely inspected the crease on his grey trousers; Lady Steeple played with her gloves. She said, humanly, "What is it, Micky?" and he as humanly replied, "I haven't an idea; let's sit tight." Otherwise they sat silent as the dark bodyguard behind them. There was some shouting, but the crowd was very thin here; the police with their *lathis* were clearly keeping them in order. Whatever was happening had apparently happened and ceased. So placid, so pretty was the scene in the bright morning sunlight that the cavalcade might have halted for some purely trivial reason—to be photographed or to admire the view—and not because a man a few yards away had blown himself to pieces and killed two others with him.

At the end of eight and a half minutes His Excellency said mildly, "We can't sit here all day, you know." On the word, as if he had willed it, the A.D.C.s came striding back. One had a red mark on his beautiful white overalls—a small smudge, but he felt it as large as a football.

"They want us to go on, sir."

A young police officer, unashamedly white of face, saluted at the carriage-side and confirmed it. "Will you please drive on, sir. It's—it's all right now."

His Excellency said composedly, "By all means, my dear fellow." And Her Excellency managed him a smile that the young officer remembered for quite a time. Leaping a little, the horses plunged forward. There was a point on the road where the crowd, curiously silent, surged and seethed behind a barrier of police *lathis*; there was a point farther on where the cheering was unusually intense—almost, one would have said, hysterical; then the sentry at the Government House gates was presenting arms. Stately, undisturbed, the coach rolled through like a great ship making harbour.

His Excellency took his wife's hand in his for a moment and squeezed it. One A.D.C. glared stolidly in front of him; the other was squinting disgustedly down at that nasty smear on his leg. His one thought was "How soon can I get a change?"

SIR CLAUDE CREWE'S car came tearing in at the back entrance to Government House, the private *entrée* gate. That explosion could not have been so very loud after all, for Sir Claude had certainly not heard it—nor had many of those who fidgeted and perked and peered in the Audience Hall. Sir Claude was mopping his brow and fingering that unfortunate star and thinking, "Hopeless, hopeless! Ten minutes late. More. I'm ruined." Then as the frontage of Government House came into his view, he observed that a miracle had occurred. For there was the state carriage just rolling to a magnificent standstill at the foot of the steps and the outriders wheeling right-and-left away from it; and His Excellency was taking off his grey top hat and Her Excellency was standing up in the carriage, tall and beautiful and serene; and—crash! crash! off went the first bars of the National Anthem.

"My God!" said Sir Claude, "I'm saved." He leant forward to his driver, who seemed designed to drive straight into the band. "The side door, you fool—quick!"

Sir Claude knew his way about Government House; he legged it with vigorous but ungraceful speed up a side stair; and lo! there was the dais in front of him, with the bishop stroking his chin and old Sammy Marles blowing his nose and everyone getting nervously ready. He caught one cold glance from his wife; nobody else took the slightest notice of

(*Continued on page* 140)

THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK

discusses
home
decoration :

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regd.

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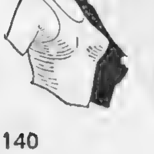

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him. Piqued for a moment at their obvious uninterest in his wonderful adventure, he addressed himself to the task of stilling his thumping heart, his screaming nerves. He looked round for the paper with the oath, and there it was; he put a hand to his breast, and there the star was too. He drew an immense breath. Saved! Saved!

And at the same moment, tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! the noble procession began to enter. Everybody gaped: at His Excellency smiling and debonair, at Lady Steeple upright and regal, smiling too so kindly and, they thought, so securely. Neither Sir Claude nor anybody else could guess that the right-hand A.D.C. who led the advance—so blond, so contemptuous, so correct—was cursing foully under his breath at every slow step and muttering to himself,

"God send they don't look at my legs!"

TEN minutes after the close of a ceremony that the local Press united in describing as "brilliantly successful," the Police Commissioner was with the Political Secretary. The Secretary said:

"Gupta?"

Cameron nodded. "Gupta all right."

"You're sure?"

"Quite. I saw him—or most of him. I don't know where the rest is. *Si monumentum requiris* . . ."

"Oh, don't joke. It's not a joking matter. What did happen?"

"I don't know."

"Cammy, you *must* know."

"I don't. Nobody does. Nobody ever will. Gupta had a bomb. He was at the turn-off to the Government House Avenue. A good point, too; I didn't think of it—too far out."

"But why——"

"I don't know, I tell you. Maybe he dropped it. Maybe he mistimed it. We shall never know. Anyway it went off in his arms about forty seconds too soon. And a near thing too."

"But—but—Gupta? It isn't like him to make a mistake."

The Commissioner smiled.

"Once in a way *every*body makes a mistake. And once in a way, brother, we get a spot of luck even in this hard world. And, by God, we need it."

Sir Claude Crewe—driving home now completely restored and very cross to his Madeleine—would have cordially agreed.

END

The Widow's Cruise

(*Continued from page* 65)

"What a fool!" he almost groaned aloud as he had done so many times since that evening in the scented air of Madeira.

But in the morning, when he woke late, after his disturbed night, he found a letter from her on the breakfast tray. The steward told him that there was no reply for the lady, having a bad headache, had given instructions that she was not to be disturbed, until the ship docked.

"But I've a letter for her, it's important." said Garth.

"I can give it to the stewardess, sir," the man replied, "I can't say when she'll get it. Most insistent, the lady was, not to disturb her!"

Garth ate his breakfast slowly wondering irritably how he could leave the ship a free man. Only when he finished did he open the letter which he supposed was designed to trap him further. For some minutes he could not believe what she had written.

"My dear," he read, "I love you but I can't marry you. And we can't meet again. So many 'can'ts'—I can't even see you again. I told you last night that I had something lovely to take back with me, I have—the memory of you, for me that is 'you'—all that I can ever have. Good-bye."

Garth stared, utterly taken aback. He was free! For some extraordinary reason of her own free will she had set him free. The more he thought of it the more puzzled he became and then, to his own amazement, he discovered that he was annoyed.

While he packed his clothes, tipped the stewards and went through the usual routine of disembarkation his annoyance increased. She owed him an explanation, he considered. Aware of his own eligibility and remembering the mercenary trend of her inquiries the night before, he could not understand why she should write to him, of her own free will, a letter which so completely shattered any hold she had had over him.

It was not the action of an adventuress! From that moment his mind took a different trend. He began to feel a sense of relief that he had not sent her the letter he had written during the night. Or had she guessed that he would write such a letter and forestalled him? The more he considered her letter the more he could see that there could be no advantage for her in the writing of it. Which argued that his opinion of her had been wrong, whether her questioning had given rise to it or not.

The only other alternative was that some circumstances had arisen which had frightened her too much for her to continue her plan to gain a wealthy husband, damages in a court of law or other compensation. He read the somewhat shaky writing again. "The memory of him was all that she could ever have!"

So there was a barrier? Not a husband, since she wore widow's weeds! Had she been involved in some scandal which her return to England would disclose? Once again he remembered the way in which the other women had avoided association with her. A woman, he thought, could not deceive other women; there was that intangible sense which they claimed warned them of deceit or fraud!

His mind swung like a pendulum backwards and forwards. In the saloon when he passed before the immigration officers his eyes sought through the crowding passengers for a glimpse of her, but no black-clad figure rewarded his intentness. He lingered for some time, aware that she could not disembark without having had her passport stamped, but in the end decided that she must have been before him and had already slipped ashore.

Possessed by what he termed curiosity he stood on the quayside, watching the customs officials at their vigilant surveying, while the boat train waited to transport the *Anchusa's* passengers. Still he could see no sign of her. After a time he strolled over to the piles of luggage, but could find no trunk or suitcases labelled with her name. "More mystery!" he thought, and then suddenly he began to think of her sobbing through the night. He had wondered if she faced fear on her arrival, he began to wonder, hardly daring to put his fear into words, if she had felt unable to face it. No sign of her, no luggage, and she had told the stewardess that she was not to be disturbed.

Panic suddenly possessed him. Women could behave so stupidly when they were overwrought. They had been known to. . . .

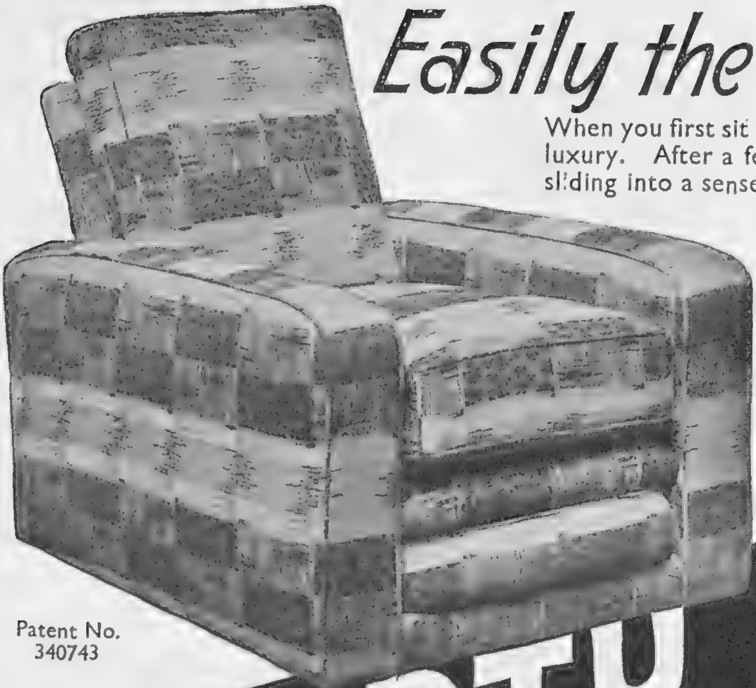
He found his hands in his pockets clenched while he tried to ridicule his ideas.

She was not one of those hysterical neurotic idiots. Upon an impulse he went back to the ship's gangway and endeavoured to persuade the sailor in charge to allow him to go on board again. At that moment he felt that he must reassure himself that his fears were groundless.

While he argued he heard the warning whistle of the train signalling departure, he turned, and then it seemed to him that some instinct stronger than himself forced him to remain.

That she was not on the train he had assured himself. Where then was she?

He told himself (*Continued on page* 142)



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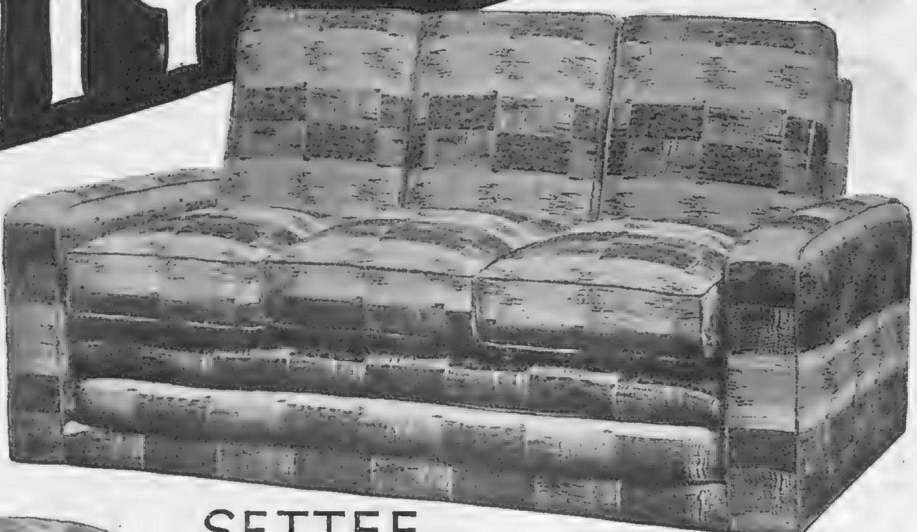

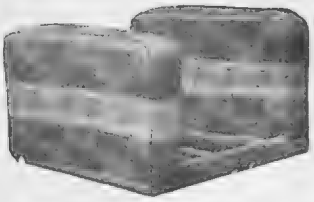

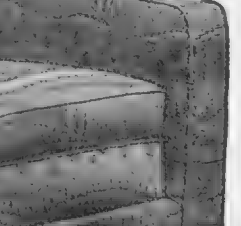

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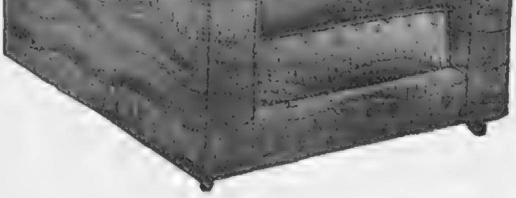

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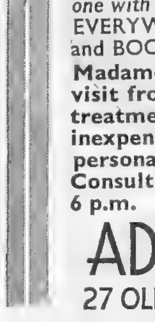

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that he was crazy as he watched the train move slowly out of the station. It would mean hours of delay, unless he hired a car immediately to take him to London. Why was he waiting in this absurd fashion he asked himself.

Then suddenly he drew back behind the shelter of some crates for he had caught a glimpse of her emerging from a lower deck and making her way towards the gangplank.

She was carrying a cheap suitcase herself, and, to his surprise she was not in her customary mourning. She wore a plain blue dress and a brimmed hat which hid her face. She was completely changed by her clothes.

She was no longer the quiet widow with her air of elegance, she appeared younger and strangely shabby.

She walked down the gangplank steadily and went over to the customs where she left her suitcase. Garth, who had been about to come forward, restrained himself. Her behaviour seemed so strange. He heard her inquire as to the next train for London and then she walked with some firmness towards the station exit. Just as she approached it a customs official stopped her to inquire the contents of a small parcel she carried. She tore the wrapper to show him and Garth saw a gleam of silver.

More and more curious her behaviour seemed to him, for again, acting upon impulse, he followed her. She did not take a taxi, she walked, inquiring occasionally direction from one or other of the policemen on point duty and gradually reached the centre of the town.

For a moment she stood hesitantly, and then turning into a side street, vanished. Garth hurried. Halfway down the street was a dingy pawnshop; as he reached it he glanced through its dirty window.

She was there, leaning against the counter while the man on the other side examined a silver clock which had clearly been taken from the parcel which she carried. Then he examined a pair of old-fashioned earrings and pushed them back to her.

He counted out some silver and a treasury note and pushed the money over to her with a pasteboard ticket. As she picked it up it seemed to Garth that her shoulders sagged as if with weariness.

Once again he felt the desire to protect her. In that instant he realised that he did not care what mystery surrounded her. She was alone, in trouble, and unhappy. Impulse forced his hand to the handle of the door and he swung it open.

She gave a little frightened gasp as he confronted her and a wave of colour rose painfully to flush her face. She had the appearance of a guilty creature convicted in some crime as she stood helplessly, unable to speak.

"What do you think you're doing, Jentyl?" Garth asked roughly. He was as angry with himself as with her for the medley of emotions which possessed him.

She opened her mouth as if to speak, but still stood speechless.

"Excuse me, sir?" interrupted the man behind the counter, "this lady's transaction is all right, isn't it?"

"No," Garth answered. "I'm afraid it isn't. We shall have to cancel it." He put down two pounds on the counter.

"Please wrap the clock up, my fiancée has won her bet. . . ."

He gripped the girl firmly by the arm until she almost winced with pain and pulled her out into the street. Hailing a taxi he pushed her into it.

He barely gave her a look after he had directed the driver, and then,

"I suggest that you wait to cry for a more convenient moment. In ten minutes we shall be driving to London in something more comfortable than this boneshaker, and I shall not be so embarrassed."

The brutality of his tones seemed to cow her. Like an automaton she allowed him to transfer her to a luxurious car from a garage to which the taxi drove. She stared, away from him, out of the window rigidly while he collected her suitcase and his own luggage from the customs and saw it stowed safely on the car.

Once on the open road he pulled the blinds down on the side windows.

"Now," he said, "if you want to cry—cry! When you've finished perhaps you'll explain the letter you wrote to me."

"I can't," he understood her to say as she kept her face resolutely away from him.

"It puts you in a very difficult legal position," he offered.

At this she turned to him.

"Legal . . . position . . . ?"

"Breach of contract. Of course if you have any explanation I am prepared to listen. . . ."

"I've done nothing wrong . . ." she said. "Truly I haven't . . . I couldn't help not being able to tip them . . . I didn't ask any of them to do anything for me after I knew I couldn't. . . . I told the steward and I carried my own suitcase. . . ."

She gulped and he saw her eyes fill with shamed tears.

He found himself more bewildered than ever. He could make no sense of what she had said.

"Tipping . . . carrying her suitcase. . . ?" And he had found her in a pawnbroker's establishment.

"Listen, Jentyl," he spoke aloud. "Are you telling me that you were short of money? . . . or what is it? Why are you wearing these clothes? Why didn't you take the boat train?"

She hung her head and burst into a sobbing fit.

While the car moved swiftly through the countryside, he drew her explanation from her, and pieced together the story of her life as he did so.

It had been a story like a thousand others . . . a young girl reasonably educated, but at her mother's death obliged to earn her own living . . . a shy girl without friends who at last obtained work in an antique shop where she kept the books and attended on unimportant customers . . . day after day uneventful, evening after evening, lonely and friendless. . . .

Sometimes a movie, when she could afford it, after a frugal, silent supper . . . no pretty clothes, no parties at which to wear them even had she had invitations . . . twenty-one . . . twenty-two . . . twenty-three . . . she was beginning to grow desperate . . . twenty-four; she began to talk to the girl in the hairdresser's shop to which she went . . . twenty-five . . . she was becoming conscious that the courage with which other girls swung into the world and grabbed enjoyment with bluff and charm would never be hers. Twenty-five, and she had never been asked to dance or flirt with a young man . . . then the ticket she had bought . . . the ticket in the Irish sweepstake . . . she had won a hundred pounds . . . "What good will it be to you in your old age?" had asked the girl as she cut her hair. "Why not use it to get out into the world and give your looks a chance? . . . I'd go on a cruise with it if I'd won it? . . . Who knows who I might meet . . ." Twenty-five. Jentyl in her little room had heard the words ringing again and again in her ears. What the girl in the hairdresser's shop had said was true. She, Jentyl, was still pretty, if she had the courage . . . she might plunge into the gamble of her life . . . what was a hundred pounds for the rainy day when every day was rainy?

"There was a cruise, the cruise of the *Anchusa* . . . the ticket cost seventy pounds . . . but there would be millionaires, dukes, the pick of the world on board, the hairdresser had said enviously. Men that any girl would go on her knees to get. . . ."

Jentyl with her face in her hands sobbed as the car swung onward.

"No, you can understand why I couldn't see you any more, I couldn't bear you to know the sort of girl I am. . . ."

Garth tried to take her hands gently.

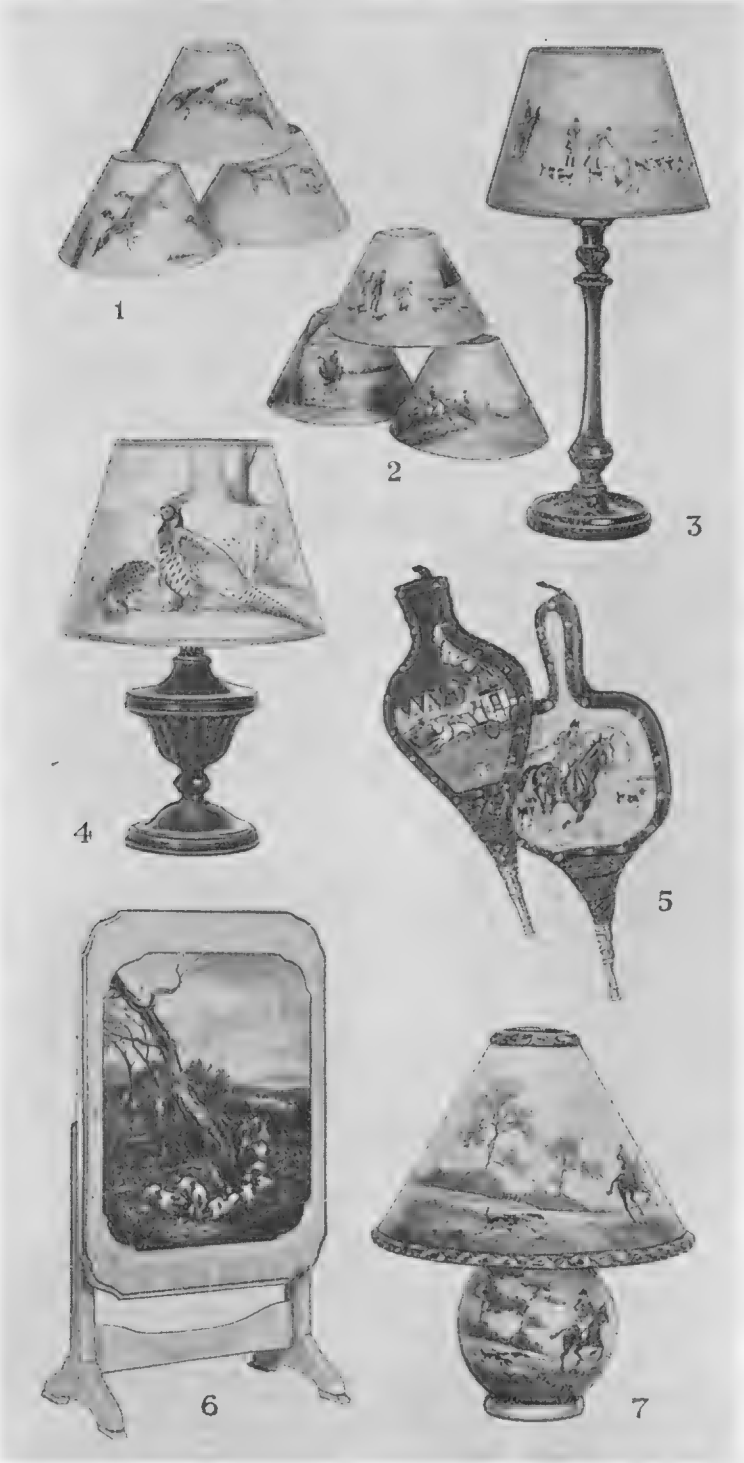
"I like your sort of a girl," he said. "I knew you had pluck. . . ."

She looked at him with her blue eyes filmed with tears.

"I haven't pluck."

"Did you refuse (*Continued on page* 144)

Gifts
...from Debenhams



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to see me any more because you couldn't bear to marry me, then, although I told you I could give you anything you asked for?"

"No . . . no . . ." she cried wildly. "I asked you how we'd live because I wanted to think afterwards of what I'd given up to prove I was decent enough to have had your love for a little while. . . . I wanted to pretend that I'd had the chance of a lovely home and lovely clothes—all the things I've never had. It made what I'd done seem less beastly. . . ."

Garth drew a long breath. It seemed to him in that moment that he had never been so happy in his life.

He sat for a few moments in silence.

"Jentyl, it seems to me the luckiest thing in the world that I didn't catch the boat train. . . . You'd have gone out of my life and I'd never have found you again," he said at last. "There's something I must ask you—why did I find you in the pawnbroker's?"

Again she flushed painfully. "The sweep ticket . . . she faltered. "Fifteen pounds was all I had. If I'd won I was telling myself I could buy some clothes and go out with you, and you wouldn't have to know that I'd been just a cheat . . . but I didn't win and it seemed a judgment on me . . . and I hadn't a penny for even my railway ticket . . ."

"Oh, God," groaned Garth. "My poor sweet . . . and I never gave it a thought. . . .

Darling, I'll buy you all the clothes you'll ever want . . ." he broke off abruptly, "but you've never worn anything but mourning . . ."

"I know," she said, shamed again. It took him all the remainder of the journey to persuade her that the further deceit she had practised was to him the greatest joke he had ever heard.

While he held her in his arms carefully so that she could rest her tired head on his shoulder, he smiled as he thought of the two girls, she and the hairdresser's assistant, discussing the most important part of the projected adventure. He almost heard the more experienced one advising.

"Since you've no money for really smart clothes—be a widow, my dear. . . . You'll need hardly anything and you'll put every woman in the shade. . . . Men always fall for widows, that's why they are called dangerous . . ."

"I hope, my dear, you'll never be a widow," he said, as he leaned out of the window to redirect the chauffeur as the car entered London.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked.

He mentioned the name of a Bond Street jeweller.

"I'm told they deal in emeralds," he replied.

The One Maid Dinner Party

(*Continued from page* 88)

In the more modern house the service hatch from the kitchen reduces waiting to a minimum.

Little dishes of salted almonds and olives should be placed here and there on the table.

Flower decorations are always correct, but the rather more conventional centre-pieces of ships and mirrors are very attractive, while some of the exotic vegetables arranged in a crude bowl have a peculiar beauty of their own.

Chestnut Soup

Boil a pound of chestnuts for ten minutes, then remove the skins and break in pieces. Melt one oz. of butter, add the chestnuts and one sliced onion and cook for a few minutes without colouring. Add a quart of light stock, then simmer until the chestnuts are tender. Rub through a fine sieve and next day return to the pan. Season with pepper and salt, add a pinch of sugar, half a gill of cream and reheat without boiling. Turn into cups and garnish with a spoonful of whipped cream.

Scalloped Oysters

Prepare some oysters and mix them with a good white sauce, then pour into the scallop shells. Melt ½ oz. of butter, add ½ oz. flour, beat well together, then add ¼ gill of milk. Season with salt and cayenne, cook for a few minutes, add half a yolk of an egg, then fold in the stiffly beaten white. Heap this on each shell and bake in a moderate oven until brown and crisp.

Casserole of Chicken

Cut a chicken into neat joints and remove the skin. Put into a casserole, add some hot, well-seasoned sauce softened with cream and flavoured with lemon juice. Cover with the lid and cook gently in a moderate oven from one to one and a half hours. Place some bacon rolls on top about ten minutes before the chicken is ready, then garnish with slices of lemon just before serving.

Mushrooms a la Princesse

Wash, skin and trim eight medium mushrooms. Chop the trimmings finely, fry them in a half oz. of butter and add an oz. of cooked ham, a little white sherry-flavoured sauce, pepper and salt, Yolk of an egg; keeping the mixture fairly firm.

Pile smoothly on the mushrooms. Pipe nests of creamy potato into a fireproof dish, place the stuffed mushrooms on top and bake from ten to fifteen minutes. Garnish with chopped pistachio or truffle according to the colour of the dinner.

Milanaise Soufflé

Tie a double band of kitchen paper round a soufflé case, about three inches high. Whisk two yolks, 2 oz. of sugar, grated rind and the juice of one orange in a bowl over hot water till thick, then remove and whisk till cool. Add ½ a gill of half-whipped cream and ¼ oz. of dissolved gelatine. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites, and when beginning to set, turn into the soufflé case, having it about two inches above the rim (the paper will hold this together). When set, tear away the paper gently, decorate the sides with chopped almonds and the top with whipped cream and pistachios. Serve cold.

Prune Savoury

Ingredients: One oz. salted almonds, Six prunes, six cheese biscuits, one-third gill cream, seasoning. For decoration—chervil or cress.

Soak or cook six prunes and remove the stones. Insert a salted almond in each. Chop the remainder of an oz. of almonds very finely. Slightly whip a third of a gill of cream, add the chopped almonds and seasoning, and whip until stiff enough for piping. Pipe a circle round six cheese biscuits. Lay a prune in the centre and pipe the remainder of the mixture on the prunes. Decorate with chervil or cress.

ELIZABETH HUGHES HALLETT.

YOUR CHARACTER
FROM
YOUR HANDWRITING

See Announcement on page 112

The Tutor

(Continued from page 39)

When one of the worst tempered old goddesses in the Greek stories stamped down from her hill to have things out with the people who were beating up her favourite hero she was said to look a bit grim; but I'd bet that compared with Dora coming down that ladder she looked no more dangerous than a scrubbed, smug schoolgirl mincing up to be given the botany prize. I could see that Dora's eye was on me. My job was lost for ever; and I couldn't really afford to lose even that job.

"That was when I had that stroke of presence of mind. It was the simplest idea, just like Newton's apple, or Pharaoh's daughter finding Moses in the bulrushes. It was long odds on Roger's having that bracelet in his pocket still. I couldn't think where else he'd have dared leave it. I'd only got to take it while he was busy heaving at the stone. He was too busy to notice a bit of a knock; there were never less than three dogs pouncing against him. Then it'd be easy—drop the bracelet in the dirt and let out a loyal, triumphant cheer when Dora got to the edge of the crater: bracelet which had been dropped and accidentally dug in by Hengist yesterday retrieved through bright idea of intelligent tutor, inspired leadership of devoted husband, and unwearied labour of loving children and faithful dogs. All forgiven and forgotten. Roger saved from slipping into a life of crime.

"You wouldn't believe how simple it is to pick a pocket if you choose your moment, and, of course, have some little natural aptitude. In a second I'd got the bracelet. I was ready for Dora. Roger had just got the big stone loose. Diana let off both barrels of her gun.

"If that girl hadn't fired at that moment I believe I could have carried my little trick through. But my nerve went. I thought: 'Another three months of that; and probably no wages now that Roger's lost the bracelet; and Roger stuck here in a bad temper because he can't get away; and those boys; and another demonstration of rockery-making when Hengist comes to put this mess straight; perhaps even no Hengist, but a job for us to put it straight ourselves.' I couldn't face it. I decided to take the blame for heaving out that stone to help Shovel Feet, and the consequences.

"Dora began to talk while she was still twenty yards off, to me. She was going to deal with me first. It looked as if no one outside the family was to be allowed to hear what she'd got to say to Roger.

"'You can pack and get out, now,' she said.

"So I went. It wasn't any good staying to argue. I did think afterwards of sending back the change out of the price of the bracelet after paying my wages; but I decided not to. It would have meant explanations that would have been very awkward for Roger: and I was always fond of Roger."

End

Joys of Winter Motoring

(Continued from page 95)

I think I have written enough to show that winter conditions, so far as the road itself is concerned, are, if anything, better than those ruling during the summer. I hope I have also convinced my readers that on the score of expense the car should not be stored away, but if I have not been so fortunate as I would like to be on this latter point, let me emphasise that in the motoring balance-sheet, to which I have previously alluded, the biggest item of all is likely to be depreciation. The owner cannot control that figure, once he has bought his car, to any noticeable extent, whether the car is used or whether it is not, so why not take the utmost value from it and use it all the year round?

End

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1
3
5
4
2

1 **Beauty Box** in tea-rose and gold, containing 8 preparations including powder in day and evening shades, modestly priced at 30/-

2 **The Party Bag** in satin, brocade or velvet, lined with wedding white, with compact, lipstick, perfume, comb, purse and cigarette niche £4.4.0

3 **Jewelled compact**, thin gold delicately chased with jewelled clasp, containing compact powder or sifter 12/6 Automatic lipstick to match 8/6 Luxuriously packed in an ivory and gold box

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5 **Japonica Powder.** Miss Arden's new finishing powder that gives a porcelain smooth finish that lasts all day. In a lovely pink and gold box 12/6

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Christmas—But not at Home

(*Continued from page* 15)

Christmas Eve. For we had planned to spend our Christmas in Constantinople. We were going to spend it in Maxim's. Maxim's was a night club, run by Thomas, an American negro. He had promised us a roast turkey, stuffed with chestnuts, and a plum pudding that he guaranteed would give us just as bad a tummy ache as the real English variety. He had soaked it in plum brandy to see that it did. He had managed to get hold of some crackers, with paper hats and tin whistles. And to this *beau geste* we had invited three Russian girls—all princesses.

A gay affair? Perhaps. We were all of us a long way from home. The princesses, poor darlings, were probably real. They were White Russians, emigrées of the Wrangel evacuation of the Crimea; and their stories were sad. At the present they were waitresses in the "Torquoise," a Russian restaurant. And, as their Russian Orthodox Christmas did not come until thirteen days later than ours, we had asked them to spend the day with us. We also were sad. But——

BERLIN REPORTS KEMAL UPBUYING FRENCH AEROPLANES STOP RUSH ANGORA

So, substitute as it was, we had to abandon even our Christmas dinner in Constantinople. And there we sat, the three of us, facing the mud and the monotony of a Christmas in Turkey's squalid capital. On any other occasion it might not have been so bad. There was the Diplomatic Corps. But not to-day. Their limousines that we had witnessed trundling so unconcernedly among the gruesome gibbets in the main square were headed for the railway station. They detested Angora; and nothing but their duty (and the Ghazi's insistence) could have made them take their embassies there. The British Ambassador (who lived in a private car he had permanently pulled off on a siding at the railway station); Albert Sarraut, French Ambassador, with his beautiful daughter who wanted to be a movie actress; the Italian, with his two lovely daughters; the Poles, the Greeks, the Americans—charming hosts, charming people, charming girls, who gave the most gorgeous parties to keep themselves alive in Turkey's wretched capital—they were all rushing down to the egg-noggs, dances and dinners of Constantinople at Christmas-time.

We faced the Turks.

We sat in a restaurant, the only restaurant, in Turkey's new capital. Its name was Fresco's—and Fresco was a Greek. It had unpainted plank floors, an iron stove; and, for further warmth, it had a vast copper bowl, called a *mongol*, which Fresco filled with burning charcoal and placed underneath the dining table at our feet. It was like eating in a barn. But Christians are fanatics as far as Christmas is concerned; and, barn or no barn, we three far-flung correspondents decided to have a Merry Christmas there.

"Surely," said Larry, optimistic American, "there must be a turkey in this place! Why do they call it Turkey?"

Our hearts were still rankling from the mockery of the mistletoe we had seen hanging in the forests along the river bank all the 350 miles of our journey into desolate Anatolia. So much mistletoe—and no one to kiss! So, on Christmas morning, we got up early determined to have a turkey hunt.

A prowl through the bazaars showed that, in some respects, Angora more than lived up to its name. It was, for instance, packed with Angora goats. There they were, their long coats of black and white hair tossed by the icy winds. Then there were Angora cats. Thousands of them. Every doorstep, every window-ledge, every lintel and arch in those ancient walls had a fat furry pussy-cat stretching itself in the sun. We found food in abundance. I found a donkey simply coated with rabbits. They were alive. And their owner had slung them across the back of the donkey by simply tying them together in pairs by their hind legs. I found a rich poultry merchant in a gaudy gaberdine coat, lined with fox fur, who, when I tried him in sign language, tried to sell me a live fox. The trouble was, of course, that we did not know the language. And onomatopœic efforts produced such surprising results.

The next merchant to whom I flapped my arms and said *ooble-ooble-ooble*—tried to sell me a baby camel.

Larry got lost; and when he turned up later on he explained that he had found a Turk who talked English, who invited him into a caravanserai where he sat and sipped coffee on a rug; and then, just when he was on the point of asking what the word for turkey was, his friend had walked out, summoned a policeman, and charged him with being a British spy.

We were just celebrating his quick release from this dangerous charge when the Frenchman appeared. Jentisson was leading a dromedary.

"Whoops!" said Larry. "We did not order that!"

"Ha-ha," said the Frenchman, "perceive what is on top!"

And there, bless my soul, was as fine a batch of turkeys as any man ever saw. They were dangling by the legs, in clusters, like grapes. But could we buy a single turkey? Not we! When he saw that we were in the market for one, the avaricious Anatolian insisted in trying to sell us the whole lot. They were alive, he explained; and we could keep them that way, eating them one by one each day. By this time the news of the turkey transaction had reached the bazaar. Those three foreigners—the three men who had been going about saying *ooble-ooble-ooble*—it was turkeys they wanted! We were deluged with birds. Every Turk in Turkey had a turkey for sale. They drove them at us in flocks. They pulled them along by the legs. Turks came running through the muddy streets with a gobbling turkey under each arm. Bronze turkeys, white turkeys, big turkeys, baby turkeys; turkeys fat and turkeys lean, ill or well—the front door of Fresco's became a barnyard scene.

Finally we seized a turkey by the neck and dragged it inside.

Did he know how to cook a turkey . . . can a duck swim! Fresco smiled.

So, that question had at last been solved.

By the time that turkey had been cooked, helped by a certain amount of *raki* (a Turkish brandy that goes white when water is poured in) we had become almost sorry for our comrades we had left behind on Constantinople's fetid scene.

This was an adventure—Christmas turkey in Asia Minor.

"Gentlemen," announced Fresco, "I ask you to look."

Our turkey was coming in. It was borne by a Greek who carried it as tenderly as if it had been a new-born babe. There it lay—its legs up in the air—a turkey so immense that we could not possibly eat it. No—we could not even take a bite of it. *For Fresco had skinned and boiled it!* And that bed of hard pebbles, on which it seemed to rest with such pain; these, when prodded, turned out to be our precious chestnuts!

I don't know why it was that there should have been something so indecent about that bird. But it looked positively obscene. Whatever it was, it was not a *Christmas* turkey. We ordered an omelette and a bottle of champagne. Then we raised our glasses to Fresco.

"Merry Christmas!" we said, "anywhere else in this world."

We were not sorry when we learned later that the Turks, with their motto—TURKEY FOR THE TURKS—had taken the Greek's restaurant away from him. Poor Turks.

ONCE I had two Christmases in one year. I spent one in Stockholm; and I had another, 13 days later, in old Tsarist Petrograd. This was on the eve of the Revolution, when I was making a last desperate attempt to

(*Continued on page* 148)

FOR THE GIRL WHO LIKES
TO SEE THROUGH THINGS

Kayser Mir-o-Kleer stockings—what a transparent compliment to a lovely leg! How marvellously serene the silk is! So clear, so shadowless, so good. And how slimming is that cunning Kayser tailoring! In the subtlest new shades from 4/11; Sansheen* Mir-o-Kleer† from 6/11. *Wholesale Distributors: C. J. Davis, 3 Princes Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

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sell war supplies to the Russian government. The Swedes do not celebrate Christmas so much. Christmas Eve is their great festival—and they spend most of Christmas Day recovering from it. I tried to dodge the Swedish affair. My partner was a Swede; and, knowing what store Swedes set by these grand occasions, I told him I would be out of Stockholm for a few days. I was, I lied, going over to Holmenkollen, in Norway, to ski. I wanted to obliterate myself from the scene and leave him and his relations to enjoy that one great day of the year in peace.

Instead, an American gas expert and I decided to spend a Stockholm Christmas together. We wandered around it Christmas Eve like a pair of ghosts. A few of the bigger restaurants had parties in them; business men from out of town who were trying to be gay. The pseudo Spanish dining room of the Grand Hotel had a few foreigners who were trying to make whoopee. But all the decent Swedes were in the bosom of their families. Even the little cocottes who used to dance with us in the cafés; even they had gone home to respectability and the Swedish Christmas Eve dinner which only the strong survive. In a suicidal mood we returned to our hotel, put on our dressing gowns, and ordered the night porter to make us a bowl of steaming *glug*.

This is a drink made from mulled wine, burning sugar, brandy and almonds. And on its fragrant river we gently floated off into the land of dreams.

But Christmas morning the 'phone rang on my bed-table. It was my partner. He had found me out. Not only that, but I was told that I must get dressed at once and have Christmas dinner with them. It was goose, I think. I'm not sure. The only thing I feel sure about that celebration—which was not supposed to be a celebration—was that I was lucky to have escaped the real Christmas feast on Christmas Eve. But, *noblesse oblige*, I ate it . . . and fled to Russia as soon as I could travel again. The Swedes are a strong race!

In Petrograd I spent a Christmas pathetically the opposite from the Stockholm scene. Starvation stalked the streets. The Revolution, like an avenging angel, was hovering over our heads. We had a turkey. But the outstanding thing I remember about that meal was that we had some white bread. My host, a millionaire, had bribed a Government official to get the flour to make it. We ate it as if it were cake. It was, we all know, the last Christmas when any one of us would ever be able to say he was entirely happy again. Our toast was—

"To the next Christmas—wherever it finds us!"

I spent it in Egypt, in the Aboukir Mess of the Royal Flying Corps.

I SPENT a Christmas with the Basques in the high Pyrenees. It was on the Spanish side, in the valley of Roncal, which has no pass into France. The Basques up there still wear their ancient split bloomers with black bandanas around their stubborn heads. We sat in a little mountain *casa*, whose whole ceiling was merely the cone of the chimney from which dangled the black pot. We ate roast mountain sheep, and almonds, and squirted streams of red wine into our mouths from a leather wine bottle. And the next day I mounted my mules and rode on down the Pyrenees, over the passes from Navarre into Aragon. Up there, where the chamois held the snowy crags, I drank the "Drink of Departure" with my host—passing the (*Continued on page* 150)

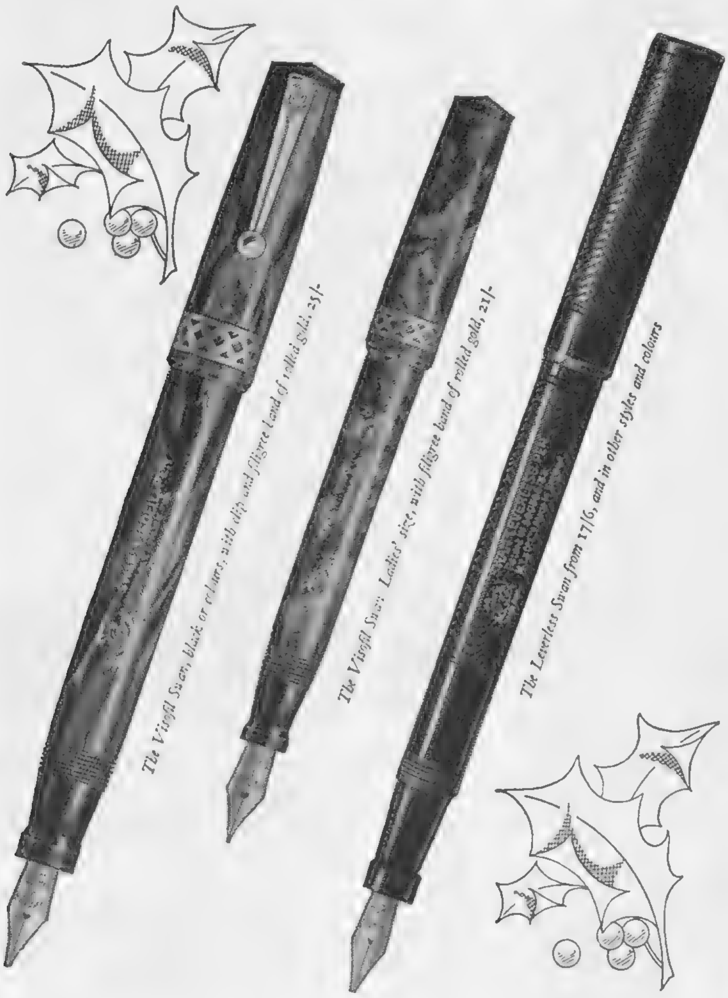
YOUR eyes are your most expressive features. They are expressive of so many things—happiness, pain, ill-health, fatigue, and they register with such cruel insistence the passing of the years.

Marguerite Hoare, realising the importance of keeping the eyes young and healthy, has devised this "Complete Eye Kit Box."

It contains eye lotion and an eye bath in which to cleanse and relieve tired eyes and restore their lustre and brightness, an anti-wrinkle cream for the removal of lines and crow's feet, muscle oil, to be used in conjunction with the former when the tender skin round the eyes has become dry and neglected, herbal eye sachets, to relieve inflammation and tiredness, and eyelash grower. The complete outfit is 12/6; full instructions for use are included.

For Christmas Presents

there is nothing quite so *right* as a SWAN


The Visofil Swan, black or colours, with clip and filigree band of rolled gold, 25/-
The Visofil Swan: Ladies' size, with filigree band of rolled gold, 21/-
The Leverless Swan from 17/6, and in other styles and colours

The annual problem of choosing appropriate presents literally 'disappears into thin air' when you decide to make Swans the mainstay of your presentation plans. More so than ever this year, because you now have the choice of two distinctive and efficient types—the newly introduced Visofil which has large capacity and *shows* you when to refill, and the Leverless which is unsurpassed for sheer ease and speed in filling. Either will convey your love or sentiment in a sincere and subtle way which cannot be equalled by gifts of a less personal character.

Swan Pen

The BIG FILL (*the VISOFIL SWAN*)
and the QUICK FILL (*the LEVERLESS SWAN*)

In addition to the Leverless and Visofil Swans (see above) there are Side-Lever Swans from 10/6, Blackbird Pens from 7/6, both available in many styles and colours, with nibs to suit all hands. Fyne-Poynt Pencils (to match most Swan Pens) from 5/-. Entirely British Made by Mabie, Todd & Co. Ltd., Swan House, 133-135 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Also at 79 High Holborn, W.C.1; 114 Cheapside, E.C.2 95 Regent Street, W.1, and at 3 Exchange Street, Manchester.

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Truly the London winter season subjects every woman to a withering cross-fire.

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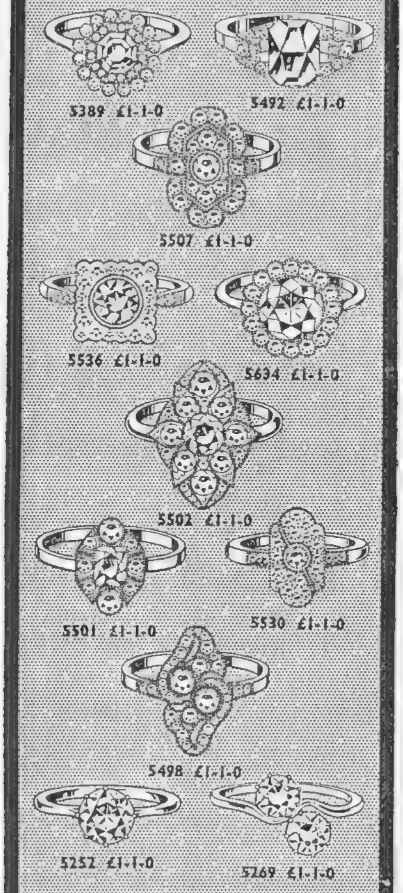

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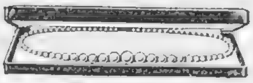

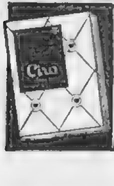

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leather wine bottle back and forth between us until it was done.

I SPENT Christmas in Soviet Russia. It was, without doubt, the saddest day of the whole year. The Bolshies, being atheists, do not celebrate it. And to their credit let it be said that they did not try forcibly to prevent anyone else celebrating it. The few churches that were still left open in Moscow presented a heartrending scene. They were packed so that there was not even standing room. From all sorts of sordid crannies where they had been dragging out the last of their shattered lives, had emerged some remnants of the Old Regime. Faded, fearful people in tattered clothes that bore the styles of years and years before the war. As far as they knew, this might be the last Christmas when they would ever be allowed to assemble together to pray. The sadness of their voices was something that I shall not even attempt to describe. It was human misery at its very lowest depths.

THE most contented Christmas I have ever known was in the forests of British Columbia. It was on a lonely mountain lake. The lake was twenty miles long, and there were only five families on it. During the rest of the year we seemed to be trying to keep as far away from one another as possible. You get like that if you live in complete solitude for a while. But Christmas thawed that mood. Tufty Debenham, the English settler, invited us all to have Christmas dinner with him at his "ranch."

This ranch, I might say, during the rainy season (around Christmas) was nine feet under water for three months out of every year.

When it came to getting the Christmas goose, Tufty found that his geese had got away. When the lake had swollen, the water had risen over the goose pen, and those birds (whose wings had been clipped) simply swam off. We caught glimpses of them in the flooded forest, paddling about with all the gaiety and abandon of wild ducks. We went after them.

Previously one of the best shots in Sussex, it went against Tufty's sporting soul to shoot a tame goose. But there was no other way to get one. At first he absolutely refused to do such a thing. But his wife made him do it when it came to the last day. I rowed him on the chase.

Tufty knew the particular fat goose that the "ranch" had been fattening for the Christmas feast. We spotted it doing some aquatics at the mouth of the Robinson River. "Shoot, Tufty!" I cried. He made a face and threw up his gun—*bang!* He missed. Any sportsman will tell you that the easiest thing for a good shot to miss is a sitting bird. Tufty fired again with no better luck. Then he gave it a right and left. By this time the goose suspected that something must be up and moved away. It glided into the tangle of some undergrowth where we could not follow in the skiff. We saw it sitting in there and Tufty shot it. He hit it this time. But he rather wished he hadn't; for he had to jump out into the icy water and wade shoulder-deep into the submerged undergrowth to bring it back.

But it was worth it on Christmas night. From all the remote parts of the lake we sailed or rowed or put-putted our way to Tufty's place. My wife and I sailed there in a row-boat, for which I had improvised a sail out of a blanket. We had five miles of lake to cross, and we nearly capsized on the way there. Instead of beaching our skiff and walking the usual quarter of a mile up to his house, we sailed right up to his front door and tied it to his porch.

Inside was the "Pessimist," a red-headed Scot from Jamaica, whose entire bill at the store was less than £20 a year. There were the two Tread boys, one of whom was killed shortly after by a falling tree. There was Tuffington (ex-postmaster-general in Nigeria) with his little, acrimonious French wife. There was pretty Aline Debenham, the only girl on the lake; and there were Tufty and Nancy Debenham, their partner in the "ranch"—and a dinner-table set with candlesticks, Georgian silver, holly wreaths, with a cracker before each plate.

Once the doors were closed and the curtains drawn, we might have been anywhere in Merry England again. That was the feeling we were trying to recapture that night. And, for a time, we did transplant ourselves. After the walnuts and port we did charades; with some new records we danced to the same music that was enlivening London that night. We forgot ourselves; and we five families, who for the rest of the year would be merely civil to one another, linked arms and sang *Auld Lang Syne*.

It was only when we started to make our ways home that we broke the spell. A gale of wind swept in through the open door. It blew out the candles. Even in the darkness we could see the white fury of the lake. No one could cross it on a night like that. So, somewhere in the ranch we all found a place to sleep. The gale howled on. It must have been about four in the morning, I think, when I awoke to find a shower of glass splinters flying into my face. The wind had wrenched our window loose and then broken its pane. But there was nothing to be done about it, and I had had such a jolly Christmas dinner that I did not care—I lay back on my pillows and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened in the morning by a small shriek from my wife. "Heavens!" she cried. "Look at your face!—it's covered with blood."

I leapt up and rushed to the mirror. Yes, by Jove, she was right! From a broad line around my forehead trickled down several rivulets of scarlet. I touched one. They were dry now. And then I laughed.

"It was not glass," I said, "that did that—it was *that!*"

I pointed to my pillow. Still sweating from the dance, I had gone to bed in my red paper Christmas hat.

AND so it goes. As you read this, I am on the wander again. I do not know where the Christmas of 1935 will find me. All I know is that it will be the first Christmas I have spent in my own country in the last ten years.

END

Famous Parties

(*Continued from page 73*)

America has sent us some spectacular hostesses in the past few years, Mrs. Wolley Hart notable among them. The originality and expensiveness of this lady's entertainments are talked of wherever parties are discussed.

One of the latest of them was a "Tyrolean party," given at her house on the outskirts of Paris. English guests were flown over by aeroplane for the occasion. All were in Tyrolean costume, and a delightful setting for this display of colour was made by the grounds of the lovely house at which the party was held.

A Tyrolean hut specially erected in the grounds for the occasion served as a bar at which "Black Velvet," a rare spirit named for the occasion, was dispensed.

The typically English house-party still exists, however. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, a sister of Lady Louis Mountbatten, is a modern hostess who upholds the tradition of characteristic hospitality in English Society to-day.

The summer house-parties at Six Mile Bottom, her husband's estate near Newmarket, have become famous, partly by virtue of the lovely setting in which they are given, and partly by the talent for entertaining which Mrs. Cunningham-Reid must surely have inherited from grandparents richly famous and famously rich in Edwardian heydays.

END

Flight by Night

(*Continued from page* 13)

"I'll go and settle up your bill," she said. "I'll be back in a little while. You'll be finished packing by then," she added.

Cynthia turned and walked out, but it was several seconds before Miss Pembroke was aware of the fact that she had gone. The name "Gerald" always made her remember the one and only beau she had ever had. Long, long ago he had found a more enchanting face than Miss Pembroke's to gaze upon for life, but Miss Pembroke didn't blame him. In fact she always kept a soft spot in her heart for Geralds. She wondered how it was that she hadn't known till now that Mr. Crysman was a Gerald. Not that it mattered with lots of packing still to be done.

CYNTHIA found Gerald prowling up and down between the over-stuffed couches and chairs. The clerk from his distant vantage point behind the desk sat eyeing him over the top of the Los Angeles newspaper.

"I got kind of sick sitting here all alone," Gerald complained. "This place gives me the hump. Nothing to read, nothing to look at."

"What do you mean—'Nothing to look at'?" Cynthia protested. "Didn't you notice the moonlight on the ocean as we came in? Why didn't you go and take a stroll around the grounds?"

"I kept expecting you down any minute. I didn't know you intended to stay up there."

"Well, I had to tell her a plausible story. That took time. I couldn't just bounce in there and say, 'Here we go,' could I?"

"How did the story take?"

"I told you she was packing."

"Well, I hope she makes it snappy. The more I think about it, the less I feel like facing Warren. I'm yellow, I guess."

"No, darling, not yellow. You just haven't the courage of your convictions."

"What do you mean—'courage of my convictions'? I have no convictions that it's perfectly O.K. to run away with Warren's kid and help hide her from him. About you I don't mind so much."

Cynthia's wide, brown eyes regarded him coolly from beneath the narrow brim of her hat. "I'm of less value than the baby. Is that it?"

"No; but a baby's different. Don't you see? You made up your mind that you were through with Warren. But the baby has no chance to choose who she wants. Besides, that baby is Warren's flesh and blood."

"Oh, you're cute, dear. You want the baby to draw straws to see whether she'll be Warren's little girl or yours?"

He frowned. His frown was meant less for Cynthia than for the annoying, inexplainable doubts which buzzed through his head. It was not possible to be displeased with Cynthia for more than a moment or two. She was too exquisite and too desirable. But he had been displeased almost all evening. He knew that the fault lay with him and not with Cynthia. She was right. A mother should have her baby. If he could only forget Warren, everything would be all right. But he couldn't forget that Warren had trusted him, given him his big chance in pictures, and, worst of all, that Warren adored that darn kid of his.

Well, Cynthia adored the kid, too, and she was the mother. Yes, but she was the one who had broken the rules, and it wasn't fair for Warren to lose both her and his kid. Still, maybe a kid was better off with its mother. But the kid wasn't going to be with her mother. She was going to be with a nursemaid just hiding from Warren. That was pretty mean. But Cynthia ought to know best. She was the mother.

"Will you quit frowning, darling? What are you thinking of all the time?" She put her arm through his and led him out by the French doors to the moonlight and the fragrance of honeysuckle. "When you frown like that, I think you don't love me."

"Of course I love you." He drew her to him and kissed her. "I'll love you always."

(*Continued on page* 152)

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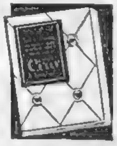

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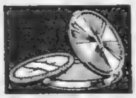

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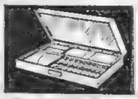

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"If you stop, I'll die."

"I'll never stop."

"You're sweet."

"I'm sorry I frowned and spoke kind of mean every once in a while, Cynthia, but I'm kind of nervous. I don't want to face Warren. He's been so decent to me that I'm ashamed."

"Why, I think that's real sweet of you, dear, to feel that way. Very few people would, you know. I mean nowadays."

"Well, I just can't help it."

"You're sensitive, dear. All great actors are sensitive."

"I'm not a great actor."

"Of course you are."

"I'm glad you think so anyhow."

"Everybody does. Even Warren used to say about you, 'I never saw better star material in my life.' You're wonderful, dear, and my life's work is going to be making you appreciate yourself. Kiss me again and then I'll run in and pay the bill and see how Pembroke is doing."

He kissed her, holding her tightly in his arms and enjoying to the utmost the thrill that it was. To breathe her perfume and the spicy scent of her hair meant shutting out for a moment the thought that he was robbing Warren Covert of his wife and his child. But the moment had passed. Already Cynthia had sighed her deep, exciting sigh and had run from him. Through the glass door he could see her now at the desk looking over the bill which the clerk had presented. Pictures of Warren Covert searching for his little daughter closed in once more on Gerald. He suddenly felt chilly, and turned from the glittering ocean and the light, wayward wind. The over-stuffed couches and chairs were somehow easier to bear.

CYNTHIA walked into room 201, this time without knocking. The door was unlocked. She came in breezily with the words "Are you ready?" and then stopped disappointed and vexed just within the door.

The baby was still asleep in the crib. Miss Pembroke still wore her flannel wrapper, and the packing had not advanced one iota during Cynthia's absence. There sat Miss Pembroke on the floor, an empty suitcase before her and a worried look in her eyes.

"What have you been doing, Miss Pembroke? You don't seem to have gotten very far."

"I *am* sorry, Mrs. Covert, but the catch on this valise wouldn't work. It was jammed, I dare say, and I've been trying to open it ever since you left. I didn't want to force it for fear it might not catch again. I've just this moment managed to get the valise open. I do hope it's all right now." Experimentally she pressed the catch and then sought to reopen the suitcase. "Heavens, it's jammed again. But I think I understand it now. I shan't take a moment to put it right."

"And when you do," Cynthia said sharply, "just pack the suitcase. After all, there is a train to catch."

"Yes, Mrs. Covert."

Cynthia looked at her watch. Well, there was plenty of time if that ninny would stop playing with the suitcase.

"Won't it open, Miss Pembroke?"

"Not yet, Mrs. Covert, but I'm sure that I will have it now any moment. I wish I hadn't locked it again."

"So do I. Can't you pile everything in the other two cases?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Covert. This is the largest, the one we need the most. The other two are comparatively small." She had stopped working on the lock while talking to Cynthia.

"Please keep fiddling with it," Cynthia said. "We have to get started some time."

"Yes, Mrs. Covert."

The fiddling began again. Cynthia took another look at her watch. Five minutes.

"Never mind the bag's beauty, Miss Pembroke. Just burst the lock open."

"But then the bag won't remain closed when it's packed. Only the locks keep it closed, you see."

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"Perhaps we can get a heavy cord from the clerk or something."

"I shall have it in a moment now."

Ten minutes.

"Let me try that thing, Miss Pembroke. Maybe I can do it."

"You'll break your nails, Mrs. Covert."

"To hell with my nails! We can't play around with a suitcase forever."

Cynthia knelt down beside Miss Pembroke. The pointed, crimson nails reached out for the irritating lock, but just at that moment there was a little snapping noise and the suitcase was open.

"There," said Miss Pembroke, triumphantly. "I knew I could do it."

"Well, let's get going now," Cynthia said. "We have to make up for lost time."

"Yes, Mrs. Covert. I'll hurry."

Cynthia sat down on a chair at the window. She thought that Gerald must be dying of impatience. She wondered if she should go and keep him company or if her presence up here would insure swifter packing. It was more than thirty minutes ago that she had first entered this room. They should have been started by now. She decided that Pembroke or no Pembroke things had to be speeded up.

"Look here," she said. "I'll do the rest of the packing. You get yourself and the baby dressed."

Miss Pembroke looked at her in alarm. "If you pack," she said, "then to-night on the train I won't know which things are in which suitcase."

"You could lay out all the things you'd be apt to use to-night, and I'd put them in one bag."

"But some of them are already packed in with other things. I pack very queerly, but I know where everything is."

Cynthia didn't bother to answer. She had learned long ago that there is no answer to a nursemaid's logic. She wished she could say to Miss Pembroke, "You slow, funny-faced old poke, you, if I didn't need you you'd hurry all right. You'd hurry right out that door minus a job."

But the woman did know babies, even though she didn't know another thing. Chubbins had done well with her, and she was somebody to take the baby out of Hollywood and away from Warren.

The packing was going on again. Not with breath-taking speed, but it was going on. Miss Pembroke had trouble fitting in the iron and the board. There was trouble with the blankets and the bottles. There was a hold-up because some of the baby's wash was discovered not to have completely dried. All the things in one suitcase had to be moved around to accommodate these untouchables. But at last—oh, at last—the packing was done and there was nothing now but for Miss Pembroke and the baby to be dressed.

"Shall I dress Chubbins while you're dressing?" Cynthia asked.

"Oh, that will only take me a jiffy, and I would sooner dress her. She cries so if everything isn't smooth and straight on her."

"Oh, yes," Cynthia said. She remembered now that she had once dressed the baby and had found it far less fun than she had anticipated. Everything gathered in bulky flannel rolls, pins wouldn't close, and the baby screamed and grew red and gasped for breath.

She said, "Well, I'll be back in a little while." Certainly Gerald must need some reassuring by now. It wouldn't be surprising if he had given her up for lost long ago.

She found him standing at the long table pawing desperately through the magazines piled thereon.

"I thought you were never coming," he said. "Where are they?"

"They're dressing."

"Dressing? Good heavens, Cynthia, do you know we've been here an hour?"

"Well, we'll be going in a minute."

"I should hope so. You know if Warren started down here driving at an ordinary clip, he's just about due."

She caught her breath quickly. That was true. And he would take the baby. She knew Warren. Nothing on God's earth would keep him from

(Continued on page 154)

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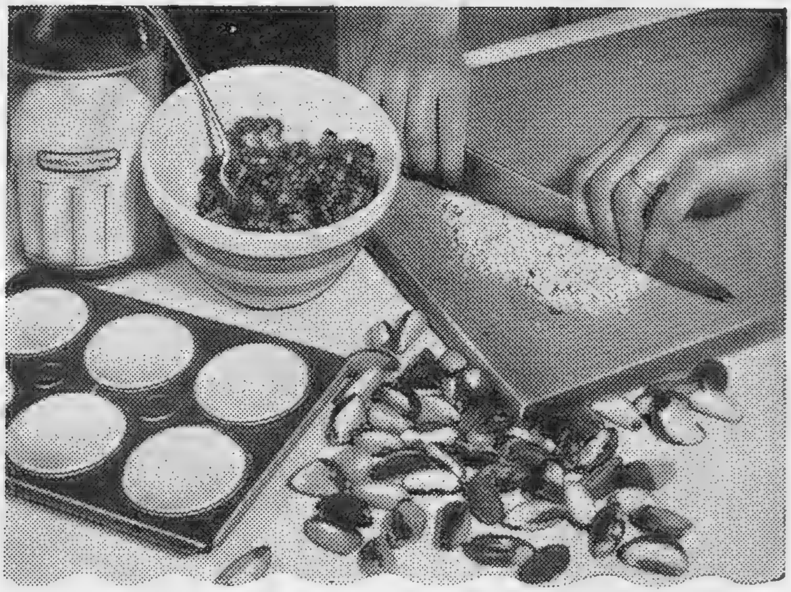

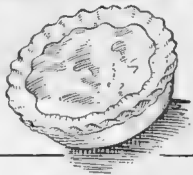

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½ lb. currants
¼ lb. chopped dates
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walking out of that hotel with his baby. And a fine laugh he'd have on her.

"I'll make her hurry," she said, and ran back up the stairs.

The flannel wrapper was still in evidence. "I've been delayed," Miss Pembroke apologised. "I did the most stupid thing. I packed all my underwear and had none to put on. I had to open a suitcase——"

"Have you got it now?" Cynthia asked

"Oh, yes, I have it now."

"Well, for the love of heaven, put it on and let's get going."

MISS PEMBROKE came down the stairs wearing her straight-lined, dark-blue coat and the small, unflattering sailor hat which stayed atop her red braids by some magic or other. In her arms she carried Chubbins. Behind her staggered the ancient clerk with the three suitcases, two in his hands and the smallest tucked under his arm.

Cynthia looked at Gerald and breathed a sigh of relief. "At last," she said.

"Yes, at last. One hour and forty-five minutes it took that damn woman to get going."

Cynthia walked toward Miss Pembroke. "The car's at the front step," she said. "You get in the back seat. I'll ride up front with Mr. Crysman."

The clerk had not paused in the lobby. He had gone right on out to deposit the luggage in the car. Now he returned and was settling himself once more behind the desk.

Miss Pembroke looked at Gerald. She looked at him with the witheringly icy stare that only a thin-lipped, ugly woman can give a handsome man.

"Is Mr. Crysman going to drive?" she asked, coldly.

"Why, of course," Cynthia answered. "I can't drive."

"I know that, but I had supposed Mr. Crysman's chauffeur was here."

"No, he isn't. What difference does that make?"

Miss Pembroke said nothing for a moment; then, "Mr. Crysman has been drinking."

"Drinking?" Cynthia gasped.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Gerald glared at the woman. "I haven't had a drink since yesterday."

Miss Pembroke said, "Mr. Crysman has been drinking."

"Mr. Crysman has not been drinking," Cynthia answered, "and to even discuss the matter with you is ridiculous. He drove me down here, and he's going to drive me back again, and you had better hurry up and get in that back seat."

For answer Miss Pembroke sat down in one of the hideous chairs. Gerald gave voice to a most terrible oath, and the nursemaid looked at Cynthia as though to say, "His language proves that he has been drinking."

There was a moment's silence during which Gerald and Cynthia looked at each other in dismay. Miss Pembroke looked at nothing. She just kept her lips tight and disapproving, and held the sleeping baby close to her meagre breast.

Cynthia's eyes considered the clerk. He was reading his paper. Their voices had been unheard across the lobby. She tried Miss Pembroke once again.

"Miss Pembroke, I give you my word of honour that Mr. Crysman is cold sober. He rarely drinks as a matter of fact, and I swear to you that he hasn't been drinking this evening. Whatever gave you the idea that he was drunk?"

"I can tell by his eyes and the way he stands."

"That's foolish. He's a little tired, perhaps, but he hasn't been drinking." Cynthia had another inspiration. "Do you suppose Mr. Covert would have let me drive with a drunken man or permit him to drive Chubbins?"

Miss Pembroke answered, "Mr. Crysman has been drinking, and I'm not going to trust myself or Chubbins in that car with him. He's plain drunk."

Gerald swore

(Continued on page 156)

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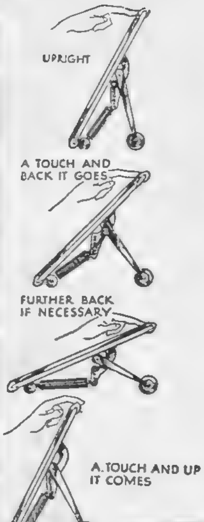
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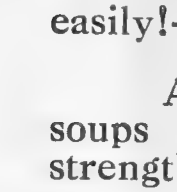

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again, only this time he swore directly at Miss Pembroke. She said, " You wouldn't talk like that, Mr. Crysman, if you were sober."

He reached into his pocket and drew forth a roll of bills. " I know your kind," he said, " trying to hold us up because you know Mrs. Covert wants you to catch a train. All right. How much do you want to get going ? "

Miss Pembroke turned to Cynthia. " Will you please ask this gentleman not to address me again ? "

" I'll address you, you damn old sourface, I'll——"

Miss Pembroke got to her feet. " I'm sorry, Mrs. Covert. I'm going back to the room. I'll neither drive with Mr. Crysman nor stay here to take his insults. I'll have the clerk carry the bags up again."

" Like hell you will!" Cynthia's eyes were blazing now. Her small, pointed face was white with fury. Her hands reached out for the baby. " You're fired! Do you understand ? "

Miss Pembroke clutched the baby tighter to her breast and Cynthia's white, jewelled hand flew upward and fetched the woman a sharp, stinging blow on the cheek. " You'll give me my baby."

Miss Pembroke looked coldly at her employer. There were sudden, shining tears in her pale grey eyes. Tears of rage or perhaps the blow had hurt. But the Covert baby still lay in her arms.

" Are you going to pass over that baby to its mother ? " Gerald asked, threateningly.

" No."

" I'll call a cop in a minute. I've stood enough of this nonsense from you."

" You'll call a cop, will you ? " Miss Pembroke asked.

Cynthia was battling for the baby now, pulling at Miss Pembroke's arms, seeking to loosen her grip on the little body. Miss Pembroke's eyes went wildly toward the clerk. He was watching the scene with wonderment and terror.

" Help me," she cried. " Help me."

He came nimbly from behind the desk. " What's the trouble ? " he demanded.

" This woman," Miss Pembroke gasped, " is trying to take the baby from me."

" Well, ain't she the mother ? "

" No," said Miss Pembroke. " I never saw her before."

" Never saw me before ! " Cynthia's eyes fairly popped in amazement. " What do you mean, you never saw me before ? I'm Mrs. Warren Covert, that child's mother, and you know damn well that I am."

The clerk scratched his head. He looked at Miss Pembroke. " Why did you pack and everything if this woman was a stranger to you ? "

" She told me that Mrs. Covert was waiting down here for me."

" And, damn it, *she is*," Gerald exploded. " This *is* Mrs. Warren Covert."

" It isn't," Miss Pembroke said calmly. " Mrs. Covert is a tall blonde woman many years younger than this lady."

Cynthia flashed Miss Pembroke a venomous eye.

" She's a lying, no-good servant girl," Cynthia screamed. " I'll have her arrested."

" She tried to tear the baby right out of my arms," Miss Pembroke said. " You saw her."

" You mean she's a kidnapper, Miss Pembroke ? " the clerk asked with interest.

" Oh, I wouldn't say that. Perhaps the poor thing is just demented and fancies herself Mr. Covert's wife."

" You——" Here Cynthia proved beyond question of a doubt that she could outswear Gerald Crysman.

" Maybe I ought to get a policeman," the clerk said.

" I don't care," Miss Pembroke said. " I wouldn't want her hurt. Just get my bags back out of their car and I'll return to bed. Of course I want a policeman if she touches this baby again."

Gerald had wandered away for a moment. Now he returned carrying the three-months-old magazine. It was a motion picture journal. He opened

(*Continued on page* 158)

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FIGURE *by* **VITA-WEAT**

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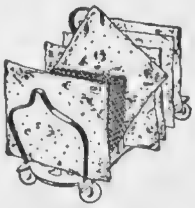

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The British Whole-wheat Crispbread

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Distinctive Perfume

Stocked by the smartest shops everywhere

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Parfum by

F. MILLOT

paris

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BEAUTY'S THE BEST OF ALL

Beauty—the best Christmas gift of all! And with so few shopping days left, it is time to draft your Christmas gift lists, study the state of your purses and get busy. If you are choosing presents for a woman, then you cannot go wrong if you *buy beauty*. You want presents for Mrs. Newly-Wed, for Miss Modern, for your Mother or your seventeen-year-old sister—and *yourself*—for you must buy a Christmas gift for yourself for luck, you know.

FOR MRS. MODERN.—First on the list comes Mrs. Modern, perhaps Mrs. Newly-Wed, already bemoaning the fact that household duties take toll of beauty. She finds that she has little time or money to spend for facial treatments, and is as anxious as ever to put her best face forward. She will thank you rapturously if you introduce her to a simple, inexpensive treatment to preserve her youthful beauty, so buy her an ounce or two of Mercolized Wax. A thin film, smoothed over face and neck nightly, and while one sleeps the tired outer skin with premature lines and unlovely blemishes is absorbed, leaving the skin fresh and flawless. In giving Mercolized Wax you are making the lucky recipient a present of a new, youthful complexion—a gift that will bring you a glad "*Thank you.*"

AND MISS MODERN.—For Miss Modern, your very best girl-friend, whose spare cash goes on beauty treatments for her hair, try Stallax. Buy her a small tin, and you will earn her grateful thanks. For just a teaspoonful of these little golden granules dissolved in a cupful of hot water whips up into a beauty foam that literally washes beauty into the most neglected tresses, bringing out all the hidden lights and shades, coaxing even the straightest hair into rippling waves and fascinating ringlets.

SISTER'S GIFT.—Seventeen-year-old sister, star-struck, coveting eyelashes like Garbo! What are you going to buy her? Do treat her to a really good eyelash grower. I suggest Mennaline, for no matter how scanty her lashes nor how nondescript her eyebrows, this preparation will not only darken them, but promote a lustrous, luxuriant growth. It should be applied with the finger tips to both lashes and brows twice daily.

A PERSONAL PRESENT.—And for yourself? For dance time daintiness and immaculate grooming let me suggest a safe hair eraser instead of those dangerous depilatories you have been dallying with. Just get yourself half an ounce of Sipolite from your chemist. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water and apply it to the unwanted hairs, as the paste dries the hairs shrivel away, leaving the skin velvety smooth. Sipolite is so safe that it can be recommended with confidence for use on the most sensitive skins.

All the preparations mentioned above may be obtained from your chemist. If temporarily out of stock, they can be ordered for you within twenty-four hours.

REJUVENATION EXTRAORDINARY AT HOME by Electronic Short-Wave and Radio Ray Therapy. Endorsed by medical men. Demonstrations daily, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Send for literature, Dept. E, Diatatic Therapy Co., Ltd., Duke Street House (opposite Selfridges), 415, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Phone: Mayfair 0491.

Permanent effacement of SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Guaranteed

GYPSIA succeeds where other methods fail and removes unwanted hair instantly without irritation. Harmless, liquid, clean. Just apply and wash off. Two distinct lotions and accessories. Set for face 25/6, for body use 28/6. Colonies or abroad, 2/6 extra.

GYPSIA

Order direct from MADAME SUEUR (Dept. M), 11/13 Baker Street, W.1
Exhibiting at The Health and Beauty Exhibition, London.

it and showed the clerk one of the pictures. "There," he said, "see those two men? And see what it says under the picture: 'Gerald Crysman and Director Warren Covert talk things over.' That man is this lady's husband and the other man is me, isn't it?"

The clerk looked from the picture to the man beside him. "You look alike," he admitted.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Pembroke, "this man is Gerald Crysman, but I work for Mr. and Mrs. Covert. I can't give their baby up to any stray actor who comes along and fancies the child."

The clerk scratched his head again. He looked at Cynthia. "You'd better beat it, madame," he said.

A dark, red flush replaced the pallor on Cynthia's face. She was unable to speak now. She was choking with rage.

"Probably," said Miss Pembroke, "they're both drunk."

"I'll show you how drunk I am," Cynthia threatened. She opened her handbag and began to fumble through it. Maybe there was a card or a bill or something that would identify her. But there was nothing.

"You see," said Miss Pembroke, "she's drunk or insane."

"Well, I'm a son of a gun," the clerk said. "I don't know what to do. I've never run into anything like this before. Still, I've got to admit that I've known you all summer, and you're a good, steady woman. Right's right. I got to take your word."

"I should think so," said Miss Pembroke, airily.

Gerald drew Cynthia aside. "What's got into the damn woman?" he demanded.

"I don't know. I think she's gone insane."

"We can't make that Albuquerque train now."

"I know it, but if I can get the baby I'll manage to keep her."

"If you touch that kid again, you'll stay in the jug till you can get somebody to identify you." He shivered. "They'd have an awful jug down here, Cynthia."

"What will I do?"

"Just let's go. Maybe you can get the kid some other time."

"Warren won't give her up. He'll hide her from me."

"Hell! You'll hide the kid from him. He'll hide the kid from you. I wish somebody had kept her hidden from me. What a night this has been. It'll probably end up with the pair of us being lynched for attempted kidnapping."

"Well, Warren's not going to get that baby."

"No, he won't get her. Look, he isn't here by now, so that means he didn't start for here. He probably never dreamed that you'd try to take the kid. He always trusts the wrong people. He might come down to-morrow. We can go back to town and get proof of your identity and beat him down here to-morrow."

"Yes, we could do that," she agreed.

"Well, let's, for God's sake. I'm starting to grow to these damned chairs." He glanced at the clock over the desk. "We've been here almost two and a half hours."

Cynthia walked over to where the clerk and Miss Pembroke stood in solemn confab. "I'm going," she said to the clerk. "I'm coming back with proof of my identity. You'll be sorry that you believed this woman."

"Maybe," he said; "but I don't know."

Cynthia's eyes rested scornfully on Miss Pembroke for a moment, then she and Gerald started across the lobby. At the same moment a car rolled into the driveway. Cynthia clutched at

(*Continued on page 160*)

FENBO
Crystal Lamp
GLARELESS
FENBO
GLARELESS
Crystal Lamp
BRITISH MADE

THE "Fenbo" glareless crystal lamp is a new departure in the scheme of electric lighting, and has many advantages which users will be quick to perceive and appreciate. The inside elements are materially the same as those of the most superior makes of lamps, but the bulb itself is moulded from special glass. The moulded pattern, while in no way interfering with the intensity of the light, acts as prisms, which diffuse and disperse the light, re-distributing it in a soft, restful, even glow.

Tests have proved that "Fenbo" lamps will burn continually up to 1,500 hours, whereas the ordinary life of a bulb is estimated at about 1,000 hours. These lamps are obtainable from 15 to 1,000 watts, at prices ranging from 1/6 to 16/-, and, with the exception of the 15 and 25 watt sizes, are gas-filled.

PYORRHŒA?

NOT ME!

THIS MOTHER knows the value of healthy gums. Both she and her children have sound teeth in healthy bodies.

HER FIRST BABY. Before she had her first baby her gums became very tender, and her teeth gave her a lot of trouble. She asked her dentist's advice.

WHAT HER DENTIST TOLD HER. He explained that during the vital months, decay of the teeth and tenderness of the gums progress more rapidly than at any other time. Neglect at this period is a direct invitation to the dread Pyorrhœa germ, which lies hidden for years, and whose first visible symptoms are receding gums which bleed at a touch. An unhealthy gum condition can affect the unborn child's constitution. Healthy resistance to infection can only be maintained by regular care of the gums and sensible diet.

DARE YOU NEGLECT IT? The effects of gum neglect are tragic. Pyorrhœa means the loss of *good* teeth as well as bad, and a general poisoning of the whole system. Once Pyorrhœal symptoms are established, only a dentist can give you treatment—sometimes a long and disheartening business.

PREVENTION IS SO SIMPLE. Yet nothing is so easy to guard against as Pyorrhœa. Daily massage with Forhan's for the Gums keeps tissue firm and healthy—free from germs. And Forhan's, besides being a first-rate toothpaste, contains those astringent and antiseptic properties necessary for the prevention of Pyorrhœa. Don't risk delay—get a tube to-day!

● When next you see Forhan's displayed—buy then and there!

Forhan's for the gums

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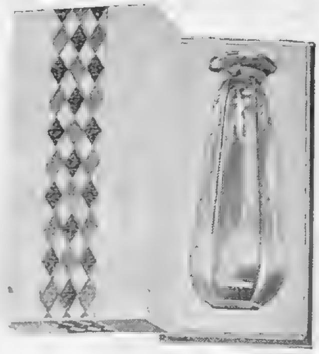

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Among desirable perfumes the name Coty remains ever distinctive . . . . that assurance of unquestionable quality so essential in perfume above all things.

For every type and personality . . . for every taste and preference in perfume, there are Coty fragrances of rare allure. Always the ideal Christmas gift—at once an expression of, and a tribute to good taste—a presentation flacon of Coty perfume will be well and truly acceptable.

A SUMA

Mysterious perfume of the Orient—in beautiful carved bottle resting on black "ebony" base with four "lacquer" feet.

21/- and 47/6

Other sizes 3/9, 6/-, 10/-

LE NOUVEAU GARDENIA

Perfume for smart occasions—the true essence of the flower itself. In crystal presentation flacon—

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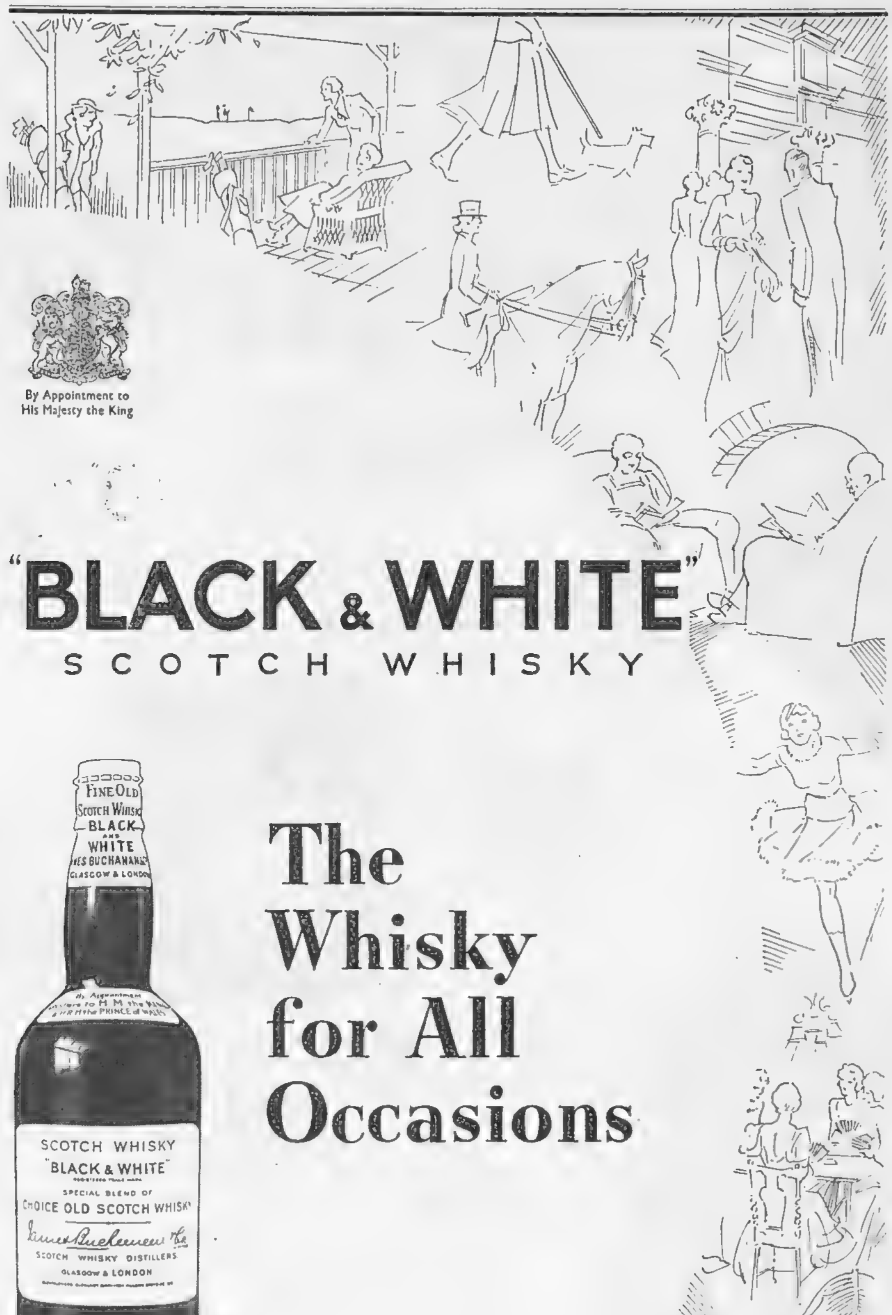
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SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS GLASGOW & LONDON

Gerald's sleeve. "I'll bet it's Warren," she said.

It was. He walked into the hotel, passed his wife and Gerald Crysman and went directly over to Miss Pembroke. He patted her on the shoulder. "Nice going, young woman," he said. He took the baby from her, and as he did Miss Pembroke fell limply into the nearest chair and burst into wild sobs.

Warren Covert looked at the two in the doorway. There was a malicious twinkle in his eye. A sort of fancy-seeing-you-here look. The clerk just scratched his head.

"Well," Warren addressed his wife. "You're not leaving, are you, after I've rushed all the way down here just to see you? In case you're interested, I made the trip in a little less than two and a half hours. A record, I believe, isn't it?" he asked, turning to the clerk.

"It's pretty good," the clerk answered peaceably, wondering, but not daring to ask, where the stranger had started from.

"Well, go if you must," Warren said. "Drop up and see me occasionally, Crys. I'm not sore at you. If you want Cynthia, then we're both in luck." He smiled down into his baby's face, and when he raised his head Cynthia and Gerald Crysman had gone.

He turned to Miss Pembroke. "You've done major duty to-night, and I won't forget it," he said.

"I hope I did right. Oh, it was awful, pretending not to know her and all that. I'm simply ill."

"How did you happen to call me? How did you know things weren't on the level?"

Miss Pembroke lowered her head and yanked aimlessly at her handkerchief. "Why, Mrs. Covert was speaking to Mr. Crysman from my room on the telephone, and she called him Gerald. I'd never known before that his name was Gerald, and I wondered why I hadn't known it."

She paused to glance at her listener. He was looking deeply puzzled.

"She called him Gerald, and you didn't know his name was Gerald, so that proved that something was wrong?"

"Why, yes. You see, I wondered why I hadn't heard her call him that before, and it suddenly dawned on me that it had always been Mrs. Covert's way to call all her friends 'honey' and 'darling,' and affectionate names like that. No offence meant, Mr. Covert. Many people in Hollywood have that habit."

"I know," Warren smiled.

"So when she addressed him more formally it could only mean one thing: It meant that she was on her guard against using an affectionate term of address, and that in turn could only mean one thing. I wouldn't have tattled to you, Mr. Covert, if it hadn't involved the baby."

"I know." He stood for a moment considering all that she had told him. Then he laughed. "No wonder the best detective fiction comes out of England."

"Beg pardon, sir."

"If you ever write a mystery novel, I'd like to read it."

She flushed a little, and the pink of her face contrasted with the red of her hair made her look uglier than ever.

"Oh, would you read it, Mr. Covert? I thought of asking you last winter when I finished it, but I didn't dare. It really seems rather good in parts."

The clerk appeared carrying Miss Pembroke's suitcases.

"They left your bags," he said. "What'll I do with them?"

"Put them in my car," Warren directed. He handed the baby to Miss Pembroke, and they started out. "I'll read your mystery in the morning," Warren promised her. "Perhaps it has picture possibilities."

"Perhaps."

"Is it about Hollywood?"

"Oh, gracious, no. The best mystery stories have good character studies, and I could never write about picture people. Try as I might, I just don't understand them."

END

Books

(*Continued from page 67*)

o'clock on the following morning, in an aeroplane which he had chartered to fly him slowly down the Thames from London towards the sea. It was then February and, to my lasting shame and regret, I excused myself. I am sorrier than ever, now that I have read his life, written by his widow and published under the title of *We Were One* (Bell, 15s.). Here is the story of two happy people, and readers who are old enough to appreciate what that implies will derive much genuine pleasure from Mrs. Wyllie's pages. From first to last, her husband showed 200 pictures in the Summer Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Several of them form the subject of illustrations.

On the dust-cover *If I Remember Right* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) is described as "the autobiography of Sacha Guitry." On the title page it is called "Memoirs of Sacha Guitry." I prefer the second description, for this pleasant, conversational work has too many gaps to warrant the first. Monsieur Guitry, like the majority of good actors, is a splendid talker; it is only when we have left them that, returning to our own quiet ways of thinking, we murmur "But what sort of a chap is he, beneath all that?" Monsieur Guitry, like the majority of Frenchmen, is proud of his family and his family life; a charming trait; but why, we wonder, do they never ask us in?

Monsieur Guitry, actor and Frenchman, is almost overwhelmingly good company. He has known everybody, from Clemenceau to Al Woods, from Monet to D'Annunzio, and nobody could be more observant and intelligent than he is about them all. There are the usual good stories, and they really are good, and there are heaps of them. Nothing, then, is wanting to make this a delightful book? Yes, one thing, one quality, the old poacher's quality. For M. Guitry is an actor, which means that everyone else is his public. He is also a Frenchman, and so, charming as he is to us, we don't quite like to drop in when we are passing. It is all very Bohemian, and, of course, the French aren't nearly as starchy as the English. Is it not strange, then, that when the book is over we find ourselves in tails and a topper, hurrying home to change?

IT is clear that Mr. John Gibbons has written his *Roll On, Next War!* (Muller, 5s.) with mingled seriousness and irony. It is not so clear, at certain times and places, which was the prevailing mood. Probably this same criticism, if it is a criticism, could be made of any book written on Mr. Gibbons's plan. For he has set out to recall such memories and reconstruct such experiences of the last war as will help his son through the next. Mr. Gibbons is persuaded that there will be a next, and the prospect, though not exactly welcome to him, does not agitate him unduly. His fatalism may strike some readers as complacency—unless, as already suggested, they disagree with me as to the amount of irony in the prescription. But if Mr. Gibbons has written books which I believe to be better than this one, he remains one of those happy authors who cannot write a bad, or, at any rate, an unreadable work. Is he thinking of becoming a war correspondent? He is just the man for the job.

END

An Ideal Christmas Present

A NUMBER of specially printed and mounted copies of sketch "Woggles" pictures drawn by the late Cecil Aldin, suitable for framing, can be obtained from the Publishers, Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, at the reduced price of 3/6 each, post free. There are about 50 titles from which to choose, and a pair of these admirable examples of this famous artist's work would make an appreciative Christmas gift to all dog lovers.

Thrilling News!

says
Jane Seymour

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How badly we've all needed a really well-behaved powder box! I'm so proud of producing the very first one that can't spill! It's a real wonder. You can tumble it into your suit-case or your drawer upside down if you like. Not a speck of powder will escape! And it's such a lovely thing. Ivory and green—and made to last. Once you've bought it (it's 6/6)—refills only cost 3/6. I wish I had room to tell you about the powder inside. It's quite new. Made in two weights, one for dry and the other for greasy skins. There are nine good colours. Do try it.

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And when I say indelible—I mean indelible! Put it on—wipe off any superfluity—and the colour still remains! And it never gives the lips that dried, drawn look. On the contrary, it's good for them. The special new base gives and keeps petal-like smoothness. It's so lovely to put on, too. Its fine consistency enables you to pencil in the line of the lips so delicately. In six colours. 4/6.

You can get these and all my preparations from any smart shop, and do ask for my booklet 'Speaking Frankly.' If you'd like special advice, come and see me or write. My address is: Jane Seymour, 23 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712.

Jane Seymour
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

The Birth *of a* Nation

Some Impressions of Quebec

By Margery Lawrence

YEARS ago, when We-Were-Very-Young and the movies likewise in their infancy, one Griffiths made a film with the above title.

I did not imagine, when I was taken to see it, that years afterwards I would be privileged to visit a country where I could see that grandiloquent title actually coming true—that I should see the birth of a new nation actually taking place. But this has actually come to pass, though I fancy the birth is as yet unrecognised by many.

Most people who have visited the North of Canada, "discovered" Ottawa, Quebec, Montreal, motored through the gorgeous rolling country when the maples lined the mountain-sides with sheets of living flame or the white veil of winter spreads a shining mystery over the world, imagine that Northern Canada is occupied by English-speaking people with a sprinkling, perhaps, of French. Nothing was ever less true, especially in Quebec, both in the province and the capital.

The vast majority of settlers in the North of Canada are of French birth and descent. The colony was first started by the steady stream of emigrants from France in 1655 to 1673. Sick of the exactions of a degenerate and tyrannical aristocracy, in increasing numbers the French people decided to risk their all on adventure overseas; on founding a new country, a new state for themselves where they could live and develop as they wished. So serious at last did the leakage from the population become that the King—Louis XIV, "le Grand Monarque"—was startled into stopping it by his edict of 1677 forbidding further emigration. But the seeds of life were already sown and flourishing!

IN the beginning the colony was looked upon by its parent-country with mildly indulgent interest; and to provide wives for the colonists, from time to time young girls were sent out from France, some weeping and terrified, no doubt, but others excited, uplifted by the thought of new sights, new experiences, a new and wider life stretching out before them. Ship after ship took them out, these strange and pitiful yet romantic brides, dubbed "Filles du Roi," and doubtless by this method many old grudges were satisfied, many "difficult" and obstinate young women of good family conveniently got rid of. And when the stream of these ran dry, yet wives were still needed in the new country, the supply of "King's Daughters" was kept up by sending out women of a coarser type, from gutter and brothel and farm. The weaklings died off—as they had of necessity to do in that hard life with its six or seven months' snowfall per year, its hordes of wolves and Indians, its thousand and one hardships that only the strong could hope to survive. But the strong *did* survive, and bore sturdy children—and the descendants of those children are growing and flourishing to-day, outstripping in their increase the English-speaking race by many thousands per year.

They have intermarried with Indians, many of them—Hurons mostly—and to-day the old Indian blood is still recognisable in the high-nosed, brown-skinned, black-haired good looks of many inhabitants of the countryside. They have intermarried with English, with Irish and Scotch and American—but the English, the Irish and Scotch and American, every alien element, in fact, has been absorbed completely and utterly by the French strain, so that the latter remains supreme, predominant. There are to-day, in Quebec alone, an enormous percentage of people bearing names such as O'Hagan, Smith, McHaig, and so on, who cannot speak a word of English at all—and so French is the influence in Quebec that they have no need to learn!

IN the leading newspaper in Quebec—printed in French—there is headlined in every issue this phrase, "Parle Français, partout et toujours!" Of the ninety-odd gentlemen who control the legislature of the province of Quebec barely ten speak English. The main street of Quebec town, S. Jean, was once—not so very long ago, they tell me—comparatively English. Now you can go up and down its length and breadth without finding more than two or three English names over the shop-doors. Ninety-seven per cent. of the population in Quebec are French; 60 per cent. in Montreal—and I am assured that the percentage is even higher in Ottawa. English is not even taught in the province of Quebec, at least to many children

(*Continued on page 164*)

A GENERAL view of Quebec taken from the heights. The world-famous hotel, Chateau Frontenac, is prominently shown

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Here are some charming studies of healthy, happy childhood! They are children of the Directors of Cow & Gate all fed on this famous English Food. Surely there can be no stronger recommendation when those who make Cow & Gate rely upon it so implicitly for the Health and Happiness of their children?

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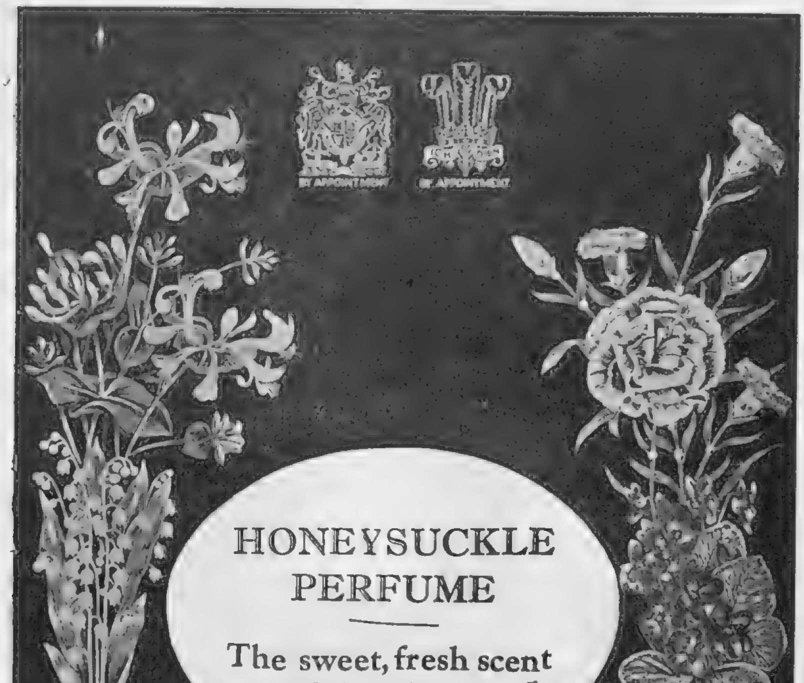

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Not many of us will achieve that ambition, but the next best thing is to send for Bassett-Lowke's **Free Booklet of Trains, FB.28,** smartly illustrated in two colours, describing all their latest productions in gauge "0." Better still, there is **A.28,** complete **Model Railway Catalogue of Trains** of all gauges—and accessories. 6d., post free.

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Tel.: Kingston 0707. Banker's reference.

of the lower classes, since there is no compulsory State education at all, and all teaching is in the hands of the priests and nuns, who are all French. The vast influx of "religious" of both sexes that flowed into Canada after their banishment from France in 1910 enormously strengthened the power of the Church there. Ninety-eight per cent. of the population is Roman Catholic in the towns alone—and in the countryside the trappers, hunters, farmers, fishermen, their wives and families, are French and Roman Catholic to the last member.

QUEBEC is chock-full of churches, convents, monasteries, most of them richly endowed and very few paying taxes to the State—Ottawa and Montreal much the same. The priests sit on every council and have a say—and a powerful one—in every debate, and their influence is felt in every problem, from the greatest to the smallest, that concerns the town and the townsfolk. Here, safe and secure and protected by the British flag, rules, in fact, the ancient Mother Church of France; the Church that France once dispossessed. Here she is re-creating France once again—the old priest-ruled-and-ridden France. All that existed of old is here: the stern if loving rule, the relentless exaction of tithes and dues, the ceaseless inquisition into the lives of their flock, the insistence on obedience, on regular attendance at church—*and* on the procreation of as many children as the good God shall choose to send.

It is, of course, largely due to the influence of the Church, which sets its face sternly against any method of birth-control, that the birth-rate of the French-Canadians, especially amongst the lower classes, is so amazingly high. The English-Canadian birth-rate is practically static, if not shrinking—the French yearly increasing. I was privileged to see a good deal, while I was in Northern Canada, of a woman who does much work amongst the poorer classes, and I was amazed at the size of the average French-Canadian family. Six children is a poor record. Ten or twelve is a commonplace, a brood of eighteen or twenty to twenty-five children, all by the same father and mother, is not at all remarkable; and I was even told, on unimpeachable authority, of families numbering over thirty children apiece.

They marry young, these hardy Canadians—the men at twenty, the girls at sixteen or seventeen. And unless a child is born regularly every year, Jean or Jeanne—frequently both—are sent for by their confessor; questioned, exhorted, and reminded gently but firmly that marriage was instituted as a means of creating children, fresh souls for God.

No wonder that the birth-rate in French-Canada is going up by leaps and bounds, and the birth-rate of English-Canadians nowhere keeping pace with it! And no wonder that it is becoming increasingly difficult for the English-Canadian to obtain or to hold down a job, when obtained, in these North-Canadian towns. Bit by bit he is being squeezed out of Northern Canada, pushed farther South—while the New France establishes herself more and more securely in the Land of Promise.

THE new race is already formed, and growing with formidable rapidity. A race not in the least American—it dislikes Americans intensely; certainly not British, though it prefers British rule to any other, since under British law it is permitted to run its religious, educational and legislative life as it chooses. It will have nothing to do with France; the French-Canadians feel, and that fiercely, that France, their mother-country, abandoned them. Flung them out and left them to sink or swim. They swam—but not thanks to France.

And so one has the anomaly of a race French, yet not French. A race of people virile and sturdy and rapidly expanding, speaking the French of several hundred years ago, obeying the same old religious laws, possessing the typical French virtues of thrift and industry, the same worship of family life—yet who repudiate France, never visit it, and regard only the soil on which they settled four hundred years ago as their country and their home.

I wonder—I very much wonder—whether it was not, after all, rather a waste of time for Wolfe to trouble to gain Quebec for England in 1759? Unless my own impressions, as well as the considered opinion of many Canadian senators, business men, newspaper men and the like to whom I talked during my tour in Canada, are all alike wrong, the time is rapidly approaching when not only Quebec and Ottawa and Montreal, but the entire North of Canada will be French.

I repeat, I do not mean French in the sense of belonging to the France of to-day. I mean French in all essentials—French in heart, in tastes, in views, in morals. French—yet not French. A new race born of Old France and fostered under the mother-wing of England. A race that in its industry, its thrift, its fecundity, must at last inherit the land—or so, at least, the signs that run at the moment seem to read.

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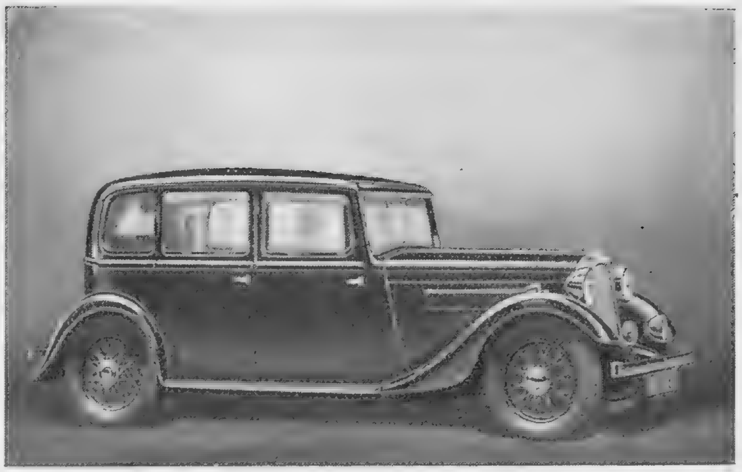

ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS

"I was in one of the new Rover Twelves last week and I began to wonder whether six cylinders are really necessary in cars about that size. I have been driving a Rover Six since 1933 and have thought I had the smoothest of all engines. The new Twelve is every bit as smooth over 20 m.p.h., and below that speed smoother than most sixes. Its performance seems to be even better than my Fourteen, while the comfort in the back seats, due to the seating accommodation being within the wheelbase, is remarkable."

The Autocar, Oct. 11th, 1935.

Top illustration:—Rover 12 H.P. Saloon £278
Below:—Like others of the Rover range, the 12 H.P. engine develops approximately four times its rated horse power. Its smoothness is largely due to flexible mountings and a 3-bearing counterbalanced crankshaft

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THE ROVER COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY

London Showrooms: Henly's Ltd.
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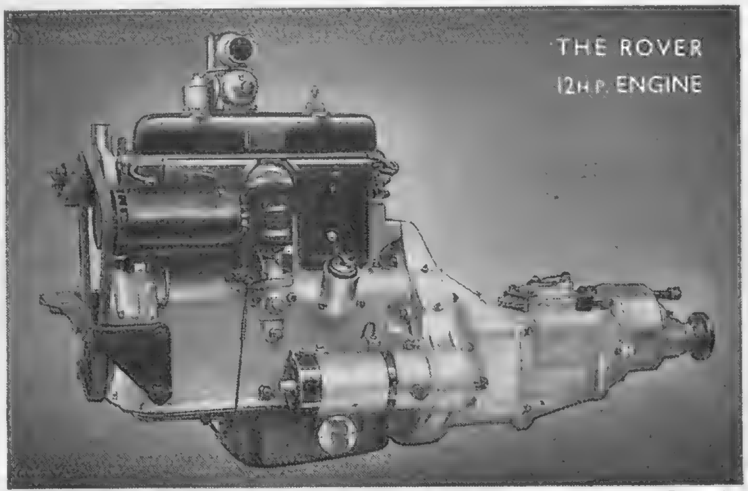

CVS—172

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Two-seater ..	4	2	0	4	14	4
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"Ruby" Fixed Head Saloon	4	14	5	5	8	7
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"Nippy" Sports Two-seater ..	5	13	8	6	10	8
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"Clifton" Two-seater	6	6	5	7	5	5
"Open Road" Tourer	6	6	5	7	5	5
"Lichfield" Fixed Head Saloon ..	6	6	5	7	5	5
"Lichfield" Saloon	7	0	0	8	1	0
"Colwyn" Cabriolet	7	2	5	8	3	10
"Ripley" Sports Tourer	8	12	0	9	17	10
Austin Light Twelve-Four						
Van	6	18	0	7	18	9
"Eton" Two-seater	7	10	5	8	13	0
"Open Road" Tourer	7	10	5	8	13	0
"Ascot" Fixed Head Saloon	7	10	5	8	13	0
"Ascot" Saloon ..	8	6	5	9	11	5
Austin Light Twelve-Six						
Van	7	12	0	8	14	10
"Eton" Two-seater	8	4	0	9	8	8
"Open Road" Tourer	8	4	0	9	8	8
"Ascot" Fixed Head Saloon	8	4	0	9	8	8
"Ascot" Saloon ..	9	0	0	10	7	0
"Kempton" Sports Saloon	11	16	0	13	11	6
Austin Light Twelve-Six						
Van	7	12	0	8	14	10
"Eton" Two-seater	8	12	0	9	17	10
"Open Road" Tourer	8	12	0	9	17	10
"Ascot" Fixed Head Saloon	8	12	0	9	17	10
"Ascot" Saloon ..	9	8	0	10	16	3
"Kempton" Sports Saloon	12	4	0	14	0	8

HIRE and DRIVE YOURSELF
NEW AUSTIN SALOONS
48/6 per week for 3 months

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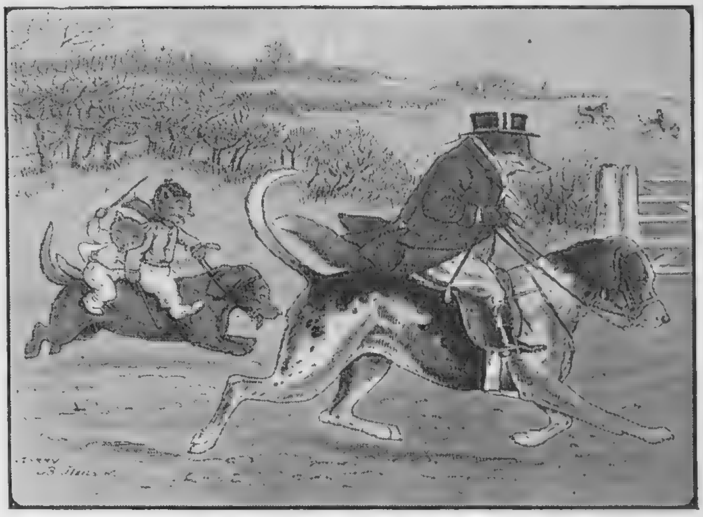
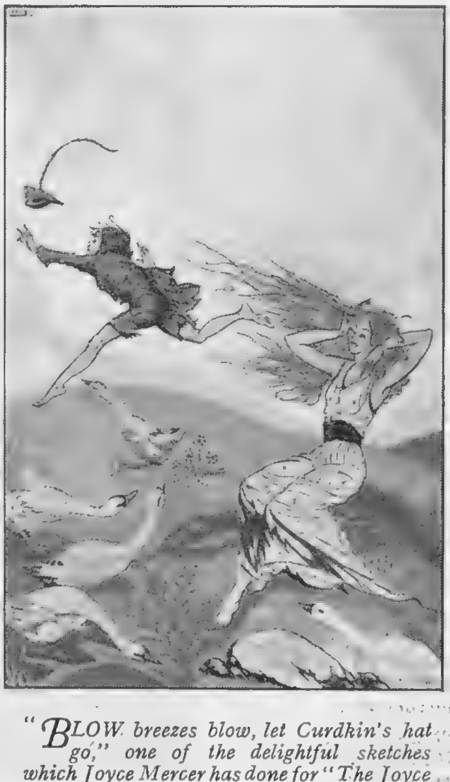
Nieces, Nephews and Grandchildren

IN a world where everything is changing so fast that one has to watch it all the time, it is tempting to say that children's Christmas books and annuals remain consolingly constant—tempting, but unsafe. For they, too, move with the times. Twenty-five years ago, the *Girls' Annual* and the *Boys' Annual* (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d. each) would have been two strongly contrasted volumes. Now, quite rightly, the stories in the two compilations are not dissimilar, and the chief difference may be said to be that in one case the illustrations show girls, in the other boys. It couldn't be otherwise in an age when young men and young women have so often the same interests. Both these handsome annuals contain a number of exciting stories of school life and holiday adventure, and both have seven large coloured plates, as well as numerous illustrations in black and white.



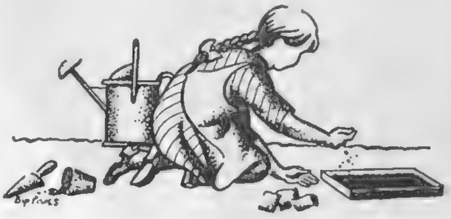
ONE of Harry B. Neilson's illustrations to "The Fox's Frolic"

For younger children, whose age has not yet reached double figures, there are separate productions. Uncles and aunts will, no doubt, continue to give books which are either despised by the young recipients or else have to be put away for a year by well-meaning parents; but there is less excuse for them than ever. *Wise Owl's Story*, by Alison Uttley, with pictures by Margaret Tempest (Collins, 2s. 6d.), is a pretty little book, and any niece who isn't delighted with it can be left out in future. *Hutchinson's Children's Annual* (2s. 6d.), contains a dozen stories as well as several narrative poems and plenty of illustrations, including some by Miss Joyce Mercer. More of this artist's charming work is to be found in *The Joyce Mercer Edition of Andersen and Grimm* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). This is a delightful production, well printed and—it must be said again—particularly well illustrated by an artist with a genuine sense of colour and design. What is the fairy tale age? Nobody knows. Some children never care for them, and some never grow out of them. Here are twenty-five of Hans Andersen's and thirty-six of Grimm's. Andersen has always had the bigger reputation, but it is questionable whether the Dane has won the hearts of more nursery listeners than the German brothers who, by twenty years, preceded him. This is the sort of volume which parents pick up and "dip" into, and are still, an hour later, "dipping" into. Unless, that is—which is more likely—the children have taken it up with them to bed.



"BLOW breezes blow, let Curdkin's hat go," one of the delightful sketches which Joyce Mercer has done for "The Joyce Mercer Edition of Andersen and Grimm"

DON'T leave the bookshop without looking at *The Fox's Frolic* (Collins, 5s.), Sir Francis Burnand's rhymed story of a day with the Topsy Turvy Hunt, with illustrations by Harry B. Neilson. The pleasantly old-fashioned air of this production is well calculated to appeal to the taste of the most conservative section of the entire public—namely, the very young. It will provide yet another common interest binding grandchildren and grandparents together. And how the grandparents do enjoy that sensation of alliance with the very young!



AN illustration from "The Children's Garden"

Recent additions to the Newnes Bluebird Library (2s. 6d.) are *The Hand and the Glove*, by Guntz Hadath; *Up to Val*, by May Wynne; *Ghosts of the Spanish Main*, by Draycott M. Dell; *Beryl the Rebel*, by Don Chapman; and *Lefty-Lone Scout*, by F. Hadyn Dimmock.

The Children's Garden, by Enid Blyton (Newnes, 5s.), is an entirely new kind of children's book. A volume packed full of all the valuable advice and information associated with garden encyclopædias, but written down in simple and fascinating style by a lover of children and a gardening expert. A suitable gift-book for a child at any time of the year.

The Wandering Whipsnaders, by George Wright (Hutchinson, 5s.), is a modern story of nine happy and healthy children who spend a holiday (*Continued on page 168*)

LE TOUQUET

Christmas Season

December 21st to January 2nd

CASINO de la FORÊT

Roulette **Baccarat**

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HERMITAGE & WESTMINSTER

WILL BE OPEN

HUNTING WITH LE TOUQUET DRAG HOUNDS

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR GALA NIGHTS

GOLF TOURNAMENT

"I don't want promises, young man,

I want facts"

There is only one sensible way to buy a car and that is the one way in which Studebaker is sold—on FACTS . . . and facts alone. No need to make wild claims for the Studebaker. The following facts in themselves challenge comparison with cars costing hundreds of pounds more :-

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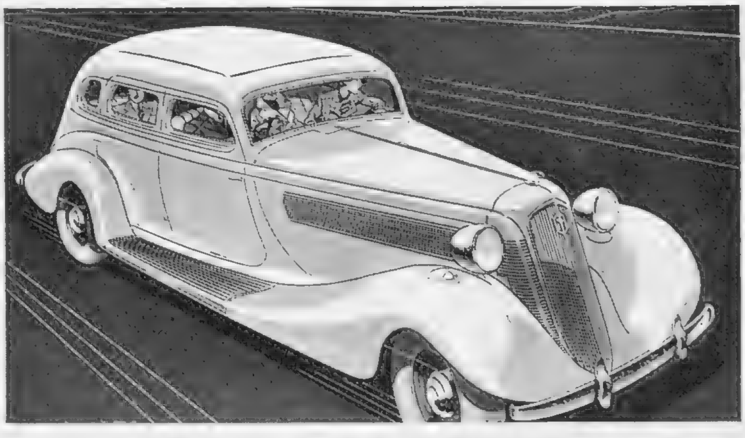

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'I never believe in forcing children to eat...'

SAYS LADY MURIEL BECKWITH

Lady Muriel's own recipe:

Lady Muriel Beckwith, the sister of the late Duke of Richmond, is an enthusiast for good cooking. She is about to publish a fascinating book of her own recipes.

"I never believe in forcing children to eat," says Lady Muriel. "If they're difficult about meat and vegetables—and they generally are—I would never worry so long as there's a really nourishing pudding to follow. They'll always eat that!

"I must say, when it comes to thinking of tempting ideas for the sweet course, I find Birds Custard the greatest help. It's by far the most delicious and nourishing custard you can serve with stewed fruit or tarts. Many people, I find, prefer it to egg custard, because of its wonderful smoothness and greater digestibility. But you can use Birds in so many ways. Milk puddings, for instance, are much more popular if you make them with Birds! I wish I had room to tell you about all my other discoveries. However, I'll give you one well-tried recipe. I'm sure you'll like it. It's a family favourite with us."

GINGER CUSTARD

1 pt. pkt. or 2 measures of Birds Custard, $\frac{3}{4}$ pt. of milk, 2 ozs. sugar, 6 lumps of drained preserved ginger (about 3 ozs.), 2 tablespoons of ginger syrup.

Add the ginger syrup to the $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of milk and make the Birds Custard in the usual way. Cut the ginger into small pieces and mix into the custard. Allow to cool for a few minutes and pour into a glass dish or custard glasses.

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!

Oh, by the way, I hear Birds are offering a large free sample of their well-known Blancmange—enough for three full pints, in three flavours. I needn't tell you how delicious it is—it's Birds! All you have to do is to send your address and part of an empty packet of Birds Custard to Birds, Dept. A.14, Thames House, Millbank, London.

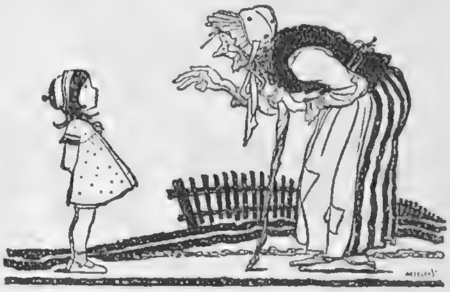
IT'S THE FLAVOUR THAT MAKES IT THE FAVOURITE!

BIRDS CUSTARD

... is smoother ... has more nourishment!

caravanning. They meet with many adventures by the way, some amusing, some thrilling. They enjoy themselves and they bring pleasure and profit to others at the same time—which is as it should be.

Beyond the Blue Mountains, by Ebba L. Hoffman (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.). A collection of new fairy tales by a Scandinavian authoress. Their imaginative and symbolic qualities are reminiscent of the works of Andersen and Grimm, and every child will find in them the same attractions as in the established classical stories. There are many illustrations which have the characteristic charm of Continental art at its best.



A LINE decoration from "Beyond the Blue Mountains"

The Red Pirate, by Percy F. Westerman (Blackie, 6s.), is a story of treachery under the waves. An exciting story in which some pirate submarines, when within an ace of success, meet with a just retribution. The book is illustrated with some excellent drawings by Rowland Hilder.

Will You Come to My Party?

(*Continued from page 81*)

broaden the home menu and let the epicurean learn something of the making of sweets and goodies as well as of eating them, attaching the idea of work to the pleasures of the table.

The child who fears bangs and noise is the most awkwardly placed of all, though even here seeing the confidence of other children may be useful. A kindly nannie is a great help as escort, watching that crackers are not pulled across his place at tea and perhaps putting her hand over his, or his on hers, to help him to find courage to pull a cracker and make the "bang" himself. (It is often a valuable factor in overcoming fear if the child feels it can *make*, that is control, the thing it fears.)

Happily many families get through the party season much more easily. Parties do provide children with the early lessons of giving and receiving presents, or acting as host or hostess, with all the responsibilities to guests that this entails. Older children may even learn something about the catering too. About clothes there is value to little children in learning to wear their party clothes easily and without self-consciousness or affectation.

There may in some families be too many parties even for the robust, since no child should have too many delayed bedtimes. But even here the young people will cooperate with very good sense if it is put to them fairly.

Call a "Committee" at the beginning of the season and decide definitely how many parties per month can be allowed. Then if the invitations exceed this, there is no sense of injustice, even if there is natural disappointment. The Committee will accept its own ruling.

LEN CHALONER.

Hand Knit Gifts

(*Continued from page 91*)

SCARF (*cont.*)

Then repeat rows 1 to 4 without inc. for 17 inches.

Then inc. one stitch each end of every 4th row until 57 sts. on pin. Repeat the first 10 rows as other end. Cast off.

Work a row of double crochet down each side of scarf.

Press with warm iron and damp cloth.

Cords

Take 3 strands of contrasting coloured wool and 2 strands of main colour. Twist very tightly, fold over into a cord. Run these cords through holes, tie in a knot each end.

GLOVES

(*Both hands alike.*)

Gauntlets

With 2 No. 12 pins cast on 81 sts. and work the first 10 rows of pat. as for scarf ends.

Now repeat rows 1 to 10, decreasing one stitch each end of 1st, 3rd and 5th rows until 57 sts. remain.

Then continue without decrease until 4½ inches from start. Cast off.

Hands

Arrange 51 sts. on three pins—18 sts., 18 sts., 15 sts.

Work in the following pat. :—

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—P. 2, K. 1, repeat to end of row.

3rd row.—K.

4th row.—P. 1, K. 2, repeat to end of row.

Work one pattern (4 rows). Then shape for lower part of thumb.

1st round.—K. twice into first stitch, K. 1. K twice into next stitch, work to end of round.

Work rounds 2 to 4 of pattern. (Keeping first 4 sts. on first pin in Stocking Stitch—1 row. Knit 1 row Purl.)

5th round.—K. twice into first stitch, K. 3. K twice into next stitch. Knit to end of round.

Work rounds 2 to 4 of pattern. (Keeping 6 sts. of first pin in Stocking Stitch.)

9th round.—K. twice into first stitch, K. 7. K twice into next stitch. Knit to end of round.

Work rounds 2 to 4 of pattern. (Keeping 8 sts. of first pin in Stocking Stitch.)

13th round.—K. twice into first stitch, K. 9. K. twice into next stitch. Knit to end of round.

Work rounds 2 to 4 of pattern. (Keeping 10 sts. of first pin in Stocking Stitch.)

17th round.—K. twice in first stitch, K. 11. K. twice into next stitch. Knit to end of round.

Work rounds 2 to 4 of pattern. (Keeping 12 sts. of first pin in Stocking Stitch.)

21st round.—K. twice into the first stitch, K. 13. K. twice into the next stitch. Work to end of round.

Work rounds 2 to 4 of pattern. (Keeping 14 sts. of first pin in Stocking Stitch.)

25th round.—K. twice into first stitch, K. 15. K. twice into next stitch. Work to end of round.

Work rounds 2 to 4 of pattern. (Keeping 16 sts. of first pin in Stocking Stitch.)

Now slip the first 16 sts. from first pin on a thread ** to form thumb. Cast on 2 sts. (51 sts. now). Repeat rounds 1 to 4 for 2 inches.

Forefinger

Take 7 sts. from last pin and 7 sts. from first pin. Cast on 3 sts. (17 sts.), arrange on 3 pins (6, 6 and 5). Slip remaining 37

(*Continued on page 170*)

"LOVELINESS FROM NOW TILL YOU'RE SEVENTY"

says Elizabeth Bock, the world's oldest Beauty Specialist

Really, you can't get away from it. Elizabeth Bock, the world's oldest Beauty Scientist, at seventy odd has a skin like a girl of seventeen—well, if she could promise you the same thing, you wouldn't ask more, would you? And she can. She did it for beauties in the 'nineties; she's doing it for thousands of exquisite women in every capital in Europe. And she'll do it for you.

Elizabeth Bock has behind her seventy years' experience in making and keeping women beautiful. There are grandmothers to-day who are still lovely because of the Bock regime, and their granddaughters are maintaining their loveliness by the same tried and proved methods. Nearly all beauty methods to-day are based on the Elizabeth Bock principles founded over half a century ago.

There are just two ways about it. If you can come to 4 Berkeley Square (Elizabeth Bock House) you are sure of a long, illuminating discussion with a personal Elizabeth Bock trained consultant. If you cannot, then follow the instructions as they're set out in a little book "The Path to Beauty" (for which please send—it's quite free) and watch your complexion grow, in a day or two, younger, just a little bit more lovely, a shade more transparent.

In Scotland, Elizabeth Bock preparations may be obtained from Pass & Son of Edinburgh and Leon of Glasgow.

Elizabeth Bock

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VIENNA · BERLIN · PRAGUE · ZURICH · AMSTERDAM

VITAMIN CREAM, 15/-: Containing vitamin D, the latest production of E.B. cosmetics. Use when there is no sun for stimulating the skin, to prevent and eradicate lines and for the attainment of a radiantly fresh and healthy complexion.

PASTA DIVINA 4/-, 7/-: Skin nourishing cream for richening the complexion. Restores the bloom of youth. Supersensitive skins, supplied unscented.

PASTEURISED CREAM, 5/-: Ideal for the refinement and strengthening of tissues. Recommended for oily skin at night and for dry skin at day.

SPECIAL SKIN TONIC, 5/-: Liquid cleanser for dry skin for the women with a preference for using Lotions.

CLEANSING CREAM, 4/6, 8/-: A light, fragrant cream, deeply penetrating. Removes all impurities. For oily skin use . . .

CLEANSING LOTION, 6/-: Saturate a pad of cotton wool and cleanse in upward movement. Restores radiant freshness.

LOTION DIVINA, 4/-, 7/6: For toning and stimulating the blood circulation. Serves to firm and tighten the muscles. Advised after cleansing.

ASTRINGENT LOTION, 8/-: The last step in the Elizabeth Bock method is to close the pores and to restore relaxed contours. Now follows make-up. For dry skin pat gently in the non-greasy . . .

LOTION WELDA, 6/-: A wonderful powder base, slightly antiseptic. Preserves the ultra-sensitive skin from sunrays.

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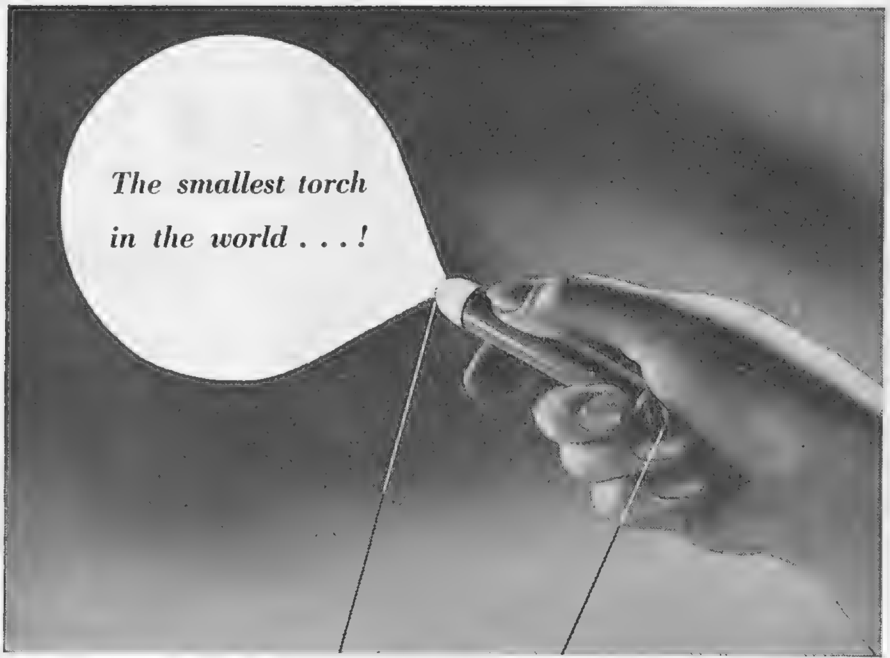
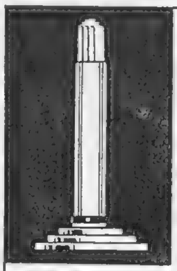


Not much larger than a lip-stick the 'Opalite' is a really 'baggable' size. It gives a cheerful little private glow for finding kerbs and key-holes, and saves foot-faults in those bedrooms where the light switches off from the door.

Its small size and coloured enamelled finish makes the 'Opalite' the sort of handy little light that you are glad to keep about you. But a word of warning—we see now that 'baggable' was rather too suggestive a word. Show your 'Opalite' to your friends by all means—but take care that they *buy* theirs.



NEW! lights when you lift it—*Add to this a soft diffused glow, stylish dull oxidised silver finish, a band with luminous paint (so you see it in the dark), a lock-switch to keep it permanently on if you wish, and you realise why the 'Ever Ready' Candlelite is the perfect Christmas present—especially where there are children.*

'CANDLELITE' PRICE **5/-**

EVER READY
REGD. TRADE MARK

'OPALITE' 2/-

Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

Radio sets are better sets with— EVER READY RADIO BATTERIES

THE EVER READY CO. (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, LONDON, N.7

sts. of hand on thread. (*Now work all in Stocking Stitch.*) Work on these 17 sts. of forefinger for 2½ inches.

Shape Top

K. 1, K. 2 tog. to end of round. Work one round. K. 2 tog. to end of round. Draw up stitches with needle and wool.

2nd Finger

Take 6 sts. from front of hand, pick up and knit 3 sts. from cast-on sts. of forefinger. Take 6 sts. from back of hand. Cast on 3 sts. (18 sts.) (*Work in all Stocking Stitch*). Work for 2¾ inches. Shape top and finish as for forefinger.

3rd Finger

Take 6 sts. from front of hand, pick up and knit 3 sts. from cast-on stitches of 2nd finger. Take 6 sts. from back of hand, cast on 2 sts. Work as for forefinger.

4th Finger

Take remaining 13 sts. from hand, pick up and knit 3 sts. from cast-on stitches of 3rd finger. (*Work all in Stocking Stitch.*)

Work for 2¼ ins.

Shape top and finish as for forefinger.

Thumb

Take 16 sts. from thread, as from ** pick up and knit 3 sts. from cast-on stitches.

(*Work in Stocking Stitch.*) Work for 2½ ins. Shape top and finish as for forefinger.

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew gauntlets to gloves. Make cords as for scarf and run in holes as for scarf.

BABY'S BONNET (*cont.*)

1st row.—K. 5, * P. to the end of the row.

2nd row.—K. 5, M. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 3, repeat from * to the last 5 sts., P. 5.

3rd row.—P. to the last 5 sts., K. 5.

4th row.—P. 5, * K. 1, M. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 2, repeat from * to the last 5 sts., K. 5.

5th row.—K. 5, P. to the end of the row.

6th row.—K. 5, * K. 3, K. 2 tog., M. 1, repeat from * to the last 5 sts., P. 5.

7th row.—As 3rd row.

8th row.—P. 5, * K. 2, K. 2 tog., M. 1, K. 1, repeat from * to the last 5 sts., K. 5.

Continue these 8 rows for 5 ins.

Then shape Back, all in garter stitch :—

1st, 2nd and 3rd rows.—All K.

4th row.—*K. 3, M. 1, K. 3 tog., K. 3, repeat from * to end of row (80 sts.).

K. 3 rows without dec.

8th row.—*K. 2, M. 1, K. 3 tog., K. 3, repeat from * to end of row (70 sts.).

K. 3 rows without dec.

12th row.—* K. 2, M. 1, K. 3 tog., K. 2, repeat from * to end of row (60 sts.).

K. 3 rows without dec.

16th row.—* K. 2, M. 1, K. 3 tog., K. 1, repeat from * to end of row (50 sts.).

K. 1 row without dec.

18th row.—* K. 3, K. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row (40 sts.).

K. next row.

20th row.—* K. 1, M. 1, K. 3 tog., repeat from * to end of row (30 sts.).

K. next row.

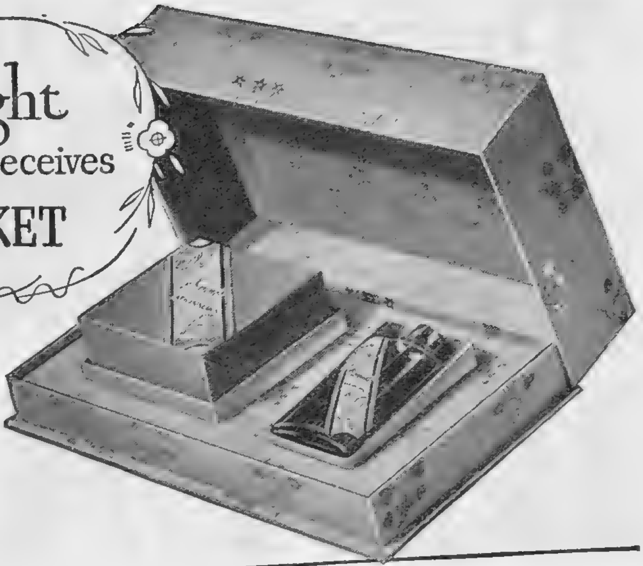
22nd row.—K. 2 tog. all along the row.

Draw up, sewing 3 ins. for back seam.

Rosettes

8 chain join into ring. Work 10 double crochet into ring. 1 double crochet, 3 chain, 1 double crochet into 1st double crochet. Turn with 1 chain. 6 double crochet into the ring of 3 chain. Turn, with 1 chain. (*Continued on page 172*)

See her instant delight
and real appreciation when *she* receives an ATKINSONS GIFT CASKET



No present could be more certain of a sincere welcome than an Atkinsons Gift Casket. What could express your good wishes more charmingly than Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne or Lavender Water—both world famous for over a century—and soap or other exquisite things with the same perfumes? Particularly when they are so handsomely set in a specially designed Christmas Gift Casket. Caskets with famous Atkinson perfumes are equally acceptable—e.g., as illustrated, Sonnet Perfume and Face Powder (No. 3511) at 3/6, or larger size at 6/- (No. 3513). A few others are described below, and your nearest chemist will have a full list.

She is sure to like Casket No. 3503, containing a bottle of Atkinsons Flower Perfume and a No. 24 Face Powder Compact. The casket itself has a delicate flower pattern on a beige-tinted ground. 5/-.

Here's an excellent present for a man—Gift Casket No. 3531, containing a mahogany-coloured Bakelite Shaving Bowl and a tin of Eau-de-Cologne talcum powder, 5/-. This may also be had perfumed with English Lavender at the same price (No. 3532).

Every woman knows and admires Atkinsons Eau-de-Cologne and English Lavender Water. And here is a Gift Casket containing one bottle of each. Obtainable in three sizes at 3/3 (No. 3522), 5/6 (No. 3533), and 9/6 (No. 3539).

BY APPOINTMENT BY APPOINTMENT

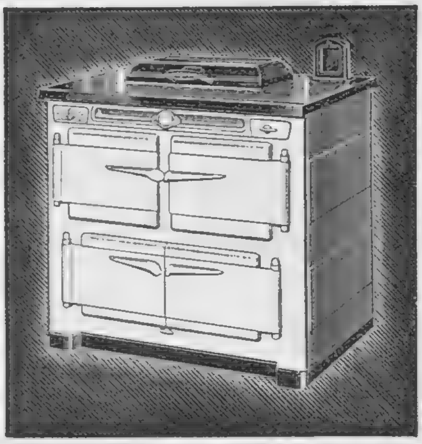
ATKINSONS

24 Old Bond Street, W.1

AG 17-11-100

J. & E. Atkinson Limited

THE *ESSE* MINOR brings Heat Storage Cookery into the smaller home



To meet the demand following the success of the PREMIER ESSE, we are now marketing a new model —the ESSE MINOR—to serve the needs of smaller families. It burns anthracite or other smokeless solid fuel and will save as much as 4/5ths on your present fuel bill. There is a large roasting oven and a simmering oven with a baking compartment.

Price from £45. Available in a variety of colours. British in design and manufacture. Fully guaranteed.

Write for full particulars and address of nearest Stockist to Dept. B.E.I

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY
BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND PROPRIETORS SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD.
London Showrooms: 11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4 (Est. 1854)

ESSE-MINOR

British Patents Nos. 370680 ; 390119 ; 390674 ; 390749 and Licensed under British Patents Nos. 205071 and 332444.

FOR WEEK-END OR PERMANENT RESIDENCE

A Timber Bungalow '*as dry as one could wish for*'

WAY up in the North a home has to withstand extreme weather conditions. An owner, writing from Scotland, says this of his Boulton & Paul Bungalow:

"About three years ago I purchased a 3-apartment Bungalow from you for erection in Stockton, Ross-shire. It has braved the elements of the North splendidly. I only go there in summer, and each year has proved its worth. It is as dry as one could wish for; no damp or even dust."—M.D.C., Glasgow.

Have YOUR Bungalow or Residence built by Boulton & Paul Ltd. Weather resisting and attractive, it will cost little to maintain, and will endure. Boulton & Paul Bungalows are made from multiple units, and so can be enlarged or removed and re-erected should circumstances so dictate.

Built above the Straits of Anglesey.

Send for Catalogue 413, which illustrates various types and over 50 plans.

Boulton & Paul Ltd., Norwich

LONDON OFFICE: 139 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4

There is no food as cheap, or that creates energy as certainly, as

BREAD

and there is no substitute for it.

Eat plenty of Bread at every meal

C.F.H.132

BABY'S PRESENT

Months **BEFORE** and **AFTER** Baby toddles the **"LITTLE BUFFER"** affords needful exercise. Makes him independent. While Baby is strengthening his little legs, with unbounded delight he moves his chair in all directions and picks up his toys. A most instructive device. Gives Baby confidence and makes him self-reliant. "Buffer" Babies are never fretful, but always full of fun. At mealtime Mother adds the **detachable food-tray**.

CONTENT

	Polished.	*White or Coloured.*
No. 3 Favourite Size...	19/6	21/6
Commode 3 A (double seat)	23/6	25/6
Detachable Food Tray ...	6/-	6/6

PACKS FOR POST

Postage: U.K. FREE, Europe 4/-, Overseas, 6/6, S. Af. 8/3.

BABY BUFFERS
Makers of Children's Furniture
(Dept. B.E.6), 82, Leighton Rd., LONDON, N.W.5
Write for Catalogue

'Phone: GULLIVER 5095.

Hand *Knit* Gifts

1 double crochet into next 2 double crochet. 2 double crochet into next 2 double crochet. 1 double crochet into the next double crochet. Slip st. into next double crochet.

Repeat this petal 4 times more. Make another the same. Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew on Rosettes and Ribbon.

Undelivered Christmas Mail

(*Continued from page* 19)

evoke. I want reality. I want a home, a baby, a rich, normal emotional and physical life. The years that the locust hath eaten can never be returned to us, but I will make *any* sacrifice to secure what is left. I want to live fully and to live with you—or be done with the torture of living indefinitely on hope and love-letters. I adore you, but I am beginning to feel resentment against you and it is my starved womanhood crying out in me. Marry me, even if we have to watch every penny. I will be gay and economically clever and gorgeously at rest and at peace in a home of my own."

There was more of it, stark, honest stuff.

With a tiny shrug Carl Barbusse bent forward and consigned it to the flames. An opened letter was impossible. A letter that failed to arrive at Christmas was quite possible.

The second letter was from the wife, an elderly married couple who seemed tired, affluent and excellent comrades. It began:

"My dearest Mother, I am afraid this letter is going to be a sad shock to you, but I can deceive you no longer. These ten years of deception have been a slow, ugly nightmare.

"Francis and I are not married.

"His wife, who was a Roman Catholic and would not divorce him, died at six o'clock yesterday morning." [Barbusse remembered a telegram being taken up to their room before breakfast.]

"I know how strong your religious principles are, my dearest little mother, how passionately you feel on these subjects, but Francis's wife was a *bad* woman. For years, until he met me, she made his life a living hell. I loved him truly and deeply, as I do still. To me he has ever been a gentle, true lover and a kind and faithful friend. We tried to keep apart, to remember principles and ethics, but little mattered but that we should be together and make of life what we could. I do not regret. Father died without knowing. That has always saddened and oppressed me. I feel, rightly or wrongly, dearest, that it is your *right* to know. We shall be married when we come to you in the New Year."

He bent forward and put the letter and envelope in the heart of the fire.

Now they would probably be legally married before mother "knew." In a way, he reflected cynically, he was a friend in disguise. He registered slight, very slight, astonishment, remembering the type to which the correspondence belonged.

He opened the third letter, the envelope with the handwriting least resembling the "copy" he held in his hand.

It was the one he sought, and it contained the receipt for the hospitality his new hotel had extended to the "guilty pair."

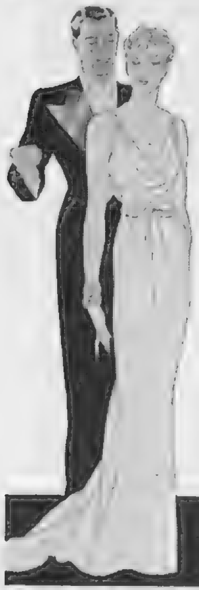
Tolerant of all immorality and only mildly amused at all divergences from normality, Carl Barbusse had not the slightest hesitation in his attitude to the pretty porcelain Shelley and her splendidly built escort. If he could have publicly vilified and humiliated them he would have done so.

He glared at the letter to "Hughie" white with rage.

It threatened the fair name of his demure hotel which sought its guests among the smug, the well-established.

Well, this letter and this damning receipt as evidence would certainly never be delivered. His mind picked lightly over probable eventualities. He could instruct his staff to say they had

(*Continued on page* 174)



The secrets of Vionnet, Lanvin, Schiaparelli for Eve's evening chic are out. Ranging from marvels of colour from the Florentines, classic draperies of the Greeks, to the sophisticated lines for the young slenders. Abbott's with twelve Paris Salons, are ready with shoes to blend or contrast as the style demands.

[illegible] 21/9

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

[illegible]

ABBOTT'S

"Don't worry . . . he'll turn the corner on Brand's"

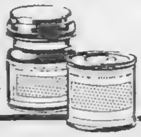
Brand's gives the gentle stimulus necessary to start up the natural powers of recovery. It is heartening to see the revival of interest, the response of an exhausted patient to the coaxing effects of Brand's Essence.

In sickness give

BRAND'S
BEEF OR CHICKEN
ESSENCE

Brand's revives strength

WHEN YOU VISIT A SICKROOM, TAKE BRAND'S WITH YOU



From chemists everywhere

WOODROW LTD.
46, Piccadilly, London, W1

By Appointment

54 B. & E. "The Rosaline." The line of brim is the feature of this graceful model of finest quality silk velvet in Briarwood brown, with Ostrich feather trimming to match, **69/6.** This hat is feather-weight and can be supplied in any size or colour to order. Catalogue on Application. *Phone:* Regent 0189

A selection can be had on approval on receipt of London trade reference, or an amount on deposit

For
FACE & HANDS

A beautiful, soft whiteness can be quickly restored to a coarse complexion and red, chapped hands by the regular use of Larola. This well-known cream, rubbed into the face and hands, soothes out all roughness and redness and fully protects your skin from harsh weather conditions. It keeps one fresh and trim during the longest day. If you wish for real loveliness and skin comfort, start this sensible daily beauty care now. Larola is suitable for all types of skins and forms a perfect base for powder.

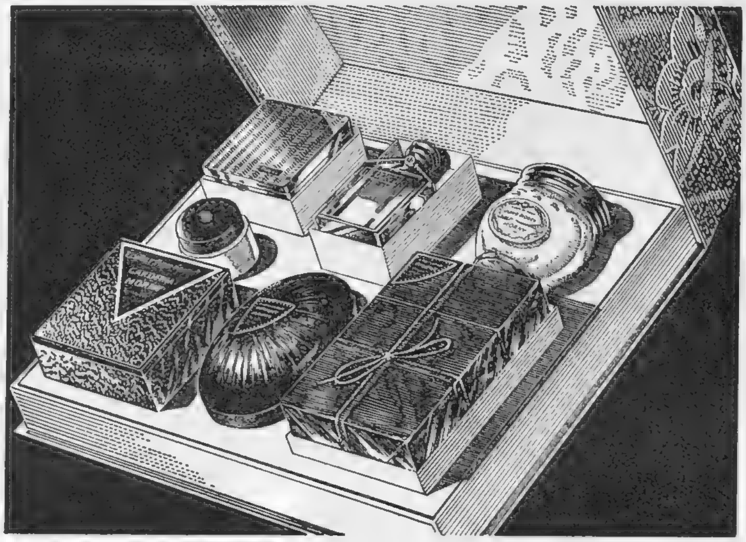
1/6 & 2/6 a bottle

LAROLA SOAP. In boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/-. Single Tablets 8d.

LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge), the Natural Tint. Sifter Boxes, with Puff, 1/- and 2/6.

BEETHAM'S
Larola

From all Chemists and Stores or post free in U.K. from
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND
Write for a copy of the informative Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," sent free



Morny Gift Sets are an inspiration—and a tribute. It may be a small tribute to a casual acquaintance or a generous offering to someone very dear. In either event it will be a gift proudly bought and still more proudly received.

There are more than 250 Morny Gift Sets in 4 different Christmas presentations for you to choose from at prices from **3/- to 10 Guineas.**

In the famous Morny odours — Chaminade, Gardenia, June Roses, Pink Lilac, Tentation.

Obtainable where all good things are sold.

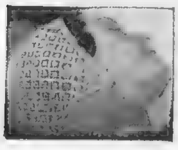
ASK TO SEE MORNY GIFTS FOR MEN

MORNY

REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

The Home of British Perfumery

"I'VE TRIED ALL WAYS OF LOSING MY DOUBLE CHIN HOW DID YOU DO IT"
"REMIND ME TO SHOW YOU THE MAGIC WAND WHEN WE GET HOME."
"NOW—THIS IS THE HALO CHIN REDUCING STRAP HELMET —— IT REDUCES CHINS WHILE YOU SLEEP"
"HOW AMAZINGLY SIMPLE—I MUST GET ONE!"
LATER
"WHY DARLING YOU'RE LOOKING YOUNGER EVERY DAY, AND WHERE'S THAT—ER—SUPERFLUOUS CHIN"
"LITERALLY VANISHED IN THE NIGHT."



The use of Lastex yarn for the Cap and for the Chin Strap gives this "Halo" Helmet gentle, persistent, effective elasticity with no uncomfortable pull. Sold by BOOTS, Hairdressers, Drapers, Stores, in six pastel shades. Price 3/11. Look for the "Halo" tab, it's on all our products. Refuse substitutes.

If unobtainable, please write direct to Sales Department :

BYARD MANUFACTURING Co. Ltd.,
Castle Boulevard, Nottingham.

HALO 3138 CHIN REDUCING STRAP HELMET

never seen the couple before. No, that was dangerous. With relief he remembered a little Jew lawyer he had had occasion to employ before.

His was a resourceful and twisted mind.

Leaning forward, with his teeth clenched, he threw Shelley's letter and the hotel receipt into the heart of the fire.

STEPHEN KING woke on Christmas morning in a bedroom with red paper, and glared at thick blotting-paper pink curtains; and for the first time he saw himself fantastically as the grub that went on being a grub and had never turned into a butterfly, and tasted the joys of summer flight, flowers and real life.

The simile crashing irresistibly through his subconscious mind and working its way to the surface startled him. It was curiously unlike the Stephen King he had always known.

He lay in bed luxuriating in the thought that he had not to go to the office, and he thought of the woman he had been engaged to for years. He thought of her quite frankly as another grub who had never turned into a butterfly, and he was shot with the very passion of pity and tenderness for her.

He lay there thinking of the happiness, the companionship, the unknown and only guest at joys they might have experienced together. It seemed to him that in his blindness he had renounced a fair kingdom.

He went down to breakfast in a dining-room with red paper identical with the bedroom, and sage green serge curtains.

For the first time for years there was no letter from the woman to whom he was engaged.

He ate no breakfast. There had fallen on him a curious grey dumbness and at the bottom of it, within the little coil of his suddenly awakened imagination, was FEAR.

What if the two grubs never turned into chrysalides and became butterflies?

The process of becoming butterflies incurred obligations, responsibility which he, far more than she, had shirked.

There was an old-fashioned telephone in the hall. He rang up the enquiry bureau and found a train which would take him to Claverminster. It would not get him there before half-past ten that night. He did not care, squirming frantically within his unbroken chrysalis.

"Going away for Christmas after all, Mr. King?" his landlady said.

"Yes, I have changed my mind. I'm going away for Christmas."

He had never felt so alive in all his life as on that railway journey though the bare landscape. He was cold and he was hungry and physically he was miserable, and yet he was burningly, brightly alive mentally and emotionally.

He was in love as he had never been.

Hundreds of incidents of their long association crept back into his memory, charged with a glamour, a significance and a beauty they had never known.

It was quarter to eleven when he actually entered the hotel vestibule. His ladylove sat in a big armchair reading. Her old lady had gone to bed. She did not look unhappy.

He walked right up to her and he said strange words for a man of his type in an hotel lounge.

"You've got to marry me. I've had enough of this. We're getting married next week."

She looked at him. It was as if her face was being polished under his eyes. It was as if the tarnish of years was slowly being wiped away. It was the face of a young girl that smiled up at him rather whitely.

"You got my letter?"

He said: "Yes, yes. I got your letter, darling."

He had already forgotten he had received no letter that morning. His life had been full of letters from her. At that moment, in his heightened state of excitement and imagination, those letters seemed like millions of buds that had fallen from the tree of life without opening.

(Continued on page 176)

'MARSHALLGRADE'

CARDIGANS
AND
PULL-OVERS

Two extremely practical answers to the perplexing problem of "What to give."

All enquiries by post receive prompt and careful attention.

'Marshallgrade'. Cashmere Pull-over and Cardigan to match. Pull-over made in dainty lace stitch design, plain Cardigan with two pockets. Large range of colours.

4 stock sizes and outsizes. Navy, Black, Nigger, Burgundy, Grey, Bottle, Blue, Cherry, Natural and White.
Each garment **25/-**

'Marshallgrade' Pure Cashmere Pull-over "classic design." Owing to the amazing business, this House is able to offer Cashmere Cardigans and Pull-overs at a very low price, quality and shape more perfect than ever shown.

Nigger, Cherry, Pink, Grey, Oatmeal, Bottle, Mist, Glamis, Burgundy, Primrose.
4 Stock sizes **25/-**
Outsizes **29/6**

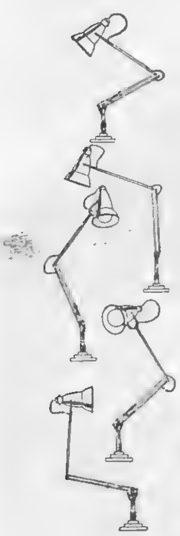
Marshall & Snelgrove
Tel: Mayfair 6600
Debenhams Ltd.
VERE ST. & OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.1.

Give an
ANGLEPOISE Lamp

..it's so delightfully different

PLEASE your family and friends this Christmas with a lovely, marvellous **ANGLEPOISE Lamp.** It will stamp you as a giver of taste.

NOTE THE ANGLES.



A beautiful lamp! A clear white light is thrown right on the book or object, *not in the user's eyes!* You simply adjust the **ANGLEPOISE** with a finger touch—and forget it—no fiddling nuts to tighten—for it "stays put" . . . just where you want it.

The spirit of modernity itself in appearance and efficiency, the **ANGLEPOISE** can be twisted as you like—sideways, slantways, upside down—all the time throwing a powerful beam of light—*making a 20 watt bulb work like a 60!*

The **ANGLEPOISE** is a scientifically built job—and looks well in the modern home or office. Solid metal base, chromium plated arms and tireless springs—for perfect balance. Base and shade pleasing black "Krinkle" enamel. Also in charming colours—Red, Green, Orange and Blue. Patented at home and abroad.

The **Terry ANGLEPOISE Lamp**

From 50/-. All Stores, Jewellers, Electricians, etc., or direct from makers:
HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD. (Dept. B.E.), REDDITCH.

Booklet Free

WHY SHOULD YOU AGE?
The latest **Scientific** Treatments and personal **diagnosis,** with free **advice** for the skin, is guaranteed by the **29 years'** experience of

Mme. B. JACOBSON
The World-Famous Beauty Specialist

Her famous treatments: **Acne, Wrinkles, Dry** and **Greasy Skin, Red Veins, Red Nose, Chilblains, Coarse** or **Loose** or **Scraggy Skins, Puffiness** under **Eyes, Double Chins, Open Pores** and **Blackheads, Eyebrow Shaping, Eyelash Tinting, Manicure, etc.,** individual **Cosmetics** and **Skin Medicaments** are unrivalled

MAISON DE BEAUTÉ POMPADOUR LTD,
11/12, Dover St., Mayfair, London, W.1 Regent 7612

"I have had enough of your letters," he said. "I want you."

ON the 30th December, 1934, Francis and Sara Baker, man and wife, sat on the same side of an old mahogany bed and quietly and unostentatiously held each other's hands. They were like two tired and rather frightened elderly children.

There was a little ante-room beyond the bedroom, full of silvery sunshine. At intervals a tall, pleasant-faced nurse came and bent over the old woman in the mahogany bed and shook her head at them gently, as one shakes one's head at patient, waiting children.

"I'm glad I wrote to her, Francis—now this has happened."

"Yes," said the man quietly. "I feel better that she should know."

Four hours later, after they had had lunch, when the cook and the kitchen had awakened from slumber and put the kettle on for tea, the old lady opened wondering eyes. They anchored on the quiet, slow-faced elderly woman with the patient eyes.

"Sara," she said weakly.

"Mother, darling."

"And Francis. . . ."

She could articulate so clearly. They were surprised how normal she was, and so relieved. She fluttered so near the border that they were thankful to have her still belonging to their world and speaking their language.

They didn't know what they had expected, not this homespun, usual matter-of-factness.

"You aren't angry with us, Mother, darling?"

"Angry? No. You see I always knew."

"You always knew!" the slow-faced woman said.

"You always knew!" the man repeated, bewildered.

They couldn't know her mind was fluttering, skipping from year to year and century to century; skipping away into the formless world where nothing has structure or reality but the vision of the moment.

The man and woman, staring at her, were thinking of the letter they had written her confessing their alliance, announcing the death of Francis Baker's Roman Catholic wife.

"Your father knew too," said the old lady.

How could they tell her mind was enmeshed in the strange dream of a valuable, broken, Ming Dynasty vase that Sara had smashed when she was a little girl? How could they guess she, the woman of forty-five, was that little girl to the dying woman, that her eyes saw only a small compact figure in blue gingham?

"She shouldn't have lied," said the old lady pitifully. "We wouldn't have been cross."

"You weren't cross," said Sara breathlessly. "And you knew? You and Daddy? Daddy knew before he died?"

"Of course," said the old lady. "You were our child. We knew. But you should have told us yourself, darling."

"Oh, God," said the woman, "if I'd only known that Daddy knew it would have made such a difference!"

The old lady saw again the Ming Dynasty vase. The experts had said it was worth three or four hundred pounds—as much as that. It was the only valuable thing she had possessed and she had not known how valuable until the little Sara had broken it and hidden the bits and lied. They had bought it for five guineas because they liked the colour, never guessing its value. They had been far more upset at the lie than the breakage.

"We are married, darling," said Sara. "We were married two days after I wrote to you."

The old lady picked up the broken vase in her imagination. They did not mind the value so much, only the lie; they were frightened for the child, she and her husband who loved it so much.

"You should (*Continued on page* 178)

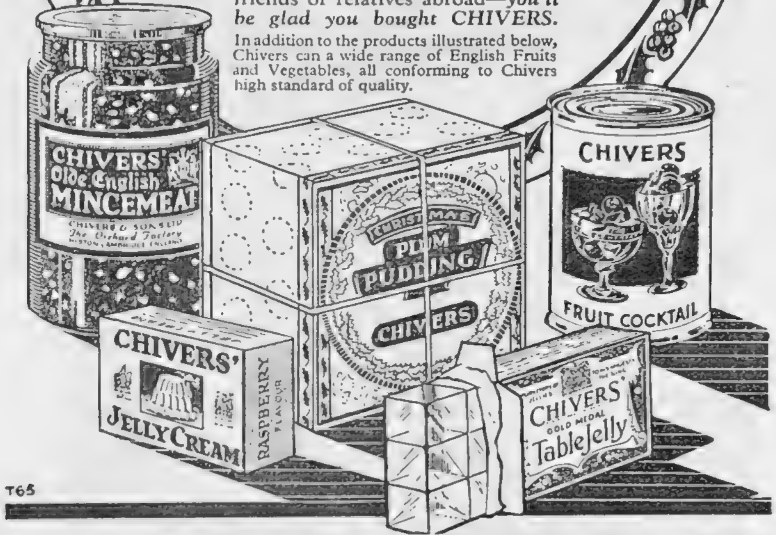
BY APPOINTMENT TO H M THE KING

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

You'll be glad YOU BOUGHT CHIVERS

—when your guests express their appreciation of your wise selection —when grateful letters arrive from friends or relatives abroad—*you'll be glad you bought* CHIVERS.

In addition to the products illustrated below, Chivers can a wide range of English Fruits and Vegetables, all conforming to Chivers high standard of quality.


CHIVERS' Olde English MINCEMEAT
CHIVERS & SONS LTD The Orchard Factory
CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING
CHIVERS
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FRUIT COCKTAIL
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RASPBERRY FLAVOUR
CHIVERS' GOLD MEDAL Table Jelly

T65

MADE IN THE COUNTRY AT THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

Pan Yan

1885-1935

49 Merry Christmases with Pan Yan Pickle, and may the 50th be Merrier than ever with Pan Yan again helping your Christmas digestion.

With Pan Yan Pickle on your plate you can have three good helpings of cold Turkey and not worry about the consequences.

A Merry Christmas to you with Pan Yan the famous digestive pickle.

A MACONOCHIE PRODUCT

MACONOCHIE BROS. LTD., LONDON, E.14

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE

DAILY ARE FINDING RELIEF FROM THE PAINS AND DISABLEMENTS OF

RHEUMATISM

IN THE RADIO-ACTIVE BRINE BATHS OF

DROITWICH SPA

In all Europe the Droitwich natural brine baths have no counterpart. Their exceptional curative powers cannot be simulated, nor reproduced by artificial means. Their remarkable action in the treatment of rheumatic disorders is everywhere recognised by the medical profession. And—unlike most Spa treatments—*all the treatment at Droitwich is as fully available to those of very moderate means as to the rich.*

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS TO THE SUPERINTENDENT, DEPT. A.36., THE BRINE BATHS, DROITWICH SPA

HEALING WATERS MID SYLVAN SCENES

Fastidious and appreciative people usually like to 'take their cure' from the Norbury House Hotel. Full particulars from the Manager.

Miss JANE CARR

famous film star

(of Warner Bros. First National Productions Limited)

says :

Photo by Sasha

" What a wonderfully convenient way to carry perfume—and what lovely perfume, too! I'm all for Aziadé ! "

Now that the gay round of dinners, parties and dances is with us again, here is a timely tip that will enhance your charm and, therefore, double your pleasure. Use Aziadé, the compact which contains the highly-concentrated essence of freshly picked flowers, one touch of which surrounds you with a fresh and delicate fragrance.

So convenient; no bottle to break; no liquid to spill or evaporate; you can slip it into a corner of your handbag and have it handy at all times. Aziadé perfumes include: Jasmine, Violet Lilac, Carnation, Gardenia, Chypre, Lavender, Sweet Pea, Lily of the Valley, Santal, Narcissus, Wallflower, Mimosa and of course, Eau de Cologne.

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1/6

have told me yourself," she said. "You should have trusted us. We understood."

The nurse came from the inner room. She bent over the little old lady.

"I think it was the last flash," she said. "It often happens like that. You mustn't cry. Come, come. You mustn't cry."

THE second Shelley's key turned in the lock she knew her husband had returned. He was not there at the moment, but there were packages all over the dining-room table, and on her dressing-table a little silver wicker basket of lilies of the valley, her favourite flower.

She thought "I shall be here when the letter arrives. I can stop it."

She bent to smell the flowers, and the lilies which she loved smelt horrible and terrible. The perfume of petrol.

Her husband came breezing in, a big, handsome man, a little obtuse, but kind.

He said "Hullo, Honeybud. I'm back."

"I didn't expect you."

"No, you weren't in. Where have you been, Honeybud?"

"To mother's. I got fed up in this flat alone."

"I bet you did. Well, that's all over."

"What's all over?"

"All this alone-business, Honeybud. God, I feel a new man—fifteen years younger, ninety years saner, forty years fitter. I could knock the world down and sit on its head. Easy, I could. Easy! Like your lilies? See those parcels? They're for to-morrow?"

"What's come over you?"

He said, "You must have thought I had stopped loving you, even that there might be another woman."

"No, I never thought that." And then she cried out at him. "But my vanity was hurt. You left it raw. All my sex vanity, and my sense of pride! Everything! I've hated you!"

"I'll bet you have, Honeybud, and not without reason; but wait a bit, wait a bit and I'll tell you. I've had the devil's own job. You know I told you Mandrake was sick?"

"Yes, you made that an excuse."

"Mandrake wasn't sick, my dear. He's beaten it with £30,000 of the firm's money, and my money. That's what I've had to fight. I daren't tell you. We were near crashed. I can't bear to think of it now. God, how I've had to work and wangle! Well, when I left Paris, our contracts for 1935 covered our losses and over. Beat that!"

"But you can get the money back from Mandrake?"

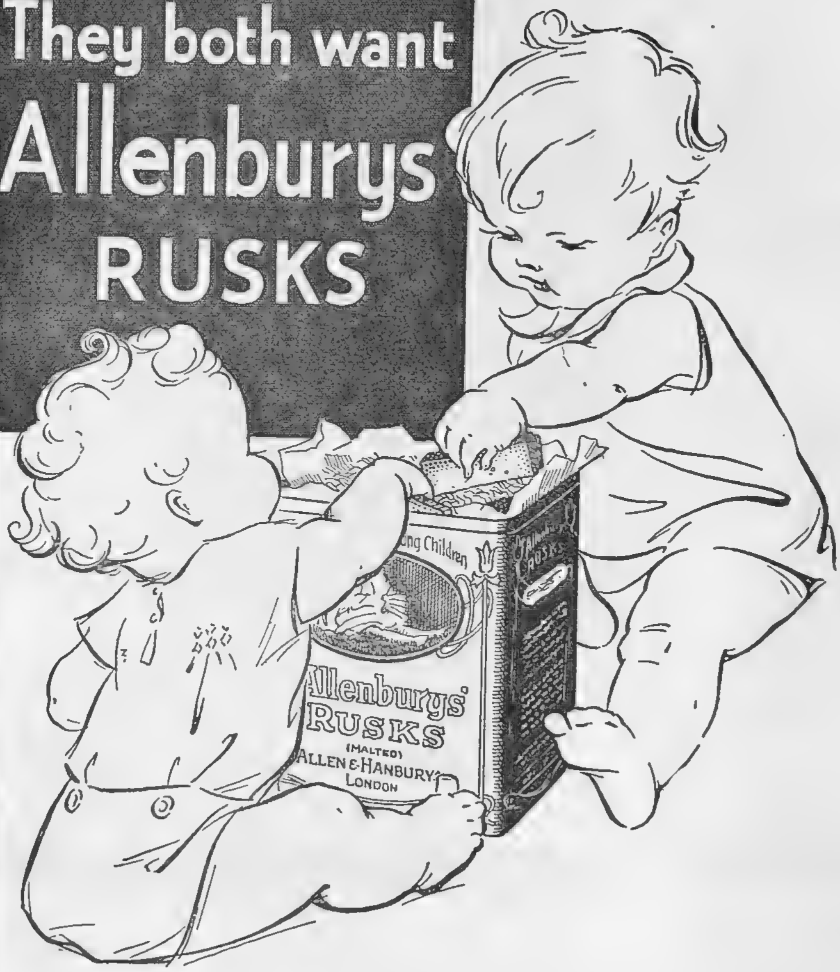
"Not me. It's gone, my dear—embezzled. He was a wrong 'un. Every penny of it has gone, except perhaps an odd hundred or two. I dare not divide my mind, and I cannot divide it over you. You've got the whole of it when I'm on the job. I'm that type. It can't be love and business with me. It's love OR business. There are men like that. I'm afraid you've married one. I daren't think of anything but the job in hand. You've got to forgive me. I pulled the chestnuts out of the fire and I had got the guts not to tell you that they were in."

"I'd rather have known."

"I didn't want you worried, Shelley. You couldn't have done anything. I didn't know I had it in me to grind and grind as I have done. There were days when I could have died of weariness, sheer physical weariness; but we are all right. We're on top of the world again. I know I've neglected you shameful. I've hardly thought of you, that's the honest truth. I've tried to keep you out of my mind, out of my thoughts, out of my heart, out of my life. I've had to concentrate as I have never concentrated in all my life. I couldn't spare a thought for you, and that's true. Forgive?"

"You might have told me," she repeated.

"It would have weakened and worried me even to have to discuss it with you. You couldn't do anything, Shelley. I had to fight it alone. (*Continued on page* 180)



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At teething time babies love to exercise their little gums on Allenburys Rusks. They help to form the habit of chewing, a great aid in cutting the teeth. These Rusks contain an adequate supply of Vitamin D, which ensures healthy teeth and promotes the growth of strong, sound bones.

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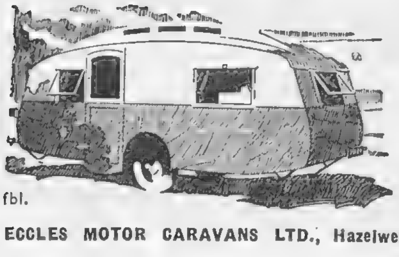

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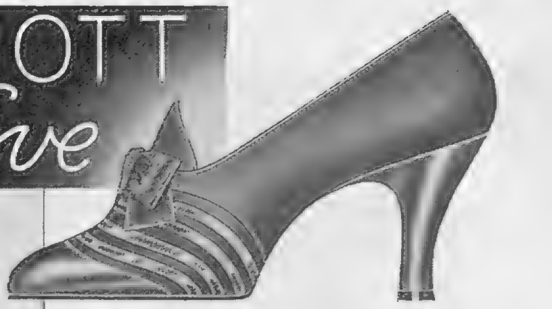
ABBOTT and Eve



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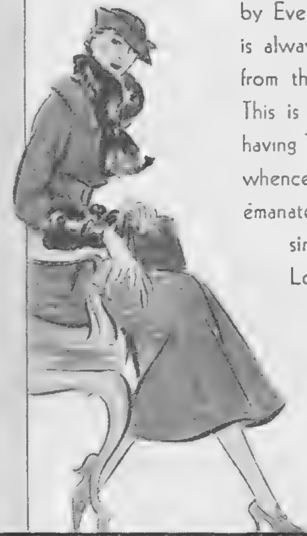

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Style 115. Blue Suede with Blue Glace trimmings 25/9

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MR AQ:11

I knew what you were thinking of me, and how you were thinking of me, how hurt and angry you were. I knew all that. I couldn't give the time to even think of it. I told you and you know it's true. It isn't love and business with me. It's love OR business. I'm that kind of man. Listen, Sweetie. I've taken a room at quite a small hotel in Paris (we can't afford more at the moment), and I'm taking you back there for Christmas. We're going back in two hours. We're catching the boat."

"And letters ?" she said. "Letters ?"

He laughed. "What a child it is! Must have its Christmas cards. I've seen to that, too. My secretary will come in every day and send them on to me in Paris."

"Not to me ?"

Again he laughed. "Idiot! They'll all be in a big envelope addressed to me."

He would open the packet. His careful secretary would register them, and the postman—the horrible French postman would bring it up to the bedroom for him to sign for.

"This," he said, "is going to be another honeymoon. I owe it to you. I know. You don't have to tell me. I must have seemed an indifferent swine to you. I've seen my picture in your eyes, but I dare not stop to explain it or weaken on the job. Open your parcels, Honey, you've time. They aren't expensive this year, but I chose them as loving peace offerings. They're all in your colours and the kind of things you like. Shelley, you look tired. I expect I've made you tired, tired and fed up. Make you a better girl now—in Paris."

SHELLEY thought desperately, opening parcels with resolute fingers, extricating bits of blue chiffon with lace on, a marvellous powder puff, a bottle of scent, her favourite face powder, a new lipstick; she thought, "I'll give myself a respite. Perhaps all I have to remember; two days, a day of honeymoon in Paris." She wondered how long the letter would take with the Christmas post to reach Paris.

"Happy, little lady ?"

"Yes," she lied.

"Love me a little ?"

He had never seen that look on her pretty porcelain face. It seemed to him suddenly that she was going to grow into the companion he wanted. He had been in service to her youth and beauty, waiting perhaps a trifle wistfully for both to live and dim a little, and the more satisfying pattern of their ultimate lasting relationship to work through. Here he saw it, deep and true and warm.

He drew a long, unsteady breath.

"I love you," he said, "if possible more, for all this."

"I, too," she said quite quietly.

SHE waited in Paris, living to the full, like someone with the sentence of death before them every single minute, extracting from it the last drop of delight.

He had never known her so beautiful, so gay, so wonderful or so amusing. He was like a man under a spell. He was never to forget those five days in Paris.

And the letter, on which the thin passionate shining new thread of their happiness hung, never came to break it.

END

"I GOT RID OF THOSE OLD STAIR RODS—"

—the drudgery of cleaning them vanished completely when I fitted 'Clipper' Stair Carpet Holders—there's enough household labour as it is without doing unnecessary things.

"Look nice, don't they?"

"Yes, they show up the carpet pattern and being away from the feet they never get scratched—so never need cleaning. Nothing sticks out at sides as with rods to obstruct dusters and harbour dirt."

"Yes, but will they hold the carpet like rods do?"

"Quite as well. I have seen them in Cinemas, Hotels and Cafes holding carpets *three times as wide as this* despite the traffic so that's good enough for me."

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Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on Cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure and, moreover, the present laboratories have become too small for the scope of the work. Administrative costs over a long period of years have consumed only 10% of the total annual expenditure, but the need for expansion makes it imperative for the Fund to appeal to the generous help of the Public.

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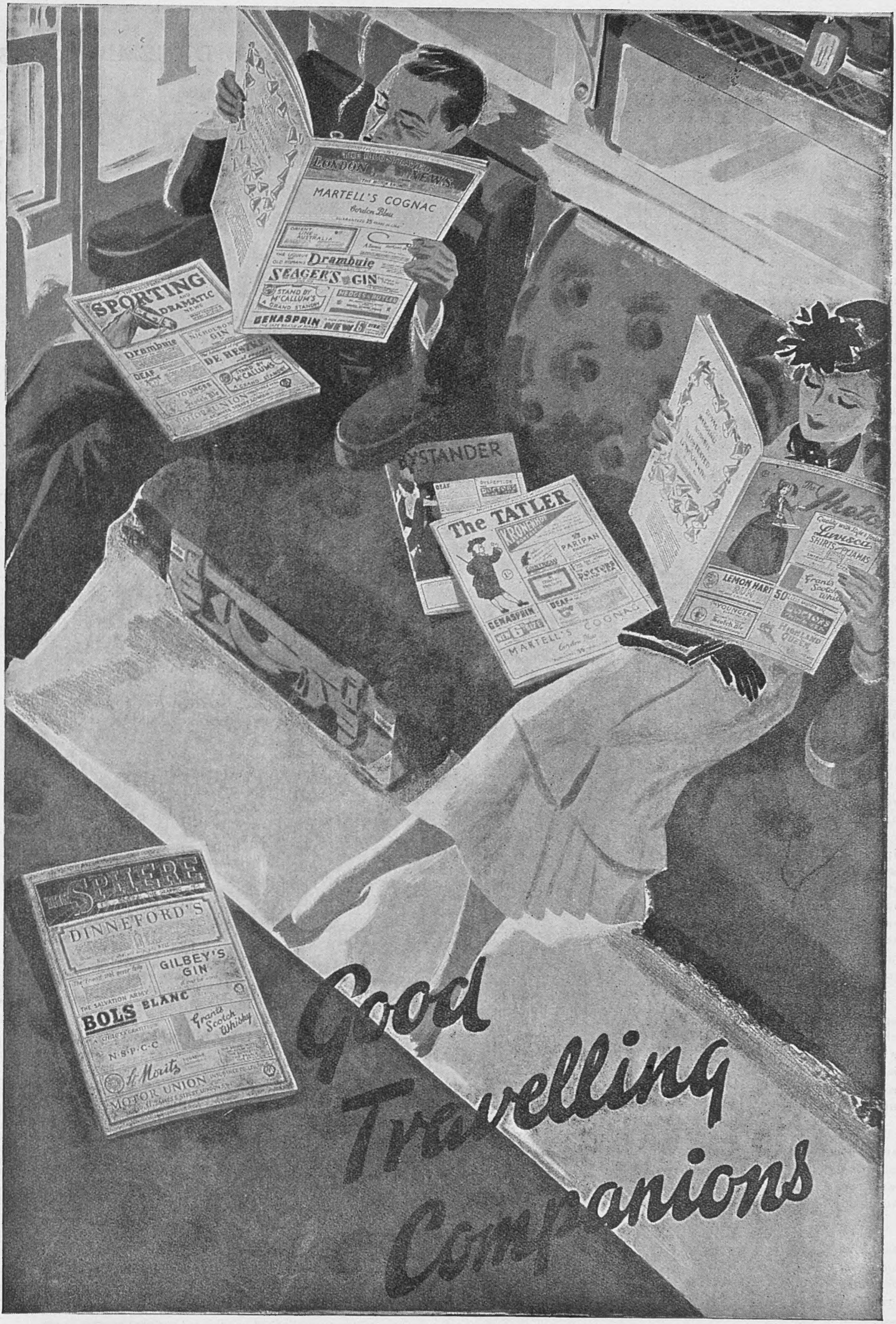
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Name..

Address..

Date..................................1935

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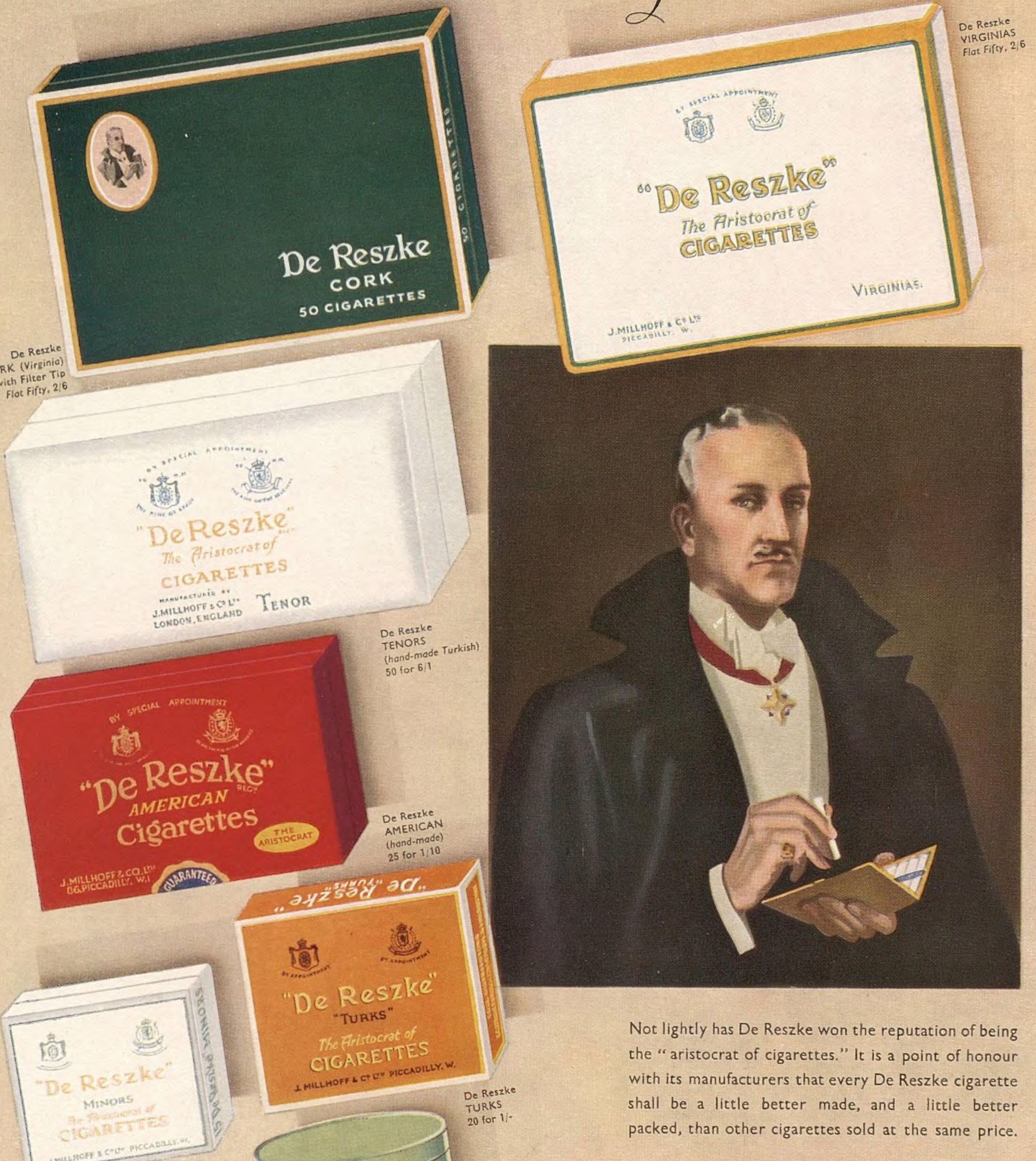
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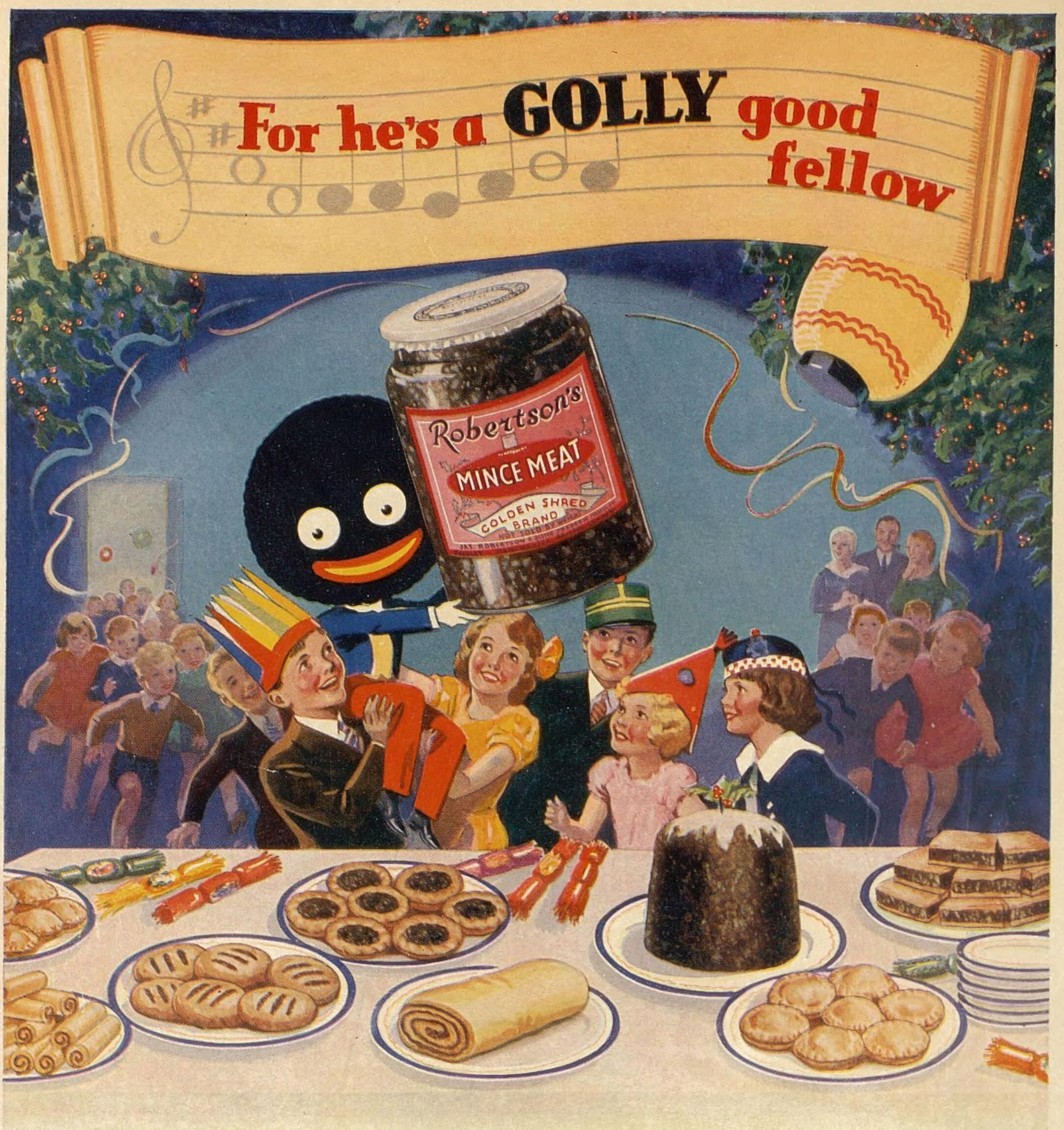
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Robertson's Mincemeat

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